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THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

I.

February 20, 1890. There is not a moment of my life that you have shared with me which I cannot recall with a distinctness fairly sunlit. My joys and my sorrows, my triumphs and my failures, have faded one by one from emotions into memories, quickening neither pulse nor thought when they recur to me, while you alone can set both throbbing. And though for years I have known that if you loved it would be some one worthier of you, yet I have loved you truly, and whatever I have been in all else, in that one thing, at least, I have been strong. Nor would I part with my tenderness for you, even though it has robbed me of contentment, for all the pleasures of which I can dream cannot equal the happiness of loving you. To God I owe life, and you, Maizie, have filled that life with love; and to both I bow my spirit in thanks, striving not to waste his gift lest I be unworthy of the devotion I feel for you.

If I were a stronger man, I should not now be sobbing out my heart's blood through the tip of a pen. Instead of writing of my sorrow, I should have battled for my love despite all obstacles. But I am no Alexander to cut the knot of entanglements which the fates have woven about me, and so, Midas-like, I sit morbidly whispering the hidden grief, too great for me to bear in silence longer.

I can picture my first glimpse of you as vividly as my last. That dull rainy

day of indoor imprisonment seems almost to have been arranged as a shadow-box to intensify the image graven so deeply on my memory. The sun came, as you did, towards the end of the afternoon, as if light and warmth were your couriers. When I shyly entered the library in answer to my father's call, you were standing in the full sunlight, and the thought flashed through my mind that here was one of the angels of whom I had read. You were only a child of seven, — to others, I suppose, immature and formless; yet even then your eyes were as large and as serious as they are to-day, and your curling brown hair had already a touch of fire, as if sunshine had crept thereinto, and, liking its abiding-place, had lingered lovingly.

"Don," cried my father, as I stood in the doorway, "here's a new plaything for you. Give it a welcome and a kiss."

I hung back, half in shyness, and half in fear that you were of heaven, and not of earth, but you came forward and kissed me without the slightest hesitation. The details are so clear that I remember you hardly had to raise your head, though I was three years the older. Your kiss dispelled all my timidity, and from the moment of that caress I loved you. Not that I am so foolish as to believe I then felt for you what now I feel, but by the clear light of retrospect I can see that your coming brought a new element into my life, — an element which I loved from the first, though with steadily deepening intensity, and I can

not even now determine at what point a boy's devotion became a lover's.

To the silent and lonely lad you were an inspiration. What I might have grown to be had you not been my father's ward I do not like to think, for I was not a strong boy, and my shyness and timidity had prompted me to much reading and to little play. But it was decreed that you were to be the controlling influence of my life, and in the first week you worked a revolution in my habits. I wonder if now, when you see so many men eager to gratify your slightest wish, you ever think of your earliest slave, whom you enticed to the roof to drop pebbles or water on the passers-by, and into the cellar to bury a toy soldier deep in the coal? Does memory ever bring back to you how we started to paint the illustrations in Kingsborough's *Mexican Antiquities*, or how we built a fire round a doll on the library rug, in imitation of the death of an Inca of Peru as pictured in dear old Garcilasso de la Vega's *Royal Commentaries*? You were a lazy child about reading, but when not tempting me into riotous mischief, you would sit by me in the library and let me show you the pictures in the old books, and I smile now to think what my running versions of the texts must have been. Our favorite books were the *Nuremberg Chronicle* and *De Bry's Voyages*, for the pictures of which, since the Latin was beyond me, I invented explanations and even whole stories, — stories over which you grew big-eyed and sleepless, and which we both came to believe so firmly that we never dreamed them to be the cause for the occasional outburst of laughter from my father, when he was in the library.

Even in those days you veiled your witchery and mischief-loving nature behind that serious face with its curved but unsmiling mouth. Keen as many of our pleasures were and blithe as were our pranks, I can scarcely remember a smile upon your face. Now and then

the merriest of laughs rang out, fairly infectious in its happiness and joy, but of so rare recurrence as to win for you the sobriquet of "*Madam Gravity*." Your inscrutability allured and charmed me then as I have seen it fascinate others since. I shall never understand you, and yet I think I misunderstand you less than others do, for you cannot hide from me the quick thought and merry nature which you keep so well hidden from them; and often when others think you most abstracted or sedate, I know you are holding high carnival with Puck and Momus. Again and again I have noted your gravity in the most humorous situations or with the most ridiculous of persons, and have smiled in secret with you. Last summer, when my mother won such a laugh by telling, as something that had happened to her personally, the old story from Peele's *Merrie Conceits*, which we had read as children, you looked grave, though the incident had twice the humor to you that it had to the others. In my own merriment I could not help glancing at you, and though neither of us laughed, we understood each other's amusement. Evidently you were not used to having your mood comprehended, for after a moment you seemed to realize that I was responding to what you had thought unknown to all. You looked startled and then puzzled, and I suppose that I became even more of a mystery to you than ever. You could not know that my knowledge of you came from those early days when your nature was taking shape. Without my memory of you as a child you would be as great an enigma to me as to the rest of your friends, and so no doubt it is a small thing in which to glory. But it gives me joy to feel that I understand you better, and at this very moment know more of your thoughts, than your husband ever will.

I owe to you many dark closetings and whippings that I never deserved. My mother complained that from being a

troublesome child I had become a fiend of mischief, but my father laughed and predicted that you would make a man of me. I wonder if you ever think of him, and what your thought is? We both so loved him that I cannot believe he has passed entirely out of your heart. How ready he was to be our comrade! Whether tired or busy he would join us, not as mentor, but as playfellow; and now that I know what there was to depress his spirits at that time, I marvel at his cheer and courage. Would that I had one half of the bravery with which he met his troubles!

Perhaps he was right in his assumption that you would have made a man of me. I do not recollect any act of mine which bore the semblance of courage except the rescue of the street dog from those boys. I hated to see the poor beast tortured, but I feared the roughs, and so stood faltering while you charged among them. Not till one of them struck you was I driven to help, but I can still feel the fury which then took possession of me. I was blind with rage, and a great weight seemed pressing on my chest as I rushed among the boys and fought, hardly conscious of the blows I gave or received; indeed, the whole thing was a haze until I found myself sitting on the sidewalk, crying. For days I went about with a bandage over my eye; but my father drank my health that night, and I remember his pat of approval, and hear his "Bravo, Donald, I'm proud of you." It was significant that I received all the praise, and you none; my courage was questionable, yours was not.

Those happy, thoughtless years! The one kill-joy was my mother, and she made your life and mine so grievous with her needless harshness, quick temper, and neglect of our comfort that I think she must have made my father's equally miserable. Dimly I can recollect her sudden gusts of temper, and his instant dismissal of us from the room when they began. Do you remember

how he used to come up to the nursery to smoke, often staying till our bedtime, and then how we could hear him go downstairs and out of the front door? We did not know that he went to his club, nor at what hour he returned; and if we had it would have meant nothing to us. But we both knew he found no pleasure with my mother, and we felt he was right, for in avoiding her he was but doing what was our chief endeavor. I have heard many admire her for her beauty, for her church and charitable work, for her brilliancy in society, for her executive ability, and for her general public spirit. Her neglect of her household, her extravagance, her frequent absences, and her fatigued petulance when at home were known only to her household. Our servants rarely remained a month with us, — were changed so often as to destroy all possibility of comfort; but we three were not free to follow their example, and so our misery made us the dearer to one another. I am proud to think that, close as we drew together, my father never uttered in my presence a single word of criticism or complaint against my mother, and I should be the better man if, instead of writing these unfilial words, I left them unsaid. Indeed, I will not spend more of my evening on these old memories, but begin on my work.

Do you remember, Maizie, how my father taught us to give him and each other a parting word? "Good-night, father. Good-night, Maizie. God bless you both," it used to be. He sleeps now in his grave, and three years ago you barred your door to me, but still I can say as of old, "Good-night, Maizie. God bless and keep you, dear."

II.

February 21. To put all this on paper is weak and aimless, yet it seems to ease my sadness. I suppose a scribbler unconsciously comes to write out

whatever he feels, as a nervous woman plays her emotions away on a piano. If this is so, why should not I salve my grief in any way that lessens it? Those old days had such happiness in them that the mere memory brings some to me, and to sit here at my study table and write of the past is better than idle dwelling on the present.

You were jubilant when first told that we were all to go to Europe for a summer, and laughed at my fears and despondency. Could I have had an intuition of coming evil, or was my alarm due to the engravings of those terrible sea-monsters with which Mercator populated the oceans in his *Atlas sive Cosmographicae*, and to the pictures and tales in bloodthirsty old Exquemelin's *Bucaniers of America*? Our notions of what the trip meant were evidently not very clear, for at once we set to storing up provisions, and weeks before the time of sailing we were the proud possessors of a cracker-box full of assorted edibles, a jar of olives we had pilfered, and a small pie you had cajoled the cook into making for us. How we loved and gloated over that pie! Daily we sorted our sea-stores, added new supplies, and ate what clearly could be kept no longer. My mother found us one day deeply engrossed in the occupation, cuffed us both, and sent the olives back to the pantry and the tin box to the ash-barrel. As for the pie, such hot words passed about it between "Madame" and "Monsieur Philippe" that our cook left us without warning. We were again punished for being the cause of his desertion, and that evening father dined at his club.

The different effects my mother's gusts of anger had on you and on me were curiously distinctive. You met them fearlessly and stubbornly, while to me the moments of her fury were moments in which I could scarcely breathe, and of which I felt the terror for hours after. I sometimes wonder if the variance was because I had learned to fear the out-

bursts even as a baby, whereas your character had partly formed before you encountered them. Who knows but a change of circumstances might have made me the fearless one, and you the timorous? At least I should be glad to think that I might have been like you in courage and spirit, even though it is impossible to imagine that you could ever be like me.

What a delight the ocean voyage was to us! Those were the times of ten-day trips, still dear to all true lovers of the sea; and had our wishes been consulted, thrice ten would have been none too long for our passage. The officers, the crew, the stewards, and the passengers were no more proof against your indefinable spell than was I, and it seemed quite as if the boat were your private yacht, with all on board seeking only to serve you. Our pleasure was so intense that we planned an ideal future, in which I was to become the captain of a steamship, and you were to live on the ship in some equally delightful if impossible capacity.

The last time I was in Paris, I walked several miles merely to look at the outside of our *pension*, and then went on and sat dreaming in the little park near it in which we passed so many hours of our stay in that city. As of old, the place was full of children and nurses, and I understood what had puzzled me not a little in recollection, — how you and I, without mingling with them, had learned so quickly the language they chattered. Do you remember their friendly advances, met only by rebuffs? My coldness flowed from shyness, and yours from a trait that people to this day call haughtiness, but which I know to be only a fastidious refinement that yields acquaintance to few and friendship to fewer. From the moment you came into my life I craved no other friend, and you seemed equally content. What was there in me that won for me what you gave so rarely? Was there an instinct of natural sympathy, or was it merely pity for me in the

loving heart you mask behind that subtle face?

It is indicative of what children we still were that during the whole of our sojourn in Paris neither of us was conscious that our standard of living had changed. We lodged in a cheap pension; instead of our own carriage we used the omnibus; and a thousand other evidences told the story of real economy, yet not one we observed except the disappearance of our *bonne*, and this was noted, not as a loss, but as a joy to both.

After the nurse was gone my father became more than ever our comrade, and a better one two children never had. Oh, those long excursions to Versailles, Montmartre, and Fontainebleau, our boat trips up and down the Seine, and our shorter jaunts within the city! What happiness it was to us when he came in whistling and cried, "Donald, Maizie, you are horribly bad children, and I'm going to take you on a lark to punish you!" After time spent in filling our lunch-basket with big rolls bought at the *boulangerie*, a few sous' worth of cherries or other fruit lengthily bargained for with the *fruitier*, and a half litre of cheap wine, plus whatever other luxuries our imaginations or our appetites could suggest, away we would go for a long day of pure delight, whether passed under green trees or wandering through galleries and museums. My father was an encyclopædia of information, and had the knack of making knowledge interesting to the child mind. He could re-create a bygone period from a battle-axe or a *martel de fer*, the personality of a queen from her lace ruff or stomacher, and the history of plant growth from a fern or flower. If his mind had been allowed to expand when he was young, instead of being stunted in a broker's office, I believe he might have been one of the world's great writers or critics.

Under such stimulating tutelage our

progress in those two years was really wonderful. No subject my father touched upon could remain dull; we were at a receptive age when the mind is fresh and elastic for all that interests it, and Paris was a great picture-book to illustrate what he taught us. We did not know we were studying far deeper into subjects than many educated people ever go. I laugh still at your telling the old German on the train to Sèvres the history of the Faust plot, and at his amazed "Och, zo!" to hear such erudition pour from your childish lips. I think you were the cleverer and the quicker, but there was no competition, only fellowship, about our learning. I suppose you were above rivalry as you are above all mean things.

And that is your chief glory to me. In those seven years of closest companionship, and in these last three years of lesser intercourse but far keener observation, I have never known you to do a mean thing or to speak a mean thought. I almost feel it treason to couple the word with you, or deny a trait so impossible for you to possess, and of which you have always shown such scorn and hatred. At this moment I know that I should only have to speak to part you forever from —. Ah, what foolishness I am writing, tempting me to even greater meanness than his, and so to deserve the greater contempt from you! Thinking me mean, you closed your doors to me three years ago, and I love you the better that not even for auld lang syne could you pardon what is so alien to you. If the day ever comes when you again admit me to your friendship, I shall be happy in knowing that you think me above baseness or meanness; for you would not compound with them, Maizie, be the circumstances what they might.

Our Paris life would not have been so happy and careless but for the slight part my mother had in it. So little did we see of her in those years that I think

of her scarcely as one of us. I remember dimly a scene of hot anger between her and my father, — he standing passively by the high porcelain stove, while she raged about the room. So great was her anger that once, in passing, as I crouched scared and silent on the sofa, she struck me, — a blow which brought my father to my side, where he stood protecting me while the storm lasted, with his hand resting lovingly on my shoulder. My vague impression is that the outburst was only a protest against the poor lodgings, but it may have occurred when some explanation took place between my parents. I can see my mother now, sitting on the little balcony overlooking the garden of our pension, snarling an ill-natured word at us as you and I tried to play consultation games of chess against my father. He gave us odds at first of the rook and two pawns, but finally only of a knight. Oh, the triumph of those victories! How we gloried in them, and how delighted our antagonist was when we conquered him! Little we minded what my mother did except when we happened to be alone with her, and I think that the dear father played bad chess with us rather than good at the cafés, and made us his companions wherever he went, to save us from her severity.

I can recall very clearly her constant difficulties with our landlady and the servants, which finally culminated in a request that we should seek lodgings elsewhere. Do you recollect Madame Vannot's clasping us both in her arms and filling our hands with bonbons, when the time of parting came? I do not know where we removed to, my sole remembrance of the next few weeks being of my mother's complaints of lodgings, food, servants, and French life generally. We moved three times within a month, fairly expelled by our landlords because they could not live at peace with "la Madame." Our last exodus began in an angry scene between her and the house-

wife, in which a gendarme played a part, and from which you and I fled. The next morning we learned that my mother had determined to return to America, and leave us to live our own life. Three days later we said emotionless good-bys, my father going as far as Havre with her.

Her departure set us asking questions, and my father's replies explained many things which, in our childish talks, we had gravely discussed. He told us how his own wealth had been lost in Wall Street, barely enough being left for a competence even in Europe. Of my mother's leaving us he spoke sadly. "She never pretended to care for me," he said, "but I loved her and was willing to marry her. The wrong was mine, and we should not blame her if, when I can no longer give what was her price, she does not choose to continue the one-sided bargain." At the time her absence seemed to you and me only a relief, but now, as I look back, I know that my father never ceased to love her, — all the more, perhaps, because his love had never been requited, — and that separation must have been the final wrecking of his life. Yet from the day she left us I never heard him speak an angry word, and sorrow that would have crushed most men seemed to make him the gentler and sweeter. I wish — Ah! the clock is striking three, and if I am to bring working power to working hours, I must stop writing. Good-night, dear one.

III.

February 22. After my mother left us we did not stay in Paris, but went to Ischl, which we merely made the point of departure for walking tours which often lasted for weeks. Several times I have spoken of the region to you, hoping to draw from you some remark proving a recollection of those days, but you always avoid reply. Yet I am sure they

are not forgotten, for miles of the Tyrol and Alps are as familiar to me as the garnishings of a breakfast-table. My father had the tact and kindly humor that make a man equally at home and welcome in *Gasthaus* and *Schloss*. Though we traveled with only a knapsack, his breeding and education were so patent to those whom we met that we spent many a night inside of doors with armorial coats of many quarterings carved above them, and many a day's shooting and fishing followed. Yet pleasant as was this impromptu and "gentle" hospitality, I think we were all quite as happy when our evenings were spent among the peasants, drinking beer, talking of farming and forestry, singing songs, or listening to the blare of the peripatetic military band.

My father was a fine German scholar, and you and I acquired the language as quickly and as easily as we learned French. We always had books in our pockets, and used to lie for hours under the trees, reading aloud. Long discussions followed over what we had conned, enriched by the thousand side-lights my father could throw on any subject. To most people reading is a resort to save themselves from thinking, but my father knew that pitfall, and made us use books as a basis for thought on our own part. After a volume was finished we would each write a criticism of it, and the comparison of my attempts with his brilliant, comprehensive, and philosophic work taught me more of writing than all the tuition I ever had.

My craving for knowledge, always strong, became inordinate, probably because the acquisition of it was made so fascinating that I learned without real exertion. I began to find limits even to my father's erudition, and chafed under them. He reviewed his Greek that he might impart it to us, as he had long before taught us Latin, and together we all three studied Spanish and Italian. I was not satisfied, for my desire for the

one thing my father was unable to teach was not appeased by the twenty which he could. I begged for regular tuition, and, indulgent as he always was, he took us to Heidelberg, where I was enrolled in the gymnasium. Yet the long hours of separation that this entailed made little difference in our relations, for except for these we were inseparable. Whenever my school-work left us time to quit Heidelberg we made walking tours, and we availed ourselves of the summer holiday to see far-away lands. The great libraries were our chief goals, but everything interested us, from the archaic plough we saw in the field to the masterpiece of the gallery. I do not know whether I was dull for my years, but I do know that you were precocious and had no difficulty in keeping up with me in my studies. Indeed, thanks to your own brightness and to the long hours spent with my father while I was reciting, you went ahead of me in many respects. It makes me very happy now to think of what you two were to each other, and to know that you are so largely indebted to him for the depth and brilliance of mind that I hear so often commented upon. And I love you all the better because you made those years so happy to him by your love and companionship.

Last winter Mrs. Blodgett accused me of being a misogynist, and proved her point by asking me to tell the color of Agnes' eyes. You and Agnes only laughed when I miscolored them, but Mrs. Blodgett was really nettled. "There!" she said. "Apparently, Agnes and I are the only women you ever go to see or pretend to care for, and yet you think so little of us that you don't know the color of our eyes." Had she only asked me to describe your eyes in place of Agnes' I should not have erred, but I suppose even then the world would be justified in thinking I do not care for woman's society. Certainly, you, of all others, have the right to think so, after my twice refusing your friendship; and yet it is

my love of you far more than my studies or shyness that has made me indifferent to other women. And so far from being a misogynist, I care for as few men as women. You perhaps recall how much apart I kept myself from my fellow students, and how my father had to urge me to join them in the fencing and chess contests? Later, at the university, after you had left us, I entered more eagerly into the two pastimes, and succeeded in making myself a skilled swordsman. As for chess, I learned to play the game you tested last October on the veranda of *My Fancy*. You looked gravely courteous when, after our initial battle, I had to ask from you the odds, and never dreamed that I fathomed your secret triumph over your victory. You are so delightfully human and womanly, after all, Maizie, to any one who can read your thoughts. It is a pleasure to see your happiness in the consciousness of your own power, and I grudge you victory over me no more than over other men. Yet while you play better chess, I think you could not conquer me quite as easily if I were not much more interested in studying the player than the play. Perhaps but for you I should have made friends, for later, at the university, despite my shyness and studiousness, I seemed fairly popular; but so long as I had you I cared for no other friend, and after our separation I could form no new tie. Neither in love nor in friendship have you ever had a rival in my heart.

Our happiness ended the day when Johann, the poor factotum of our boarding-place, found us in the castle park and summoned us back to the house, where my father and Mr. Walton were awaiting you. The news that we were to be parted came so suddenly that we could not believe it. I stood in stunned silence, while you declared that you would not go with your uncle; even in that terrible moment speaking more as a queen issuing orders than as a rebel resisting

authority. We both appealed to my father, and the tears stood in his eyes as he told us we must be parted. Mr. Walton sat with the cool and slightly bored look that his worldly face wears so constantly, and I presume it was impossible for him to understand our emotion.

Your luggage had been packed while we were being summoned, and I carried your bag down to the carriage, in the endeavor to do you some last little service. We did not even go through the form of a farewell, but, tearless and speechless, held each other's hands till my father gently separated us. To this day the snap of a whip causes me to catch my breath, it brings back so vividly the crack with which Mr. Walton's cabman whipped up his horse. Fate was merciful, for she gave me no glimpse of the future, and so left me the hope that we should not be parted long. I question if the delicate lad I was in those days could have borne the thought that our separation, enforced by others, would in time be continued by you.

The life was too happy to last; and yet I do not know why I write that, for I do not believe that God's children are born to be wretched, and I would sooner renounce my faith in him than believe him so cruel to his own creations. The sadness and estrangement in my life are all of human origin, and mine, it seems to me, has been a fuller cup of bitterness than most men have to drink. Or am I only magnifying my own sufferings, and diminishing those of my fellow mortals? To the world I am a prosperous man, with promise of even greater success. Do all the people about me, who seem to be the same, bury away from sight some grief like mine that beggars joy?

Can you, Maizie, in the tide and triumph of your beauty and wealth, hide any such death-wound to all true happiness? Pray God you do not. Good-night, my darling.

IV.

February 23. After you were gone I fled to my room, crawling under the window-seat, much as a mortally wounded animal tries to hide itself. Here my father found me many hours later, speechless and shivering. He drew me from my retreat, and I still remember the sting of the brandy as he poured it down my throat. Afterwards the doctor came, to do nothing; but all that night my father sat beside me, and towards morning he broke down my silence, and we talked together over the light which had gone out of our lives, till I fell asleep. He told me that the death of your two aunts had made you a great heiress, and rendered your continuance with us, in our poverty, impossible. "She's gone away out of our class, Donald," my father said sadly, "and in the change of circumstances her mother would n't have made me her guardian. It was better for all of us to let her uncle take her back to New York." Even in my own grief I felt his sorrow, and though he did not dodge my questions, I could see how the subject pained him, and avoided it thenceforth. How strangely altered my life would have been if I had insisted on knowing more!

The doctor came several times afterwards, for I did not rally as I should have done, and at last he ordered a year's cessation of studies and plenty of exercise. It was a terrible blow to me at the time, for I was on the point of entering the University of Leipzig; but now I can see it was all for the best, since the time given to our tours through Spain and Italy was well spent, and the delay made me better able to get the full value of the lectures. Moreover, that outdoor life added three inches to the height and seventeen pounds to the weight of the hitherto puny boy. For a time my father made my health his care, and insisted on my walking and

fencing daily; but after that long holiday he need not have given it a thought, for I grew steadily to my present height, and while always of slender build, I can outwalk or outwork many a stockier man.

My university career was successful; it could hardly have failed to be, with my training. I am afraid that I became over-elated with my success, not appreciating how much it was due to my father's aid and to the kindness of two of my instructors. For my Ph. D. I made a study of the great race movements of the world, in which my predilection for philology, ethnology, and history gave me an especial interest. I so delighted my professor of philology by my enthusiasm and tirelessness that he stole long hours from the darling of his heart, to aid me. (I need hardly add that I do not allude to Frau Jastrow, but to his *Verb-Roots of Fifty-Two Languages and Dialects of Indo-Germanic Origin*, to be published some day in seventeen volumes quarto.) He even brought me bundles of his manuscript to read and criticise. Our relations were as intimate as was possible between a professor and a student, and despite his reputation for ill temper the only evidence he ever gave me of it was a certain querulousness over the gaps in human knowledge.

My doctor's thesis on *A Study of the Influence of Religion in the Alienation and Mixture of Races* — which, with a vanity I now laugh over, I submitted not merely in Latin, but as an original work in four other languages — was not only the delight of both my dear professors, but was well considered outside the university. At Jastrow's urging, poor Buchholtz printed editions in all five languages; and as only the German had any sale worth mentioning, he ever after looked gloomy at the mere mention of the title. But though it earned me no royalties, it won me the Kellermann prize, given every fifth year for the best original work on an historical subject.

On our first arrival in Leipzig my fa

ther sought literary employment from the great publishers of that city of books, and soon obtained all the "review" and "hack" writing that he wished. He encouraged me to help him in the work; and in my training probably lay his chief inducement, for he was paid at starvation rates in that land of hungry authors. The labor quickly taught me the technical part of authorship, the rock which has wrecked so many hopes. Our work brought us, too, the acquaintance of many literary men, and thus gave us our pleasantest society, and one peculiarly fitted to develop me. Furthermore, we secured command of the unlimited books stored on the publishers' shelves, which we used as freely as if they were our own private library.

Very quickly I began to do more than help my father in his work; I myself tried to write. He put many a manuscript in the fire, after going over the faults with me, but finally I wrote something that he let me send to an editor. His admirable judgment must have been warped by his fatherly love, for the article was rejected. A like fate befell many others, but at last one was accepted, and I do not know which of us was the more delighted when it was published in the *Zeitschrift für Deutsche Philologie*. By my father's advice it was signed with a pseudonym; for he pointed out that I was still too young for editors who knew me to give my manuscript a reading, and that a German name would command greater respect from them than an English one.

I received twenty marks for that first article, and spent it in secret the next day. Had you known of my pleasure in the gift, and the hopes that went with it, I think you would have sent a line of acknowledgment to the hungry-hearted fellow who, after four years of separation, still longed for a token from you. Three times had I written, without response, but I thought the beauty of the photograph would so appeal to you that

it must bring me back a word from you, and lived in the hope for six months. My father joked me genially about what I had done with that vast wealth, pretending at moments that he believed it had been avariciously hoarded, and at other times that it had been squandered in riotous living, till one day, when all hope of acknowledgment had died, his chaff wrung from me an exclamation of pain, suppressed too late to be concealed from him. So closely attuned had we become that he understood in an instant what it meant, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, he said, "Forgive me, my boy! I have been very cruel in my thoughtlessness!"

Nothing more was said then, but later that evening, when we rose from our work, he asked, "She never replied?" and when I shook my head, the saddest look I ever saw in him came upon his face. He seemed about to speak impulsively, faltered, checked himself, and finally said, "Bear up, Donald, and try to forget her." I could only shake my head again, but he understood. "She's feminine quicksilver," he groaned, "and I can't get the dear girl out of my blood, either." We gripped each other's hands for a moment, and I said, "Good night, father," and he replied, "God help you, my boy." How happy we should have been could we have said to you, "Good-night, Maizie"!

V.

February 24. I cannot clearly fix the time when I first decided upon a life of letters, and presume it was my father's influence which determined me. After the publication of my first article, all the time I could spare from my studies was devoted to writing. Most of it was magazine work, but two textbooks were more ambitious flights. Undertaken at my father's suggestion, the books were revised by him, till they should have been published with his

name, and not my pseudonym, on the title-page. This I urged, but he would not hear of it, insisting that his work was trivial compared with mine. I understand his motive now, and see how wise and loving he was in all his plans. Thanks to his skill in clarifying knowledge and fitting it to the immature mind, both books attained a large sale almost immediately on their publication.

My father's abnegation went further, and occasioned the only quarrel we ever had. After the publication of several of my articles, in reading the *Deutsche Rundschau* I found an interesting critique signed with the name I had adopted as a pseudonym. I laughingly called my father's attention to it, yet really feeling a little sore that the credit of my work should go to another, for the first literary offspring are very dear to an author's heart. From that time I was constantly meeting with the name, but stupidly failed to recognize my father's brilliant, luminous touch till the publication of another article of my writing revealed the truth to me; for at the end of this I found again my pseudonym, though I had signed my own name. On my sending an indignant letter to the editor, he returned me the revised proof of my article, at the bottom of which "Donald Maitland" was struck out, and "Rudolph Hartzmann" substituted. My father had made the change in the last revision, and had returned the sheets without letting me see them.

In a moment the veil was gone from my eyes, and, grieved and angry, I charged him with the deception. I do not like to think of what I said or of the gentleness with which he took it. The next day, when I was cooler, he pleaded with me to let him continue signing the name to his articles; but I insisted that I would not permit the double use, and the only concession he could win from me was that I would still keep the name provided he refrained from using it again. How could I re-

sist his "Don, I never asked anything but this of you. I am an old man, with no possibility of a career. You are all I have to love or work for in this world. Let me try to help you gain a name." Oh, father, if I had only understood, I would not have been so cruel as to deny your request, but would have sacrificed my own honesty and allowed the lie rather than have refused what now I know to have been so dear a wish. I even resented what I thought a foolish joke of his, when he registered us constantly as "Rudolph Hartzmann and father." It is poetic justice that in time I should stoop to so much greater dishonesty than that I was intolerant of in him.

Owing as much to his articles as to those I subsequently wrote, my pseudonym became a recognized one in the world of letters, and my work soon commanded a good price. Furthermore, considerable interest was excited as to the author. There is a keen delight in anonymous publication, for one does not get the one-sided chatter that acknowledged authors receive, and often I have sat in the midst of a group of *littérateurs* and scholars and heard my articles talked over. I was tempted even to discuss one, — criticising it, of course, — and can remember the way my father hid his laughter when a member of the party said, "Maitland, you ought to write an article refuting Hartzmann, for you've got the brains to do it." I am amused to think how vain and elated I became over what I now see was only 'prentice work. I am glad you did not know me in those years of petty victory, and that before we met I had been saddened and humbled.

Some one at Mr. Whitely's dinner, last winter, asked what was a sufficient income, and you, Maizie, gravely answered, "A little more than one has," which made us all laugh. If you had not been the quicker and the wittier, and thus forestalled me, I should have said, "Enough to satisfy the few wishes

which money can satisfy." Thanks to my prize, my writings, and the profits of my textbooks, I obtained this. In fact, the three so lengthened my purse that I fancy few millionaires have ever felt as truly rich; for I was enabled to gratify my greatest wish. In our visits to Spain, Italy, and Constantinople, I had garnered all that I could find bearing on the two great race movements of the Moors and Turks, which so changed the world's history; but I had discovered that I needed more than the documentary materials to write clearly of them. I longed to go to their source, and then follow the channels along which those racial floods had rushed, till, encountering the steel armor and gunpowder of Europe, they had dashed in scattered spray, never to gather force again. In my eagerness I had been for making the attempt before, but my father had urged our limited means and the shortness of my university vacations as bars to my wishes. My degree removed the one objection, and my earnings and prize the other. Few persons would care to undertake the travel we planned with the pitance we had earned, but it was enough for us. How fortunate it is for me that my student life and travels trained me to absolute self-denial and frugality! Otherwise these last three years of closest economy and niggardliness would have been hard to bear.

By the influence of Professor Hummel, working first through his former pupil, Baron Weiseman, secondly through Giers, and thirdly through I know not whom, we secured permission to join a Russian surveying party, and thus safely and expeditiously reached the mountains of the Altai range. We did not stay with the party after they began their work, but assuming native dress we turned southward; plunging instantly among the medley of peoples and tongues which actually realizes the mythical Babel. Turkish, Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanskrit I had mastered in varying de-

grees, and they were an "open sesame" to the dialects we encountered, while the hot sun and open-air life soon colored us so deeply that we passed for men of a distant but not alien race. Following nature's routes, once man's only paths, we wandered leisurely: to Tashkend on horseback, to Bokhara on foot, by boat down the Amoo to Khiva, and on to Teheran, then by caravan to Bagdad, up the Euphrates, gradually working through Asia Minor. Stopping at Smyrna for a brief rest, we took boat to Cyprus, from there crossed to Damascus, and from Jerusalem traveled along the caravan route to Mecca. Passing over the Red Sea to Egypt, we skirted the south coast of the Mediterranean, till we reached the Pillars of Hercules.

You ought to have made that pilgrimage. In speaking of my book you expressed the wish that you might make the trip, and those years would have been as great a playtime to you as to us. You could have borne the exposure, rough though the life was, and it would have been as compound oxygen to your brave and venturesome nature. I confess I do not like to think of that dazzlingly pure skin burned to any such blackness as I saw in my mirror on reaching the end of our journeyings; for truly no better Arab in verisimilitude strolled about the native quarter of Tangier in May, 1886, than Donald Maitland.

My long study of those older races and three years' life with them have not made me accept their dogma of fatalism, yet I must believe that something stronger than chance produced our meeting in that Moorish town. Down streams, over mountains, and across deserts, seas, and oceans, our paths had converged; on foot, mounted, by rail or boat, we came together as if some hidden magnet were drawing us both. A thousand chances were against our meeting, even when we were in the same town; for you were housed in the best hotel, while we

lodged in a little Jew place in the Berber quarter. In another day my father and I should have crossed to Spain, without so much as a visit to the European section. But for that meeting I should have returned to Leipzig, and passed a contented life as a Herr Doctor and Professor; for though my heart was still warm with love of you, it had been denied and starved too long to have the strength to draw me from the path my head had marked out. Yet I would not now accept the unemotional and peaceful career I had planned in lieu of my present life; for if my love is without hope, it is still love, and though you turned me away from your door with far less courtesy than you would shut out a beggar, yet I am near you and see you constantly, and that is worth more to me than peace. Good-night, my love. God bless you.

VI.

February 25. It was thought of you which led to our meeting. After the evening meal of dried salt fish, pancakes, dates, and coffee, my father and I wandered out to the Sok, and, as was our wont, sat down among the people. Refusing the hasheesh water and sweetmeats which the venders urged upon us, "to make you dream of your love joyfully," we listened to the story-tellers and the singers. Some one with a fine natural voice sang presently an Arabic love-song:—

"My love, so lovely yet so cruel,
Why came you so to torture me?
Could I but know the being who
Has caused you thus to hate me!
Once I saw and gazed upon your lovely form
each hour.
But now you ever shun me.
Yet still each night you come in dreams
For me to ask. Who sent you?
Your answer is. Him whom I love,
And you bid me then forget my passion.
But I reply, If it was not for love, how could
the world go on?"
It was a song I had heard and loved

in many lands and many dialects, but that night it stirred me deeply, and brought to mind your image, ever dear. I sat and dreamed of you till the farago about me became unbearable, and, whispering a word to my father, I rose and strode away, with a yearning fairly mastering. I could have had no thought that you were near, for when we stood far closer I was still unconscious of your presence. But if not an intuition, I ask what could it be?

Wandering through the narrow streets without purpose or goal, I presently saw looming above me the great hill on which stands the Alcazaba. Climbing in the brilliant moonlight up the steep and ill-conditioned road, and passing that jumble of buildings upon which so many races and generations have left their impress, I strolled along the wall to a ruined embrasure at the corner overlooking the sea. How long I stood there leaning upon the parapet I do not know. Not till you were close upon me was I conscious that my solitude was ended.

I heard footsteps, but was too incurious to turn and glance at the intruders. Nay, more, when that harsh, strident American voice said, "There, is n't that great?" I felt so irritated by both tone and words that but for the seeming rudeness I should have moved away at once. You spoke so low I could not hear your reply, and I wonder what you said; for his "great" applied to such beauty must have rasped much more on your artistic sense than it did on mine.

"And this black fellow in the turban standing here," continued the strident voice, "he fits, too, like the paper on the wall, though probably he's a sentry taking forty winks on the sly. It makes an American mad to see how slack things are run over here."

I heard a gentle "Hush," and then a murmur as you went on speaking.

"None of these black fellows speak English," came the self-assured voice

again. Then, though I could have heard his natural tone full fifty feet away, the man called much louder: "Hey! what's the name of that point out there?"

I should have chosen to make no answer, but, remembering the courtesy and dignity of the race I was personating, I replied without turning, "Cape Spartel."

You must have said something, for a moment later he laughed, saying, "Not a bit of it. Now see me jolly him up." I heard footsteps, and then some one leaned against the parapet, close beside me. "Backsheesh," he said, and jingled some coins in his pocket.

I stood silent, so he tapped me on the shoulder and asked, "Are you one of the palace guards?" Unsuppressed by my monosyllabic "No," he persisted by saying, "What's your business, then?" jingling his coins again. "Stop pulling me, Mai," he added, as an aside.

"I'm a stranger in Tangier," I answered quietly.

"From whereabouts?" he questioned.

"The East," I replied.

"Oh, you're one of the wise men, are you?" he said jocosely. "Are you a Jew or a Mohammedan?"

"Not the latter, fortunately for you."

"And why fortunately?" he asked.

"Because a true believer would have taken the question as a deadly insult."

"They'd be welcome," he laughed, "though it is rather irritating to be mistaken for a Jew. I should n't like it myself."

I thought of the dignified Jew traders who had made part of our caravan in the journey from Bagdad to Damascus, and answered, "There is little danger of that."

"I guess not," he said. "But if you are n't a Jew or a Mohammedan, what are you?"

He had spoiled my mood, and since it was gone I thought I would amuse myself with the man. "A seeker of knowledge from the Altai Mountains," I responded.

"Never heard of them," he said; "or

is it your Choctaw for those?" he added, pointing towards the dark masses of the Atlas Mountains.

I smiled and answered, "They are many moons' travel from here."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "How did you happen to come?"

"To follow after those gone before."

"I see," he said. "Relatives, I suppose? Hope you found them well?"

"No," I replied, carrying on the humor, "dying."

He jingled his coins, and asked, "Anything to be done for them?"

"Nothing," said I.

"What's the complaint?"

"Civilization in the abstract, repeating rifles and rapid-firing guns in the concrete."

"Eh!" he exclaimed.

Then the lowest and sweetest of voices said, "Won't you tell us what you mean?"

Was it my irritation that the man before me, rather than the subtler-passioned people I knew so well, was the dominant type of the moment, or was it the sympathy your voice stirred within me, which made me speak? In a moment I was sketching broadly the inhumanity of this thing we call Christian civilization, which, more grasping than the Inquisition, has overrun the world, tearing the lands from their owners, and, not content with this spoliation, demands of its victims that they shall give up the customs of many centuries' evolution, and conform to habits, governments, and religions which their very instincts make impossible; and because they cannot change, but break out, these believers in the golden rule shoot them down. I protested at the mockery of calling civilized a world held at peace by constant slaughter, or of styling the national Jack Ketches of humanity Christian nations! I demanded the right of one man to hold another barbaric because he will not welcome his master, greet with joy the bands of steel we call railroads, and

crush his nature within the walls of vast factories, to make himself the threefold slave of society, government, and employer. And finally, I gloried in the fact that though the white races had found a weapon against the black and yellow ones which enabled them to overrun and subjugate, yet nature had provided nature's people with the defense of climate, — a death-line to the whites; and behind that line the colored races are unconquerable in the sense of conquest being extinction. I knew the other side, that altruistic tenet of political economy defined in brief as "the greatest good of the greatest number," and in my mind held the even balance of the historian between the two; but to this utilitarian, modern, self-satisfied American I had to urge the rights of races thousands of years our senior, and far in advance of us in the knowledge and amenities that make life worth the most.

You both were silent till I ended; but I had best left unspoken what your companion could not understand, for when I finished he asked, "What mountains did you say you came from?" And when I told him, he added laughingly, "You must have some pretty good stump speaking in your elections."

"We are very grateful for your explanation," you said gently.

"Never been in America?" he surmised; and except for you I should have told him that I was his countryman, it would have been so adequate a retort to his inference. But your voice and manner had made me so ashamed of my earlier mood that I merely answered, "Yes."

"Humph!" he grunted in surprise, and as if to prove his incorrigibility he continued, "Thought your ideas were too back-number for that."

I could not help laughing, and the moment my laugh became articulate yours too overflowed your lips, as a spring breaks past its edges and falls rippling over pebbles.

That laugh, so well remembered, re-

vealed your presence to me. My heart beat quickly and my head whirled dizzily, and in my bewilderment I took a step backward, quite forgetting the embrasure, till a stone gave way and I felt that I was falling. Then my consciousness went from me, and when thought came surging backward I lay a moment quiet, thinking it must have been a dream.

"He's coming round all right," I heard, and at the sound I opened my eyes. You were leaning over me with the moonlight shining on your face, and I caught my breath, you were so beautiful.

"You've given us a scare," continued the man, on whose knees my head was resting. "You want to keep your wits about you better. Pretty poor business tumbling off walls, but that's what comes of having ruins. You won't be quite so cocky in the future about your run-out races."

I felt his laughter justified, but hardly heeded it, my thoughts were so engaged. You were wetting my forehead with brandy, and I lay there too happy to speak.

"Now let me raise you a bit higher," the man said kindly, "so you can get your addled senses back." He lifted me, and I groaned at the sudden terrible pain that shot up my leg.

"Hello!" he cried, laying me gently down. "Something wrong, after all? What is it?"

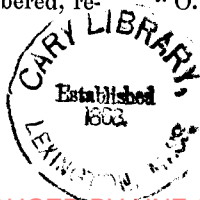
"My leg," I moaned.

"Here, Maizie, hold his head, while I appoint an investigating committee," he said, and in another moment I felt your arms about me, and in my joy at your touch I almost forgot my torture.

"Well, you've broken one of your walking-sticks," the man informed me, after a gentler touching of it than I thought possible to his nature. "Now, Maizie, if you'll sit and hold his head, I'll get a litter. You won't mind staying here alone, will you?"

"It is my wish," you said calmly.

"O. K.," he said, rising, and even in



his kindness he could not help but seize the opportunity to glorify his country. "If this had happened in New York, Mr. Altai, we'd have had an ambulance here five minutes ago! Civilization is n't all bad, I tell you, as you'd find out if you'd give it a chance."

The moment he was gone I tried to speak, and said "Maizie;" but you let me get no further, saying "Hush," and putting your hand softly over my lips. I suppose you thought me merely repeating the name he had called you, while I loved your touch too deeply to resist the hand I longed to kiss. Now I am glad I did not speak, for if I had it would have robbed me of my last sweet moment with you.

Long before I thought it possible, and far too soon, indeed, despite my suffering, we heard men approaching. When the torch-bearers came climbing over the rocks, my first desire was to see how much of your beauty was owing to the moonlight, and my heart leaped with exultation to find that you were beautiful even in the livid glare of the torches.

"Now, Mr. Altai," your companion said, "where shall we take you?" and I gave him the name of the hotel. A moment later, as they lifted me, I again fainted, but not till I had kissed your hand. You snatched it away, and did not hear my weakly murmured "Good-night, Maizie."

VII.

February 26. The setting of my leg, that night, was so long and exhausting an operation that after it was done I was given an opiate. Instead of bringing oblivion the drug produced a dreamy condition, in which I was cognizant of nothing that happened about me, and saw only your face. I knew I ought to sleep, and did my best to think of other things; but try as I might, my thought would return and dwell upon your beauty.

I have often wished I had been born an artist, that I might try to paint your portrait, for words can no more picture you than they can transmit the fragrance of a violet. Indeed, to me, the only word which even expresses your charm is "radiant," and that to others, who have never seen you, would suggest little. No real beauty can be described, for it rests in nothing that is tangible. In truth, to speak of your glorious hair, the whiteness of your brow and throat, the brilliant softness of your eyes, or the sweetness yet strength of your tender though unsmiling lips is to make but a travesty of description. I have heard painters talk of your hair and try to convey an idea of its beauty, but I know it too well even to make the attempt. When we were gazing at the rainbow, last autumn, and you said that if its tints could be transferred to a palette you believed it would be possible to paint anything, I could not help saying, "Except your hair." You laughed, and said, "I did not know you ever made that kind of a speech!" whereupon Agnes cried, "Did n't I ever tell you, Maizie, the compliment the doctor paid you last winter?" I thought she was alluding to my retort when my mother said that your eyes were so large and lustrous that, to her, they were "positively loud." Indignant at such a remark, Agnes had appealed to me to deny it. Not caring to treat the malicious speech seriously, I had answered that I could not agree, though I had sometimes thought your eyes "too dressy for the daytime," — a joke I have heard so often quoted that it is apparently in a measure descriptive, yet one which I should have felt mortified at hearing repeated to you. Fortunately Agnes' reference was to another remark of mine, in which, speaking of your mouth, I had crudely translated a couple of lines from a Persian poem: —

"In vain you strive to speak a bitter word, —
It meets the sweetness of your lips ere it is heard."

You were too used to compliments to be embarrassed when the lines were repeated, and only looked at me in a puzzled way. I do not wonder you were surprised at the implied admiration of the two speeches, after my apparent coldness and indifference. My behavior must seem to you as full of contradictions as your beauty is to me. To say your great attraction is the radiance — the verve, spirit, and capacity for enthusiasm — of which one cannot fail to be conscious is to deny the calm dignity with which you bear yourself, yet both these qualities belong to you. The world insists that you are proud and distant, and your face has the clean-cut features which we associate with patrician blood, while your height and figure, and the set and carriage of your head upon that slender throat, suggest a goddess. But I, who understand you so much better than the world, know that your proud face overlies the tenderest of natures, and is not an index, but a mask of feelings you do not care to show. As for the people who criticise you most, they would be the last to do so if they were not conscious of the very superiority they try to lessen. — Ah, how foolish it is to write all this, as if I needed to convince myself of what I know so well! And even if this were for the eye of others, to those who know you not it would be but the extravagant idealism for which a lover is proverbial.

When I awoke from the sleep my dreaming had drifted into, my first request of my father was to find your whereabouts. He told me that a dragoon had come that morning to inquire for me, and had left what now he showed me, — a great bunch of roses and a basket of fruit, with a card bearing the name of "Mr. Foster G. Blodgett" and the address "547 Fifth Avenue," and on the back of which was written:

"With sincere regrets that a previously formed plan of leaving Tangier this morning prevents our seeing our cour-

teous instructor of last night, and with hopes that he may have a quick and easy recovery from his accident."

The card was a man's, but the handwriting was feminine, and the moment my father turned his back I kissed it. I was further told that the servant had asked my name and taken it down, giving me the instant hope that when you knew to whom you had been so merciful, you would even disarrange your plans to let me have a moment's glimpse of you. But though I listened all the afternoon hopefully and expectantly, you never came. I felt such shyness about you, I did not speak to my father of your beauty, and he did not question me at all.

Our native hotel, built in Eastern fashion about a court, with only blank outside walls, was no place in which to pass a long invalidism, and three days later my father had me carried to the steamer, and, crossing to Gibraltar, we traveled by easy railroad trips to Leipzig. We had left our belongings with Jastrow, and he begged us, on our arrival, to become members of his household, which we were only too glad to do for a time. His joy over my return was most touching, and he and Humzel both seemed to regard me very much as if I were the creation of their own brains, who was to bring them immortal fame in time. My father had long before counseled me to be a pursuer of knowledge, and not of money; telling me the pursuit of the latter narrowed the intellect and stunted the finer qualities of one's nature, making all men natural enemies, while the acquisition of the former broadened one's mind, developed the nobility within, and engendered love of one's associates. These two men illustrated his theory, and had my tendency been avaricious I think their unselfish love and example would have made me otherwise. And yet, how dare I claim to be free from sordidness, when all my thoughts and hopes and daily life are now bent on winning money?

My leg was far too troublesome to permit me to sit at a desk, but my father insisted on being my scribe; and thus, lying on a lounge, I began part of the work I had so long planned, taking up for my first book the Turkish eruption, the crusades against the Saracens, and their subsequent history. Thinking so much of you, both as the child who had won my boyish heart and as the beautiful woman whose face had fascinated and moved me so deeply, I do not know how, except for my work, I should have lived through those long and weary months of enforced inaction while my leg so slowly knit.

More as recreation from this serious endeavor than as supplementary labor, I gathered the articles I had written for the *Deutsche Revue* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from time to time in our travels, and with new material from my journal I worked the whole into a popular account of what we had seen and done. While I still used a walking-stick I was reading proof of the German edition, and my English replica, rather than translation, was under negotiation through my publisher for London and New York editions. My father, who busied himself with a French version, insisted that the book would be a great success, and the articles under my assumed name had been so well noticed that I was myself hopeful of what better work in book form might do for my reputation; for, against his advice, I had determined to abandon my pseudonym.

But all these schemes and hopes were forgotten in the illness of my father. Contrary to my wishes, he had overworked himself in the French translation, while his life, for months of my enforced inactivity, had been one long service, impossible for me to avoid or refuse without giving him pain. This double exertion proved too great a strain. The day after he sent the manuscript to Paris, as he sat conning the sheets of the concluding chapter of my history,

he laid them down without a word, and, leaning forward, quietly rested his head upon the table. I was by his side and had him on the sofa in an instant, where he lay unconscious till the doctor came. We were told that it was a slight stroke, and by the next day he seemed quite well. But slowly he lost the use of one side, and within a week was helpless. I like to remember that I was well enough to tend him as he had tended me. He lingered for a month, sweet and gentle as always; then, one evening, as I sat beside him, he opened his eyes and said, "Good-night, Don. Good-night, Maizie." And with those words his loving soul went back to its Creator.

I found about his neck a ribbon to which was attached a locket containing the long tress you cut off for him that day in the Bois, one of my mother's curls, and a little tow-colored lock which I suppose was my own hair before it darkened, — a locket I have since worn unchanged, because, sadly discordant though such association has become, I cannot bring myself to separate what he tied together. It seems to symbolize his love for all of us.

The kindness of my friends I can never forget. I was so broken down as really to be unfit for thought, and their generous foresight did everything possible to spare me trouble or pain. Especially to Professor and Frau Jastrow do I owe an unpayable debt, for they made me feel that there was still some one in whose love I stood first; and had I been the child who had never come to them, I question if they could have done more for me than they did.

One thing that I had to do myself was to notify my mother of my father's death. From the time she had quitted us my father and I had avoided mention of her, but during his illness he asked me to write in case of his death, and gave me her New York address, from which I inferred that in some way

he had kept himself informed concerning her, though I feel very certain that she had never written him. That I had never tried to learn anything myself was due to the estrangement, but still more to my interest in my studies and work. Now I wrote her, as I had promised, telling her briefly the circumstances of my father's illness and death, and offering to write fuller details if she wished to know them. I would not feign love for her, but I wrote tenderly of him and without coldness to her. She never replied.

Kind as were all my intimates, I craved more than friendship, however loving it might be. One of the two great loves of my life had gone out from it, and, in the gap it left, the other became doubly dear to me. The wish to see you grew and strengthened each day, until at last it shaped my plans, and I announced my intention to visit America; making the specious explanation that, after my long illness and grief, the change would be the best specific for me.

At this time I received the offer of appointment as professor extraordinarius of philology and ethnology under Jastrow, another manifestation of his love; but till I had seen you I would not bind myself by accepting, and through his influence I was given three months to consider my answer. I seem doomed never to requite the services of those I love the most, but I am glad that in the nine months which I passed under his roof my knowledge of the Eastern dialects had pushed his work so much nearer completion.

Leaving all my possessions behind except the manuscript of my history, I started on my voyage of love. For two days I tarried in Paris, settling my little property. I had long known that the flotsam of my father's fortune, wrecked in Wall Street, was a few bonds deposited with Paris bankers; and when I called upon the firm it was merely to continue the old arrangement, by which

they cut the coupons and placed them to my bank credit. It was in this visit that I searched out our old pension, and sat dreaming in the park. How could I imagine, remembering those days of closest love and sympathy, and knowing too your kindness to one you thought a mere Eastern stroller, that you could have changed so to your former friend?

The most curious fact to me, in looking back upon that time, is that the idea never occurred to me that you were a married woman. It never entered my thoughts that a beauty which fascinated and drew me so far from my natural orbit must be an equally powerful charm to other men. As for Mr. Blodgett, I never gave him a second thought, not even accounting for his relations with you. My foolishness, I suppose, is typical of the scholar's abstraction and impracticality.

As the steamer neared New York, my impatience to see you increased apace. Far from longing for our old ten-day passage, I found a voyage of seven days too long. Ridiculous as it may seem, I almost lost my temper at the slowness of the customs examination. I believe I was half mad, and only marvel that I did so sane a thing as to go to a hotel, change my clothes, and dine, before attempting to see you.

I looked up Mr. Walton's address the moment I reached my hotel, and sent a messenger there to inquire your whereabouts. He brought me back word that Mr. Walton was absent from the city, but the servant had informed him that you still lived with your uncle and that you were in town.

I cannot tell you the surprise and joy I felt when, on arriving at your home on Madison Avenue that evening, I discovered it to be our old habitat. It seemed as if your selection of that as your home, probably from sentiment, was a bow of promise for the future, and I rang the bell, almost trembling with emotion and happiness.

The footman showed me to the drawing-room and took my card. All inside, so far as I could see, was changed past the point of recognition, but everything was beautiful, and I felt in that one room that no decorator's conventional taste had formed its harmony, but that an artistic sense had planned the whole. What a contrast it was to the old days of untasteful and untidy richness!

I sat but a moment before the footman returned. Looking not at me, but over my head, and with an attitude and air as deferential as if I were the guest of all others most welcome, he said, "Miss Walton declines the honor of Mr. Maitland's acquaintance, and begs to be excused."

The blow came so suddenly, and was so crushing, that for a moment I lost my dignity. "There must be some mis-

take!" I exclaimed. "You gave Miss Walton my card?"

The footman only bowed assent.

"Go to Miss Walton and say I must see her a moment."

"Miss Walton instructed me to add, in case Mr. Maitland persisted, that she prefers to hold no intercourse with Mr. Maitland and will receive no messages from him."

Pride came to my rescue, and I passed silently into the hall. The servant opened the door, and I went out from my old home, never to enter it more. At the foot of the steps I turned and looked back, hardly yet believing what I had been told. Even in the sting and humiliation of that moment my love was stronger than the newer sensations. I said, "Good-night, Maizie. God keep you," and walked away.

Paul Leicester Ford.

A CENTURY OF SOCIAL BETTERMENT.

A CITIZEN of the United States who wore a badge of mourning in memory of Washington, and took part in the contested presidential election of 1800, lived at a time when our country nowhere touched the Gulf of Mexico and nowhere crossed the Mississippi River; at a time when there were but fifteen States in the Union, and when no one of them had a population of a million souls or could boast of a city of fifty thousand inhabitants.

The twenty years which had elapsed since Cornwallis laid down his arms at Yorktown, and especially the ten years which followed the day when the States came under the New Roof and made the Constitution the supreme law of the land, were periods of such amazing progress that the people of the United States in 1800, compared with what they were in 1780, were a new nation. Yet as we of

to-day look back to them, their condition of life seems so crude that it is hard to realize that they are separated from us by a hundred, not a thousand years, and that there are numbers of men still with us who saw the light while Jefferson was serving his first term as President. It is hard to realize that the great-grandfathers of many of us were men who never in the whole course of their lives struck a match, or used a postage-stamp, or heard a steam-whistle, or saw a pane of glass six feet square or a building ten stories high. What passed for thriving cities at the opening of the present century were collections of a few thousand houses without any pretensions to architectural beauty, ranged along narrow streets, none of which were sewered and few of which were paved and lighted. The government was of the simplest kind. The mayor still held a court. The watch-

man, with his rattle and lantern, still went his rounds at night. The citizen was still required to serve on the watch, and to keep in his house, hard by the front door, a number of leather buckets, with which, at the clanging of the court-house or the market bell, he must hurry to some burning building. Water for putting out fires, indeed for household use, was drawn from private wells or supplied by the town pumps, for there were but two cities in the Union blessed with water-works. It was still an offense to smoke on the street, or to carry live coals from a neighbor's house (a common practice in the days when matches were not), or to be out after ten at night.

Lack of good and abundant water, lack of proper drainage, and ignorance of the simplest principles of sanitation spread diseases of the most dreadful sort. Smallpox was common among the poor. Year after year New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore were visited by yellow fever, which sometimes raged with the violence of a plague.

Few of the appliances which promote health, which increase comfort, which save time and labor, were in use; not even in the houses of the rich was there a furnace, or an open grate for burning coal, or a bath-room, or a gas-jet. The warming-pan, the foot-stove, and the huge four-post bedstead with its curtains to be drawn when the night was cold were still essentials. That boy was fortunate who did not have to break the ice in his water-pail morning after morning, in winter. No city had reached such dimensions as to make a horse-car or an omnibus necessary. Time was of little value, and no pains were taken to save it in the household or in the affairs of the business world. That magnificent display of inventive genius which is the admiration of the world had scarcely begun.

Few of the modern methods of extending business, of seeking customers, of making the public aware of what a merchant had for sale, existed even in

a rude state. There were no commercial travelers, no means of widespread advertising. When the century opened, there were two hundred newspapers in the United States, but only seventeen were dailies. No great weeklies, no magazines with a circulation covering the whole country, had then been dreamed of. But it mattered little, for the field a merchant could cover in his business was limited by the immense cost of transportation. As late as 1810, to move freight from New York to Lewiston on the Niagara River, almost entirely by a water-route, cost forty dollars a ton, with tolls extra. To haul a ton of goods from Philadelphia to Pittsburg cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars. To carry a bushel of salt two hundred miles by land cost two dollars and a half. The charge for transporting a barrel of flour three hundred and fifty miles was five dollars; the same charge was made on a hundred pounds of sugar carted three hundred miles.

Not only was the field of business enterprise thus restricted, but the transaction of business within that field was slow and difficult. The merchant kept his own books, — or, as he would have said, his own accounts, — wrote all his letters with a quill, and, when they were written, let the ink dry or sprinkled it with sand. There were then no envelopes, no postage-stamps, no letter-boxes in the streets, no hourly collections of the mail. The letter written, the paper was carefully folded, sealed with wax or a wafer, addressed, and carried to the post-office, where postage was prepaid at rates which would now seem extortionate. To send a letter which was a single sheet of paper, large or small, from Boston to New York or Philadelphia, cost eighteen and a half cents, and to Washington twenty-five cents. To carry a letter from Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, to Boston, and bring back an answer by return mail, would have consumed from twelve to eighteen days, ac-

cording to the season of the year and the weather.

What was true of the merchant was true of men in every walk of life. Their opportunities were few; their labor was ill paid; their comforts were far inferior to what is now within the reach of the poorest.

In the Sunday issues of the great metropolitan journals — a Sunday issue was a thing unheard of ninety years ago — are thousands of advertisements of employers seeking help. Many of the advertisers are conducting trades, professions, occupations, absolutely unknown in 1800, and to these might easily be added many more. The great corporations, the mills and factories, the railroads, the steamboat, express, and telegraph companies, that give employment to millions of human beings are the creations of our day. A specialist of any sort — a patent lawyer, a corporation lawyer, an oculist, a physician devoting himself to the cure of diseases of children, a nurse trained to tend the sick — was unheard of. Very little preparation was needed for any profession. The knowledge gained in the course of a few months passed in the office of a judge or a physician was sufficient to entitle any man to practice law or medicine. Many sects required no preparation whatever for the ministry, and the ministry, medicine, and law were the only recognized professions.

What we call the "workingman," the "mechanic," had no existence as classes. Labor was performed in the South almost exclusively by slaves, and in the North very largely by men and women who for the time being were no better than slaves. Throughout the free States were thousands of Irishmen, Scotchmen, Englishmen, Germans, who, in return for transportation from the Old World to the New, had bound themselves by indenture to serve the captain of the ship that brought them over. The time was three, five, even seven years, and the

conditions were that the servant should have meat, drink, apparel, washing, lodging, and sometimes six weeks' schooling every year, and at the end of the term of service two complete suits of clothes. In every case one of these "freedom suits" was new.

The moment a cargo of such "indentured servants," "redemptioners," "bondservants," reached port, the public would be informed by a notice in the newspapers, and whoever wanted men or women for any sort of labor, skilled or unskilled, would hasten to the ship and buy them from the captain. When the redemptioner had served his time, and began as a freeman to work for hire, the wages paid him were such as would now be thought shamefully low. Soldiers in the army received three dollars a month. Farm-hands in New England were given four dollars a month and found their own clothes. Unskilled laborers toiled twelve hours per day for fifty cents. Workmen on the turnpikes then branching out in every direction were housed in rude sheds, fed coarse food, and given four dollars per month from November to May, and six dollars from May to November. When the road from the Genesee River to Buffalo was under construction, in 1812, though the region through which it went was the frontier, men were hired in plenty for twelve dollars per month in cash, and their board, lodging, and a daily allowance of whiskey.

Out of wages so scanty the most thrifty could save nothing. But woe betide him if work was slack, or he fell sick and ran in debt. Then he became no better than a criminal, and, if the creditor wished, could be made to share a criminal's dingy and filthy prison. In nothing is the contrast between those days and ours more striking than in the absence of a broad humanitarian spirit, a generous sympathy for the unfortunate and hard-pressed. In all our land there was not a reformatory, nor an asylum for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, or for lunatics.

Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that the men of 1800 had made no advance. The barbarous criminal codes of their fathers had been greatly civilized. The pillory, the lash, the stocks, the branding-iron, and the shears were fast falling into disuse. The death penalty was much restricted. Nevertheless, the state of the almshouses and the prisons was a disgrace to the humanity of our ancestors. So late as 1804 we find the paupers in the Baltimore almshouse appealing to the public for rags with which to dress their sores. So late as 1809 the Humane Society of New York drew a picture of the condition of the Bridewell which almost surpasses belief; but, unhappily, the condition there was no anomaly, and reports of a dozen jails in as many States show it to have been the common lot of all.

The questions which most concern us, in the study of any people at any time, are not only, What were they? but, What were they doing? How were their faces set? Were they looking backward with tender regret to the past? Were they looking forward with resolute hopes to the future? Were they standing still? Were they merely marking time, or were they really on the march? On the march our ancestors most certainly were. The pace was slow, but as time passed it quickened, and when the middle of the century was reached the rate of advance was portentously rapid.

The long embargo and the war for commercial independence ended our industrial subjection to Great Britain. Manufactures, rude and primitive, it is true, sprang into existence, and a hundred new fields of industry were opened to our citizens. Tens of thousands of men, held on the seaboard for twenty years by the extraordinary development given to neutral trade and commerce by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, were deprived of a livelihood, were turned adrift by the peace of 1815, and,

bidding farewell to the East, hurried westward to build up a new empire in the valley of the Mississippi. Up the Mohawk and along the great northern lakes, across Pennsylvania to Pittsburg and down the Ohio, up the Potomac and over the portage to the Ohio, through the mountain passes of southwestern Virginia and around the mountains into the cotton-lands of Alabama and Mississippi, poured an army of pioneers, clearing the lands, marking out the streets of future cities, and building up new commonwealths. In the short space of five years, five new States, all beyond the Alleghenies, came into the Union.

And what was the social condition of the great mass of men in the West? Their homes were log-cabins, with puncheon floors, with windows in which greased paper was more often seen than glass, with furniture made by the occupant, with doors that swung on leather hinges and had a latch-string instead of a knob. The household utensils were of the simplest kind. Brooms and brushes were made of corn-husks. Corn was shelled by rubbing the ears up and down a piece of old tin punched full of holes; it was carried on horseback to the mill, or pounded in a wooden mortar, or ground in a hand-mill. Cooking-stoves were unknown. Chickens to be roasted were hung by leather strings before the open fire. Bread was baked in a Dutch oven on the hearth, or in an "out oven" out of doors.

In the East, meantime, new forces had come into play. The steamboat was on lake and river. The canal had joined great waterways. A network of turnpikes and passable roads covered the country. These civilizers had so abridged distance that in 1825 the frontier and the seaboard almost touched. Boston was but two days from New York, New York but fifteen hours from Philadelphia, and Philadelphia but fifteen from Baltimore.

Freight could then be moved from

New York to Pittsburg by way of the Erie Canal for six dollars a hundred pounds, and from New York to Detroit for four dollars and fifty cents. These rates revolutionized business. The field a merchant or a manufacturer could cover by his enterprise seemed boundless. The whole West, as well as the East, became his market, and transportation companies for the handling of freight began to make their appearance, in order to enable him to reach that market.

Simple as these things appear, they changed the whole course of life. New industries, new trades, new occupations, sprang up on every hand. Time became a commodity, and the demand for time-saving and labor-saving machinery and devices gave the first impetus to that inventive genius which has done so much for the betterment not only of our own people, but of the world. Not a year went by but some great discovery, some great invention, added to the stock of human comfort. In 1825 the tinder-box gave way to a rude form of match. In 1826 axes and edged tools were first manufactured in the United States. The first lithograph was made in 1827. The wood-planing machine, the manufacture of paper from straw, and the introduction of the locomotive date from 1828. The arts were enriched by the discovery of the means of galvanizing iron and the invention of the brick-making machine in 1829. The first omnibus in our country was used in New York city in 1830. Dr. Guthrie gave chloroform to medicine in 1831. Street railways were introduced in 1832, and the first public trial of a reaping-machine was made in 1833. But the list is too long to be called over. Seven years more, and Colt had invented his revolver, a line of steamships were crossing the Atlantic in fifteen days, Ericsson had tested and applied his screw propeller, and Goodyear had found out how to turn india-rubber from a soft and sticky

gum to an article of boundless application in the arts, the sciences, and the affairs of daily life. The railroad was fast spreading its network over the country, and the beginning of the express company of our time was made by Harn-den and Adams. When the middle of the century was reached, the farmer was planting his grain with a drill and cutting it with the horse-reaper, the sewing-machine was finding its way into every household, telegraph-poles were rising on all the important highways, daguerreotypes were coming into fashion, and pain had been conquered by the discovery of anæsthetics.

The second quarter of the century was remarkable for the earnest efforts made by men and by associations of men to better the condition of their fellows. Robert Owen preaching communism and founding his communities in the Western States in the twenties; Brisbane, the disciple of Fourier, dotting the free States with his phalanxes in the early forties; the American Bible Society sending the word of God into a million homes; the great temperance crusade rescuing six hundred thousand drunkards, and leading the way to prohibition, to high license, to local option; the outburst of humanitarianism which reformed the penal codes, which abolished imprisonment for debt, which turned the jails from brothels and seminaries of crime to reformatories, and covered the land with homes, asylums, lodging-houses, houses of correction, penitentiaries, and institutions for the reform of juvenile delinquents; the abolition societies battling nobly in the cause of the slave; Sylvester Graham advocating his reformed diet of bran bread and water; Mrs. Bloomer struggling for dress reform, and illustrating it with the garment that still bears her name,—these are but a few of the innumerable manifestations of the efforts for social betterment.

Many of these attempts were vision-

ary and futile ; but the gain to mankind from such as were useful was enormous. Life was less brutal and more humane. Every labor-saving device that did by machinery what had before been done by hand raised some portion of the great mass of toilers, and made each of them less of the drudge and more of the man. The laboring man was especially benefited. Though his wages had increased but little, they were more easily earned and brought richer returns. He no longer toiled from sunrise to sunset, but counted ten hours a working-day. He was no longer subject to imprisonment for a paltry debt. His wages were paid, not once a month, but once a week. Better means of transportation, cheaper methods of manufacture, enabled him to eat better food and wear better clothes than ever before. New industries, new trades, new occupations, new needs in the business world, afforded to his son and his daughter a hundred opportunities for a livelihood that were unknown in his youth. while the free-school system enabled them to fit themselves to use such opportunities without cost to him. It was then, and it is still, the common belief that every piece of machinery with which one man can do the work of six men makes the lot of the workingman so much the harder. Happily this is far from being the case. It is machinery which has led to the expansion of labor. The railroad, the sewing-machine, and the telegraph were very primitive affairs in 1850, yet they were violently and bitterly opposed. From the day wherein it became apparent that the locomotive could climb a hill and go safely round a curve, and that a new means of rapid locomotion had really been introduced, the most dismal pictures were drawn of its effect on certain branches of industry. The breeders of horses, the drivers of stagecoaches, the keepers of wayside inns and taverns, the proprietors of stage companies, the owners of stock of the turnpike com-

panies, were all to be ruined ! To the amazement of the croakers, none of their predictions came true. Stage drivers became conductors or ticket-agents. The transportation companies for the movement of freight became the great feeders of the railroads, and thronged the turnpikes, more congested than ever with farmers carrying grain, lumber, and produce to the nearest station. The demand for track-layers, for engineers, for firemen, for civil engineers, for mechanics, opened new fields of labor to thousands of men who must otherwise have crowded the ranks of older industries. The manufacture of rails, of cars, of locomotives, laid the foundation of branches of labor hitherto unknown, and expanded others already in existence. Wire-makers, glass-makers, and manufacturers of chemicals very quickly felt the benefit of the introduction of the telegraph, while a great army of young men found steady employment in new occupations as operators and messengers.

When Howe was striving to introduce the sewing-machine, the prediction was made that the day of the sewing-girl was over. In truth, her day was just dawning. But it is needless to cite instances. What was the lot of the humblest laborer was the lot of all. The condition of every man was bettered.

With the growth of cities had come untold comforts and conveniences. The dark and unpaved street, the town pump, the night-watch, were becoming things of the past. Gas and plumbing were in general use. Wayfarers were no longer huddled together at the hotels and inns, and forced to sleep six in a room and two in a bed. The home of the average man was better furnished and warmed, and was supplied with comforts and luxuries such as his grandfather could not have had at any price. He was a better educated, broader minded, more generally well informed man than his father had been. If he were a lawyer, the vast mass of legislation made

necessary by the expansion of commercial enterprises, the rise of banks and corporations, the appearance of the railroad, the telegraph, the express company, and the protection of the interests involved, not only brought to him more business and more money, but exacted from him an amount of study and intelligence not required from the lawyer of 1800.

The latter half of the century, and more particularly the last quarter, has been preëminently a period remarkable for the advancement of science and the application of the principles of science to the betterment of mankind. Were we to take out of our life to-day all the mechanical devices that were not known in 1850, the whole social fabric would fall to pieces. Were we to strip ourselves of the thousand conveniences of daily life introduced in half a century, we should be utterly at a loss how to supply our wants, how to transact the most common affairs. Were we to take from the industrial world every means of livelihood that has sprung up since 1850, millions of our fellow-citizens would be driven to starvation. The telephone, the telegraph, the typewriter, the sewing-machine, the department stores in the cities, have revolutionized the condition of woman. Thirty years ago the business world was closed to her; she might be a teacher, or a seamstress, or a mill-hand, or go out to service; she could not be a clerk or a secretary. To-day she is everywhere: at the bar, at the sick-bed as physician and trained nurse, in ten thousand offices and behind ten thousand counters; schools have been established for her especial benefit, colleges are open to her, and in three States she has been made the political equal of her brother, has received the right to vote for candidates for any office and to hold any office under the State.

The manual training school and the technical school have destroyed the old apprentice system. The boy who spent

seven years of his life acquiring an imperfect knowledge of the merely mechanical part of a trade, giving his labor in return for bad instruction, food, and cast-off clothing, exists only in history. In the manual training school he is now freely taught not only the very best way to use his tools, but the reason why a particular way is the best, and at the end of two years he is a far better equipped and more intelligent mechanic than the old apprentice at the end of seven.

Cheap transportation, cold storage, and the immense development of the canning industry have placed on the table of every man an endless variety of food without regard to the season of the year. The salmon of Oregon, the fruits of California and Florida, the vegetables of the West, are to-day within the reach of the poorest laborer. The machinery for ploughing, planting, reaping, harvesting, has made possible the enormous grain-fields of the West, and these, aided by the railroad and the flour-mills of the Northwest, provide the beggar in the street with a quality of bread which fifty years ago could not have been had by anybody. The machine-made shoe, the machine-made undergarment, ready-made clothing cut with a die and sewed on a machine, the application of the marvelous invention of Goodyear to wearing apparel, have rendered it possible for men and women of all sorts to be cleaner, healthier, more neatly dressed, and better protected against the weather than were their grandfathers.

Could some well-to-do tradesman of 1800 come back to the great city where, when it was a little town, he kept a shop, over which he lived and in the rear of which he very possibly made the chairs, the shoes, the harness, the copper kettles, he offered for sale, — could such a man come back and enter the homes of some of his descendants, he would see little with which he was familiar. He would find them, in all probability, living in a style surpassing in magnificence that of the

royal governor or the merchant prince at whose approach he had, as a boy, seen his father hurry to the shop door to make an obeisance or stand bareheaded while the great man went by. He would see about him on every hand comforts and appliances he would not understand. The furnace that warmed the house, the gas that lighted it, the electric bell that summoned the servants, the bath-room with its hot and cold water, would astonish him. In the library he would probably see more books than in 1800 were in any public library in the land. On the library table, with steel pens, rubber bands, the blotter, and a host of articles he could not name, would lie a morning newspaper not six hours old, containing news not twelve hours old from every part of Europe. He would hear with astonishment that there are in New York city more daily morning and evening newspapers than there were daily papers in the whole United States in 1800, and that each one of these provides its readers with an allowance of information regarding affairs all over the face of the world more full and exact than in his day was to be had regarding his own town. The contents of the illustrated magazines, the literary

magazines, the periodicals secular and religious; the postage-stamps on the letters, the photographs about the room, the telephone in the corner, the messenger call, would reveal to him a social condition which we neither appreciate nor fully understand.

But it is not only in material comfort that the condition of man has been bettered. Diseases once the scourge and terror of the world have been wellnigh extirpated. A pock-marked face is now as rare as a century ago it was common. We no longer stand in dread of an annual visitation of yellow fever. We have learned how to control cholera.

We have abolished slavery, we have beaten down polygamy in Utah, we have driven the prize-fight from the Territories and the lottery even from Louisiana. In a spirit of broad humanity we have extended protection to helpless children and to dumb brutes. Never was the hand of fellowship so cordially extended to the fallen, never were such serious efforts made to bring back the wayward and to turn the erring from the wrong path to the right. We have added to the glory of God by conceding to his creatures the right to worship him in such manner as they please.

John Bach McMaster.

EMERSON, SIXTY YEARS AFTER.¹

I.

“LEAVE this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw indi-

viduals out of them. The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking million stockingers or lazzaroni at all. If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not mul-

¹ It is now sixty years since Emerson's first book was published, the pamphlet on *Nature* (1836).

tiply the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience."

This extract from *The Conduct of Life* gives fairly enough the leading thought of Emerson's life. The unending warfare between the individual and society shows us in each generation a poet or two, a dramatist or a musician who exalts and deifies the individual, and leads us back again to the only object which is really worthy of enthusiasm or which can permanently excite it, the character of a man. It is surprising to find this identity of content in all great deliverances. The only thing we really admire is personal liberty. Those who fought for it and those who enjoyed it are our heroes.

But the hero may enslave his race by bringing in a system of tyranny; the battle-cry of freedom may become a dogma which crushes the soul; one good custom may corrupt the world. And so the inspiration of one age becomes the damnation of the next. This crystallizing of life into death has occurred so often that it may almost be regarded as one of the laws of progress. Emerson represents a protest against the tyranny of democracy.

He is the most recent example of elemental hero-worship. His opinions are absolutely unqualified except by his temperament. He expresses a form of belief in the importance of the individual which is independent of any personal relations he has with the world. It is as if a man had been withdrawn from the earth and dedicated to condensing and embodying this eternal idea — the value of the individual soul — so vividly, so vitally, that his words could not die, yet in such illusive and abstract forms that by no chance and by no power could his creed be used for purposes of tyranny. Dogma cannot

be extracted from it. Schools cannot be built on it. It either lives as the spirit lives, or else it evaporates and leaves nothing. Emerson was so afraid of the letter that killeth that he would hardly trust his words to print. He was assured there was no such thing as literal truth, but only literal falsehood. He therefore resorted to metaphors which could by no chance be taken literally. And he has probably succeeded in leaving a body of work which cannot be made to operate to any other end than that for which he designed it. If this be true, he has accomplished the inconceivable feat of eluding misconception. If it be true, he stands alone in the history of teachers; he has circumvented fate, he has left an unmixed blessing behind him.

The signs of those times which brought forth Emerson are not wholly undecipherable. They are the same times which gave rise to every character of significance during the period before the war. Emerson is indeed the easiest to understand of all the men of his time, because his life is freest from the tangles and qualifications of circumstance. He is a sheer and pure type and creature of destiny, and the unconsciousness that marks his development allies him to the deepest phenomena. It is convenient, in describing him, to use language which implies consciousness on his part, but he himself had no purpose, no theory of himself; he was a product.

The years between 1820 and 1830 were the most pitiable through which this country has ever passed. The conscience of the North was pledged to the Missouri Compromise, and that Compromise neither slumbered nor slept. In New England, where the old theocratical oligarchy of the colonies had survived the Revolution and kept under its own water-locks the new floods of trade, the conservatism of politics reinforced the conservatism of religion; and as if these two inquisitions were not enough to stifle the soul of man, the conservatism of busi-

ness self-interest was superimposed. The history of the conflicts which followed has been written by the radicals, who negligently charge up to self-interest all the resistance which establishments offer to change. But it was not solely self-interest, it was conscience that backed the Missouri Compromise, nowhere else, naturally, so strongly as in New England. It was conscience that made cowards of us all. The white-lipped generation of Edward Everett were victims, one might even say martyrs, to conscience. They suffered the most terrible martyrdom that can fall to man, a martyrdom which injured their immortal volition and dried up the springs of life. If it were not that our poets have too seldom deigned to dip into real life, I do not know what more awful subject for a poem could have been found than that of the New England judge enforcing the fugitive slave law. For lack of such a poem the heroism of these men has been forgotten, the losing heroism of conservatism. It was this spiritual power of a committed conscience which met the new forces as they arose, and it deserves a better name than these new forces afterward gave it. In 1830 the social fruits of these heavy conditions could be seen in the life of the people. Free speech was lost.

"I know no country," says De Tocqueville, who was here in 1831, "in which there is so little independence of mind and freedom of discussion as in America." De Tocqueville recurs to the point again and again. He cannot disguise his surprise at it, and it tinged his whole philosophy and his book. The timidity of the Americans of this era was a thing which intelligent foreigners could not understand. Miss Martineau wrote in her *Autobiography*: "It was not till months afterwards that I was told that there were two reasons why I was not invited there [Chelsea] as elsewhere. One reason was that I had avowed, in reply to urgent questions, that I was disappointed in

an oration of Mr. Everett's; and another was that I had publicly condemned the institution of slavery. I hope the Boston people have outgrown the childishness of sulking at opinions not in either case volunteered, but obtained by pressure. But really, the subservience to opinion at that time seemed a sort of mania."

The mania was by no means confined to Boston, but qualified this period of our history throughout the Northern States. There was no literature. "If great writers have not at present existed in America, the reason is very simply given in the fact that there can be no literary genius without freedom of opinion, and freedom of opinion does not exist in America," wrote De Tocqueville. There were no amusements, neither music nor sport nor pastime, indoors or out of doors. The whole life of the community was a life of the intelligence, and upon the intelligence lay the weight of intellectual tyranny. The pressure kept on increasing, and the suppressed forces kept on increasing, till at last, as if to show what gigantic power was needed to keep conservatism dominant, the Merchant Province put forward Daniel Webster.

The worst period of panic seems to have preceded the anti-slavery agitations of 1831, because these agitations soon demonstrated that the sky did not fall or the earth yawn and swallow Massachusetts because of Mr. Garrison's opinions, as most people had sincerely believed would be the case. Some semblance of free speech was therefore gradually regained.

Let us remember the world upon which the young Emerson's eyes opened. The South was a plantation. The North crooked the hinges of the knee where thrift might follow fawning. It was the era of Martin Chuzzlewit, a malicious caricature, — founded on fact. This time of humiliation, when there was no free speech, no literature, little manliness,

no reality, no simplicity, no accomplishment, was the era of American brag. We flattered the foreigner and we boasted of ourselves. We were over-sensitive, insolent, and cringing. As late as 1845, G. P. Putnam, a most sensible and modest man, published a book to show what the country had done in the field of culture. The book is a monument of the age. With all its good sense and good humor, it justifies foreign contempt because it is explanatory. Underneath everything lay a feeling of unrest, an instinct, — "this country cannot permanently endure half slave and half free," — which was the truth, but which could not be uttered.

So long as there is any subject which men may not freely discuss, they are timid upon all subjects. They wear an iron crown and talk in whispers. Such social conditions crush and maim the individual, and throughout New England, as throughout the whole North, the individual was crushed and maimed.

The generous youths who came to manhood between 1820 and 1830, while this deadly era was maturing, seem to have undergone a revulsion against the world almost before touching it; at least two of them suffered, revolted, and condemned, while still boys sitting on benches in school, and came forth advancing upon this old society like gladiators. The activity of William Lloyd Garrison, the man of action, preceded by several years that of Emerson who is his prophet. Both of them were parts of one revolution. One of Emerson's articles of faith was that a man's thoughts spring from his actions rather than his actions from his thoughts, and possibly the same thing holds good for society at large. Perhaps all truths, whether moral or economic, must be worked out in real life before they are discovered by the student, and it was therefore necessary that Garrison should be evolved earlier than Emerson.

The silent years of early manhood,

during which Emerson passed through the Divinity School and to his ministry, known by few, understood by none, least of all by himself, were years in which the revolting spirit of an archangel thought out his creed. He came forth perfect, with that serenity of which we have scarce another example in history, — that union of the man himself, his beliefs, and his vehicle of expression that makes men great because it makes them comprehensible. The philosophy into which he had already transmuted all his earlier theology at the time we first meet him consisted of a very simple drawing together of a few ideas, all of which had long been familiar to the world. It is the wonderful use he made of these ideas, the closeness with which they fitted his soul, the tact with which he took what he needed, like a bird building its nest, that make the originality, the man.

The conclusion of Berkeley, that the external world is known to us only through our impressions, and that therefore, for aught we know, the whole universe exists only in our own consciousness, cannot be disproved. It is so simple a conception that a child may understand it; and it has probably been passed before the attention of every thinking man since Plato's time. The notion is in itself a mere philosophical catch or crux to which there is no answer. It may be true. The mystics made this doctrine useful. They were not content to doubt the independent existence of the external world. They imagined that this external world, the earth, the planets, the phenomena of nature, bore some relation to the emotions and destiny of the soul. The soul and the cosmos were somehow related, and related so intimately that the cosmos might be regarded as a sort of projection or diagram of the soul.

Plato was the first man who perceived that this idea could be made to provide the philosopher with a vehicle of expres-

sion more powerful than any other. If a man will once plant himself firmly on the proposition that *he is* the universe, that every emotion or expression of his mind is correlated in some way to phenomena in the external world, and that he shall say how correlated, he is in a position where the power of speech is at a maximum. His figures of speech, his tropes, his witticisms, take rank with the law of gravity and the precession of the equinoxes. Philosophical exaltation of the individual cannot go beyond this point. It is the climax.

This is the school of thought to which Emerson belonged. The sun and moon, the planets, are mere symbols. They signify whatever the poet chooses. The planets for the most part stay in conjunction just long enough to flash his thought through their symbolism, and no permanent relation is established between the soul and the zodiac. There is, however, one link of correlation between the external and internal worlds which Emerson considered established, and in which he believed almost literally, namely, the moral law. This idea he drew from Kant through Coleridge and Wordsworth, and it is so familiar to us all that it hardly needs stating. The fancy that the good, the true, the beautiful, — all things of which we instinctively approve, — are somehow connected together and are really one thing; that our appreciation of them is in its essence the recognition of a law; that this law, in fact all law and the very idea of law, is a mere subjective experience; and that hence any external sequence which we coördinate and name, like the law of gravity, is really intimately connected with our moral nature, — this fancy has probably some basis of truth. Emerson adopted it as a corner-stone of his thought.

Such are the ideas at the basis of Emerson's philosophy, and it is fair to speak of them in this place because they antedate everything else which we know of him. They had been for years in his

mind before he spoke at all. It was in the armor of this invulnerable idealism and with weapons like shafts of light that he came forth to fight.

In 1836, at the age of thirty-three, Emerson published the little pamphlet called *Nature*, which was an attempt to state his creed. Although still young, he was not without experience of life. He had been assistant minister to the Rev. Dr. Ware from 1829 to 1832, when he resigned his ministry on account of his views regarding the Lord's Supper. He had married and lost his first wife in the same interval. He had been abroad and had visited Carlyle in 1833. He had returned and settled in Concord, and had taken up the profession of lecturing, upon which he in part supported himself ever after. It is unnecessary to review these early lectures. "Large portions of them," says Mr. Cabot, his biographer, "appeared afterwards in the *Essays*, especially those of the first series." Suffice it that through them Emerson had become so well known that although *Nature* was published anonymously, he was recognized as the author. Many people had heard of him at the time he resigned his charge, and the story went abroad that the young minister of the Second Church had gone mad. The lectures had not discredited the story, and *Nature* seemed to corroborate it. Such was the impression which the book made upon Boston in 1836. As we read it to-day, we are struck by its extraordinary beauty of language. It is a supersensuous, lyrical, and sincere rhapsody, written evidently by a man of genius. It reveals a nature compelling respect, — a Shelley, and yet a sort of Yankee Shelley, who is mad only when the wind is nor'-nor'-west; a mature nature which must have been nourished for years upon its own thoughts, to speak this new language so eloquently, to stand so calmly on its feet. The deliverance of his thought is so perfect that this work adapts itself to our mood and has the

quality of poetry. This fluency Emerson soon lost; it is the quality missing in his poetry. It is the efflorescence of youth. The pamphlet called *Nature* showed the clouds of speculation in which Emerson had been walking. With what lightning they were charged was soon seen.

In 1837 he was asked to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting. The mystic and eccentric young poet-preacher now speaks his mind, and he turns out to be a man exclusively interested in real life. This recluse, too tender for contact with the rough facts of the world, whose conscience has retired him to rural Concord, pours out a vial of wrath. This cub puts forth the paw of a full-grown lion.

Emerson has left behind him nothing stronger than this address, *The American Scholar*. It was the first application of his views to the events of his day, written and delivered in the heat of early manhood while his extraordinary powers were at their height. It moves with a logical progression of which he soon lost the habit. The subject of it, the scholar's relation to the world, was the passion of his life. The body of his belief is to be found in this address, and in any adequate account of him the whole address ought to be given.

"Thus far," he said, "our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. . . . Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be

a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine, also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. . . . These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He, and he only, knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom."

Dr. Holmes called this speech of Emerson's our "intellectual Declaration of Independence," and indeed it was. "The Phi Beta Kappa speech," says Mr. Lowell, "was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, — a scene always to be treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"

The authorities of the Divinity School can hardly have been very careful readers of *Nature* and *The American Scholar*, or they would not have invited Emerson, in 1838, to deliver the address to the graduating class. This was Emerson's second opportunity to apply his beliefs directly to society. A few lines out of the famous address are enough to show that he saw in the church of his day signs of the same decadence that he saw in the letters: "The prayers and even the dogmas of

our church are like the zodiac of Denderah and the astronomical monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people. They mark the height to which the waters once rose. . . . It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake. The true Christianity — a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man — is lost. None believeth in the soul of man, but only in some man or person old and departed. Ah me! no man goeth alone. All men go in flocks to this saint or that poet, avoiding the God who seeth in secret. They cannot see in secret; they love to be blind in public. They think society wiser than their soul, and know not that one soul, and their soul, is wiser than the whole world."

It is almost misleading to speak of the lofty utterances of these early addresses as attacks upon society, but their reception explains them. The element of absolute courage is the same in all natures. Emerson himself was not unconscious of what function he was performing.

The "storm in our wash-bowl" which followed this Divinity School address, the letters of remonstrance from friends, the advertisements by the Divinity School of "no complicity," must have been cheering to Emerson. His unseen yet dominating ambition is shown throughout the address, and in this note in his diary of the following year: —

"August 31. Yesterday at the Phi Beta Kappa anniversary. Steady, steady. I am convinced that if a man will be a true scholar he shall have perfect freedom. The young people and the mature hint at odium and the aversion of forces to be presently encountered in society. I say No; I fear it not."

The lectures and addresses which form the latter half of the first volume in the collected edition show the early Emerson in the ripeness of his powers. These writings have a lyrical sweep and a

beauty which the later works often lack. Passages in them remind us of Hamlet:

"How silent, how spacious, what room for all, yet without space to insert an atom; — in graceful succession, in equal fulness, in balanced beauty, the dance of the hours goes forward still. Like an odor of incense, like a strain of music, like a sleep, it is inexact and boundless. It will not be dissected, nor unravelled, nor shown."

"And what is to replace for us the piety of that race [the Pilgrims]? We cannot have theirs; it glides away from us day by day; but we also can bask in the great morning which rises forever out of the eastern sea, and be ourselves the children of the light. I stand here to say, Let us worship the mighty and transcendent Soul."

Emerson is never far from his main thought: —

"The universe does not attract us till it is housed in an individual." "A man, a personal ascendancy, is the only great phenomenon."

"I cannot find language of sufficient energy to convey my sense of the sacredness of private integrity."

On the other hand, he is never far from his great fear: "But Truth is such a fly-away, such a sly-boots, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light." "Let him beware of proposing to himself any end. I say to you plainly, there is no end so sacred or so large that if pursued for itself will not become carion and an offence to the nostril."

There can be nothing finer than Emerson's knowledge of the world, his sympathy with young men and with the practical difficulties of applying his teachings. We can see in his early lectures before students and mechanics how much he had learned about the structure of society from his own short contact with the organized church.

Behind all lay a greater matter, — his grasp of the forms and conditions of pro-

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gress, his reach of intellect which could afford fair play to every one.

His lecture on The Conservative is not a puzzling *jeu d'esprit* like Bishop Blougram's 'Apology, but an honest attempt to set up the opposing chessmen of conservatism and reform so as to represent real life. Hardly can such a brilliant statement of the case be found elsewhere in literature. It is not necessary to quote here the reformer's side of the question, for Emerson's whole life was devoted to it. The conservatives' attitude he gives with such accuracy and such justice that the very bankers of State Street seem to be speaking:—

"The order of things is as good as the character of the population permits. Consider it as the work of a great and beneficent and progressive necessity, which, from the first pulsation in the first animal life up to the present high culture of the best nations, has advanced thus far."

"The conservative party in the universe concedes that the radical would talk sufficiently to the purpose if we were still in the garden of Eden; he legislates for man as he ought to be; his theory is right, but he makes no allowance for friction, and this omission makes his whole doctrine false. The idealist retorts that the conservative falls into a far more noxious error in the other extreme. The conservative assumes sickness as a necessity, and his social frame is a hospital, his total legislation is for the present distress, a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and pap-spoon, swallowing pills and herb tea. Sickness gets organized as well as health, the vice as well as the virtue."

It is unnecessary to go, one by one, through the familiar essays and lectures which Emerson published between 1838 and 1875. They are in everybody's hands and in everybody's thoughts. In 1840 he wrote in his diary: "In all my lectures I have taught one doctrine, namely, the infinitude of the private man. This the people accept readily enough,

and even with commendation, as long as I call the lecture Art or Politics, or Literature or the Household; but the moment I call it Religion they are shocked, though it be only the application of the same truth which they receive elsewhere to a new class of facts." To the platform he returned, and left it only once or twice during the remainder of his life.

His writings vary in coherence. In his early occasional pieces, like the Phi Beta Kappa address, coherence is at a maximum. They were written for a purpose, and were perhaps struck off all at once. But he earned his living by lecturing, and a lecturer is always recasting his work and using it in different forms. A lecturer has no prejudice against repetition. It is noticeable that in some of Emerson's important lectures the logical scheme is more perfect than in his essays. The truth seems to be that in the process of working up and perfecting his writings, in revising and filing his sentences, the logical scheme became more and more obliterated. Another circumstance helped make his style fragmentary. He was by nature a man of inspirations and exalted moods. He was subject to ecstasies, during which his mind worked with phenomenal brilliancy. Throughout his works and in his diary we find constant reference to these moods, and to his own inability to control or recover them. "But what we want is consecutiveness. 'T is with us a flash of light, then a long darkness, then a flash again. Ah! could we turn these fugitive sparkles into an astronomy of Copernican worlds!"

In order to take advantage of these periods of divination, he used to write down the thoughts that came to him at such times. From boyhood onward he kept journals and commonplace books, and in the course of his reading and meditation he collected innumerable notes and quotations which he indexed for ready use. In these mines he "quar-

ried," as Mr. Cabot says, for his lectures and essays. When he needed a lecture he went to the repository, threw together what seemed to have a bearing on some subject, and gave it a title. If any other man should adopt this method of composition, the result would be incomprehensible chaos; because most men have many interests, many moods, many and conflicting ideas. But with Emerson it was otherwise. There was only one thought which could set him aflame, and that was the thought of the unfathomed might of man. This thought was his religion, his politics, his ethics, his philosophy. One moment of inspiration was in him own brother to the next moment of inspiration, although they might be separated by six weeks. When he came to put together his star-born ideas, they fitted well, no matter in what order he placed them, because they were all part of the same idea.

His works are all one single attack on the vice of the age, moral cowardice. He assails it not by railings and scorn, but by positive and stimulating suggestion. The imagination of the reader is touched by every device which can awake the admiration for heroism, the consciousness of moral courage. Wit, quotation, anecdote, eloquence, exhortation, rhetoric, sarcasm, and very rarely denunciation are launched at the reader, till he feels little lambent flames beginning to kindle in him. He is perhaps unable to see the exact logical connection between two paragraphs of an essay, yet he feels they are germane. He takes up Emerson tired and apathetic, but presently he feels himself growing heady and truculent, strengthened in his most inward vitality, surprised to find himself again master in his own house.

The difference between Emerson and the other moralists is that all these stimulating pictures and suggestions are not given by him in illustration of a general proposition. They have never been through the mill of generalization in his

own mind. He himself could not have told you their logical bearing on one another. They have all the vividness of disconnected fragments of life, and yet they all throw light on one another, like the facets of a jewel. But whatever cause it was that led him to adopt his method of writing, it is certain that he succeeded in delivering himself of his thought with an initial velocity and carrying power such as few men ever attained. He has the force at his command of the thrower of the discus.

His style is American, and beats with the pulse of the climate. He is the only writer we have had who writes as he speaks, who makes no literary parade, has no pretensions of any sort. He is the only writer we have had who has wholly subdued his vehicle to his temperament. It is impossible to name his style without naming his character: they are one thing.

Both in language and in elocution Emerson was a practiced and consummate artist, who knew how both to command his effects and to conceal his means. The casual practical, disarming directness with which he writes puts any honest man at his mercy. What difference does it make whether a man who can talk like this is following an argument or not? You cannot always see Emerson clearly; he is hidden by a high wall; but you always know exactly on what spot he is standing. You judge it by the flight of the objects he throws over the wall, — a bootjack, an apple, a crown, a razor, a volume of verse. With one or other of these missiles, all delivered with a very tolerable aim, he is pretty sure to hit you. These catchwords stick in the mind. People are not in general influenced by long books or discourses, but by odd fragments of observation which they overhear, sentences or head-lines which they read while turning over a book at random or while waiting for dinner to be announced. These are the oracles and orphic words

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that get lodged in the mind and bend a man's most stubborn will. Emerson called them the Police of the Universe. His works are a treasury of such things. They sparkle in the mine, or you may carry them off in your pocket. They get driven into your mind like nails, and on them catch and hang your own experiences, till what was once his thought has become your character.

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you can never have both." "Discontent is want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will." "It is impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself."

The orchestration with which Emerson introduces and sustains these notes from the spheres is as remarkable as the winged things themselves. Open his works at a hazard. You hear a man talking.

"A garden is like those pernicious machineries we read of every month in the newspapers, which catch a man's coat-skirt or his hand, and draw in his arm, his leg, and his whole body to irresistible destruction. In an evil hour he pulled down his wall and added a field to his homestead. No land is bad, but land is worse. If a man own land, the land owns him. Now let him leave home if he dare. Every tree and graft, every hill of melons, row of corn, or quickset hedge, all he has done and all he means to do, stand in his way like duns, when he would go out of his gate."

Your attention is arrested by the reality of this gentleman in his garden, by the first-hand quality of his mind. It matters not on what subject he talks. While you are musing, still pleased and patronizing, he has picked up the bow of Ulysses, bent it with the ease of Ulysses, and sent a shaft clear through the twelve axes, nor missed one of them. But this, it seems, was mere byplay and marksmanship; for before you have done wondering, Ulysses rises to his feet in anger,

and pours flight after flight, arrow after arrow, from the great bow. The shafts sing and strike, the suitors fall in heaps. The brow of Ulysses shines with unearthly splendor. The air is filled with lightning. After a little, without shock or transition, without apparent change of tone, Mr. Emerson is offering you a biscuit before you leave, and bidding you mind the last step at the garden end. If the man who can do these things be not an artist, then must we have a new vocabulary and re-name the professions.

There is, in all this effectiveness of Emerson, no pose, no literary art; nothing that corresponds even remotely to the pretended modesty and ignorance with which Socrates lays pitfalls for our admiration in Plato's dialogues.

It was the platform which determined Emerson's style. He was not a writer, but a speaker. On the platform his manner of speech was a living part of his words. The pauses and hesitation, the abstraction, the searching, the balancing, the turning forward and back of the leaves of his lecture, and then the discovery, the illumination, the gleam of lightning which you saw before your eyes descend into a man of genius, — all this was Emerson. He invented this style of speaking, and made it express the supersensuous, the incommunicable. Lowell wrote, while still under the spell of the magician: "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere, and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one, — that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was *our*

fault, not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could n't help feeling that, if you waited awhile, all that was nebulous would be whirled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha! ha!' to the sound of the trumpets."

It is nothing for any man sitting in his chair to be overcome with the sense of the immediacy of life, to feel the spur of courage, the victory of good over evil, the value now and forever of all great-hearted endeavor. Such moments come to us all. But for a man to sit in his chair and write what shall call up these forces in the bosoms of others, — that is desert, that is greatness. To do this was the gift of Emerson. The whole earth is enriched by every moment of converse with him. The shows and shams of life become transparent, the lost kingdoms are brought back, the shutters of the spirit are opened, and provinces and realms of our own existence lie gleaming before us.

It has been necessary to reduce the living soul of Emerson to mere dead attributes like "moral courage" in order that we might talk about him at all. His effectiveness comes from his character; not from his philosophy, nor from his rhetoric nor his wit, nor from any of the accidents of his education. He might never have heard of Berkeley or Plato. A slightly different education might have led him to throw his teaching into the form of historical essays or of stump speeches. He might, perhaps, have been bred a stone-mason, and have done his work in the world by traveling with a panorama. But he would always have been Emerson. His weight and his power would always have been the same. It is solely as character that he is important. He discovered nothing; he bears no relation whatever to the history of philosophy. We must regard him and deal with him simply as a man.

Strangely enough, the world has always insisted upon accepting him as a thinker: and hence a great coil of misunderstanding. As a thinker, Emerson is difficult to classify. Before you begin to assign him a place, you must clear the ground by a disquisition as to what is meant by "a thinker," and how Emerson differs from other thinkers. As a man, Emerson is as plain as Ben Franklin.

People have accused him of inconsistency; they say that he teaches one thing one day, and another the next day. But from the point of view of Emerson there is no such thing as inconsistency. Every man is each day a new man. Let him be to-day what he is to-day. It is immaterial and waste of time to consider what he once was or what he may be.

His picturesque speech delights in fact and anecdote, and a public which is used to treatises and deduction cares always to be told the moral. It wants everything reduced to a generalization. All generalizations are partial truths, but we are used to them, and we ourselves mentally make the proper allowance. Emerson's method is, not to give a generalization and trust to our making the allowance, but to give two conflicting statements and leave the balance of truth to be struck in our own minds on the facts. There is no inconsistency in this. It is a vivid and very legitimate method of procedure. But he is much more than a theorist: he is a practitioner. He does not merely state a theory of agitation: he proceeds to agitate. "Do not," he says, "set the least value on what I do, or the least discredit on what I do not, as if I pretended to settle anything as false or true. I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred, none are profane. I simply experiment, an endless seeker with no past at my back." He was not engaged in teaching many things, but one thing, — Courage. Sometimes he inspires it by pointing to great characters, — Fox, Mil-

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on, Alcibiades ; sometimes he inspires it by bidding us beware of imitating such men, and, in the ardor of his rhetoric, even seems to regard them as hindrances and dangers to our development. There is no inconsistency here. Emerson might logically have gone one step further and raised inconsistency into a jewel. For what is so useful, so educational, so inspiring, to a timid and conservative man, as to do something inconsistent and regrettable? It lends character to him at once. He breathes freer and is stronger for the experience.

Emerson is no cosmopolitan. He is a patriot. He is not like Goethe, whose sympathies did not run on national lines. Emerson has America in his mind's eye all the time. There is to be a new religion, and it is to come from America : a new and better type of man, and he is to be an American. He not only cared little or nothing for Europe, but he cared not much for the world at large. His thought was for the future of this country. You cannot get into any chamber in his mind which is below this chamber of patriotism. He loves the valor of Alexander and the grace of the Oxford athlete ; but he loves them not for themselves. He has a use for them. They are grist to his mill and powder to his gun. His admiration of them he subordinates to his main purpose, — they are his blackboard and diagrams. His patriotism is the backbone of his significance. He came to his countrymen at a time when they lacked, not thoughts, but manliness. The needs of his own particular public are always before him.

"It is odd that our people should have, not water on the brain, but a little gas there. A shrewd foreigner said of the Americans that 'whatever they say has a little the air of a speech.'"

"I shall not need to go into an enumeration of our national defects and vices which require this Order of Censors in the State. . . . The timidity of our public opinion is our disease, or, shall I say,

the publicness of opinion, the absence of private opinion."

"Our measure of success is the moderation and low level of an individual's judgment. Dr. Channing's piety and wisdom had such weight in Boston that the popular idea of religion was whatever this eminent divine held."

"Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity, the squalid contentment of the times."

The politicians he scores constantly. The following is his description of the social world of his day : "If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers."

It is the same wherever we open his books. He must spur on, feed up, bring forward the dormant character of his countrymen. When he goes to England, he sees in English life nothing except those elements which are deficient in American life. If you wish a catalogue of what America has not, read English Traits. Emerson's patriotism had the effect of expanding his philosophy. To-day we know the value of physique, for science has taught it, but it was hardly discovered in his day, and his philosophy affords no basis for it. Emerson in this matter transcends his philosophy. When in England, he was fairly made drunk with the physical life he found there. He is like Caspar Hauser gazing for the first time on green fields. English Traits is the ruddiest book he ever wrote. It is a hymn to force, honesty, and physical well-being, and ends with the dominant note of his belief : "By this general activity and by this sacredness of individuals, they [the English] have in seven hundred years evolved the principles of freedom. It is the land of patriots, martyrs, sages, and bards, and if the ocean out of which it emerged should wash it away, it will be remembered as

an island famous for immortal laws, for the announcements of original right which make the stone tables of liberty." He had found in England free speech, personal courage, and reverence for the individual.

No convulsion could shake Emerson or make his view unsteady even for an instant. What no one else saw, he saw, and he saw nothing else. Not a boy in the land welcomed the outbreak of the war so fiercely as did this shy village philosopher, then at the age of fifty-eight. He saw that war was the cure for cowardice, moral as well as physical. It was not the cause of the slave that moved him; it was not the cause of the Union for which he cared a farthing. It was something deeper than either of these things for which he had been battling all his life. It was the cause of character against convention. Whatever else the war might bring, it was sure to bring in character, to leave behind it a file of heroes: if not heroes, then villains, but in any case strong men. On the 9th of April, 1861, three days before Fort Sumter was bombarded, he had spoken with equanimity of "the downfall of our character, destroying civilization. . . . We find that civilization crowded too soon, that our triumphs were treacheries; we had opened the wrong door and let the enemy into the castle."

"Ah," he said, when the firing began, "sometimes gunpowder smells good." Soon after the attack on Sumter he said in a public address, "We have been very homeless for some years past, say since 1850; but now we have a country again." "The war was an eye-opener, and showed men of all parties and opinions the value of those primary forces that lie beneath all political action." And it was almost a personal pledge when he said at the Harvard Commemoration in 1865, "We shall not again disparage America, now that we have seen what men it will bear."

The place which Emerson forever occupies as a great critic is defined by the same sharp outlines that mark his work, in whatever light and from whatever side we approach it. A critic in the modern sense he was not, for his point of view is fixed, and he reviews the world like a search-light placed on the top of a tall tower. He lived too early and at too great a distance from the forum of European thought to absorb the ideas of evolution and give place to them in his philosophy. Evolution does not graft well upon the Platonic Idealism, nor are physiology and the kindred sciences sympathetic. Nothing aroused Emerson's indignation more than the attempts of the medical faculty and of phrenologists to classify, and therefore limit individuals. "The grossest ignorance does not disgust me like this ignorant knowingness."

We miss in Emerson the underlying conception of growth, of development, so characteristic of the thought of our own day, and which, for instance, is found everywhere latent in Browning's poetry. Browning regards character as the result of experience and as an ever changing growth. To Emerson, character is rather an entity complete and eternal from the beginning. He is probably the last great writer to look at life from a stationary standpoint. There is a certain lack of the historic sense in all he has written. The ethical assumption that all men are exactly alike permeates his work. In his mind, Socrates, Marco Polo, and General Jackson stand surrounded by the same atmosphere, or rather stand as mere naked characters surrounded by no atmosphere at all. He is probably the last great writer who will fling about classic anecdotes as if they were club gossip. In the discussion of morals, this assumption does little harm. The stories and proverbs which illustrate the thought of the moralist generally concern only those simple relations of life which are common to all

Emerson, Sixty Years After.

es. There is charm in this familiar dealing with antiquity. The classics are thus domesticated and made real to us. What matter if Æsop appear a little too much like an American citizen, so long as his points tell?

It is in Emerson's treatment of the fine arts that we begin to notice his want of historic sense. Art endeavors to express subtle and ever changing feelings by means of conventions which are as protean as the forms of a cloud; and the man who in speaking on the plastic arts makes the assumption that all men are alike will reveal before he has uttered three sentences that he does not know what art is, that he has never experienced any form of sensation from it. Emerson lived in a time and clime where there was no plastic art, and he was obliged to arrive at his ideas about art by means of a highly complex process of reasoning. He dwelt constantly in a spiritual place which was the very focus of high moral fervor. This was his enthusiasm, this was his revelation, and from it he reasoned out the probable meaning of the fine arts. "This," thought Emerson, his eye rolling in a fine frenzy of moral feeling, "this must be what Apelles experienced, this fervor is the passion of Bramante. I understand the Parthenon." And so he projected his feelings about morality into the field of the plastic arts. He deals very freely and rather indiscriminately with the names of artists, — Phidias, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, — and he speaks always in such a way that it is impossible to connect what he says with any impression we have ever received from the works of those masters.

In fact, Emerson has never in his life felt the normal appeal of any painting, or any sculpture, or any architecture, or any music. These things, of which he does not know the meaning in real life, he yet uses, and uses constantly, as symbols to convey ethical truths. The result is that his books are full of blind

places, like the notes which will not strike on a sick piano.

It is interesting to find that the one art of which Emerson did have a direct understanding, the art of poetry, gave him some insight into the relation of the artist to his vehicle. In his essay on Shakespeare there is a full recognition of the debt of Shakespeare to his times. This essay is filled with the historic sense. We ought not to accuse Emerson because he lacked appreciation of the fine arts, but rather admire the truly Goethean spirit in which he insisted upon the reality of arts of which he had no understanding. This is the same spirit which led him to insist on the value of the Eastern poets. Perhaps there exist a few scholars who can tell us how far Emerson understood or misunderstood Saadi and Firdusi and the Koran. But we need not be disturbed for his learning. It is enough that he makes us recognize that these men were men too, and that their writings mean something not unknowable to us. The East added nothing to Emerson, but gave him a few trappings of speech. The whole of his mysticism is to be found in Nature, written before he knew the sages of the Orient, and it is not improbable that there is some real connection between his own mysticism and the mysticism of the Eastern poets.

Emerson's criticism on men and books is like the test of a great chemist who seeks one or two elements. He burns a bit of the stuff in his incandescent light, shows the lines of it in his spectrum, and there an end.

It was a thought of genius that led him to write *Representative Men*. The scheme of this book gave play to every illumination of his mind, and it pinned him down to the objective, to the field of vision under his microscope. The table of contents of *Representative Men* is the dial of his education. It is as follows: *Uses of Great Men*; *Plato*, or *The Philosopher*; *Plato*, *New Readings*;

Swedenborg, or *The Mystic*; Montaigne, or *The Skeptic*; Shakespeare, or *The Poet*; Napoleon, or *The Man of the World*; Goethe, or *The Writer*. The predominance of the writers over all other types of men is not cited to show Emerson's interest in *The Writer*, for we know his interest centred in the practical man, — even his ideal scholar is a practical man, — but to show the sources of his illustration. Emerson's library was the old-fashioned gentleman's library. His mines of thought

were the world's classics. This is one reason why he so quickly gained an international currency. His very subjects in *Representative Men* are of universal interest, and he is limited only by certain inevitable local conditions. *Representative Men* is thought by many persons to be his best book. It is certainly filled with the strokes of a master. There exists no more profound criticism than Emerson's analysis of Goethe and of Napoleon, by both of whom he was at once fascinated and repelled.

John Jay Chapman.

THE HOUSE OF THE SILENT YEARS.

THE Silent House it standeth wide, —
Yea, open is the door;
The winds of Peace from every side
Blow round it evermore.

Unhewn of axe, unmade of hands,
Its walls so broad and still;
Like to a sea the pale gray lands
Flow up to the gray sill.

Candle were vain, and sun but dim,
For here the Dark doth cease;
Nor drink nor meat is spread for him
Who supbeth here with Peace.

Arrows speed not, nor hurtling spear,
Nor plague cometh to slay;
Viol and rebec make no cheer,
For Song hath had his day.

Grief shattereth here his weary cup;
No watch the hours do keep
That they may call the red East up,
Or soothe the West to sleep.

Fashions, desires, dreams, swarming fears,
Fade past the threshold gray;
One day is as a thousand years,
A thousand years one day.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

DOMINANT FORCES IN SOUTHERN LIFE.

It is not the purpose, in this study, to describe the great advance in material development that the South has made in recent years. We have all heard of that, and some investors in "boom" towns have heard too much of it. Our concern is with a much more difficult investigation, — one requiring not a little audacity for its inception, and more than an ordinary amount of penetration, perseverance, and fair-mindedness for its successful prosecution. We are to endeavor to determine what the Southern people stand for to-day in economics and politics, in letters and art and science, in morals and manners and education, or, to be brief, in culture. Such an inquiry, especially when it is conducted on a limited scale, will necessitate many assumptions and omissions, but above all, if its results are to be expressed pictorially, it will require a background. For such a background we will assume a South of diversified interests in place of the former single interest, of mixed society in place of the former more or less rigid castes, of rapidly springing up and growing cities in place of a number of stagnant villages and a few unprogressive towns; in short, a South allied in a thousand ways with the outside world, utilizing all the resources of modern progress, seeking foreign capital and welcoming foreign labor, in place of a South isolated from the world, recalcitrant against much of modern progress, and desiring only to be left alone to work out its own destiny. We shall be compelled, it is true, to let our background shade off into the gathered blackness of lingering night or threatening clouds, when we remember that around the centres of progress and light stretch dark tight belts of what would speedily become the chaos of barbarism, but for the energy and bravery and faith of the people whose intel-

lectual and moral development we are about to study.

The figures in the foreground, whom we call loosely the Southern people, are more varied than one would at first imagine. This variety is not a new thing, nor is it in any marked degree a result of recent diversification of interests or of steady infiltrations of alien strains of population. For a long period, owing to certain economic and political conditions that are too familiar to be detailed, the States from the Potomac to the Rio Grande opposed a united front to the advance of modern civilization, waged a protracted war for the preservation of their own institutions and the establishment of their autonomy, and when defeated and restored to the Union on a new basis gave their adherence so entirely to one political party and to one set of political principles as to earn for themselves the sobriquet of the "Solid South." Now, a "Solid South" would seem to presuppose a homogeneous Southern people coextensive with the geographical, or rather political area thus designated; but to draw this inference would be to make a mistake almost equal to that made by the European who thinks Chicago a three or four hours' ride from New York, and confounds our Eastern and Western populations. If political opinions and prejudices be not taken into account, the typical Charlestonian will be found to differ as much from the average inhabitant of Nashville as the typical New Yorker does from his rival of Chicago. The Virginian and the Georgian have points of contact, to be sure, but they differ radically in many important respects, — just as radically as a citizen of New Jersey does from a citizen of Wisconsin. They may, perhaps, differ more radically, on account of the fact that state lines are more strictly drawn in

the South than in any other portion of the Union. It is, of course, measurably true to affirm that the Southern people are descendants in the main of that portion of the English people "who had been least modernized, who still retained a large element of the feudal notion." The usual assumption that the civilization of the North is Puritan, while that of the South is Cavalier, rests on a substantial though small basis of fact. It is further true that the institution of slavery gave a more or less uniform patriarchal tone to society in every Southern State. But when all the points of resemblance are numbered and estimated, it will still be found that the tidewater South differs from the Southwest as much as New England does from the Northwest, that each State of a subsection differs from its neighbors; and that there are important lines of cleavage within some of the States themselves. Such a general proposition, however, is of little value unless it is accompanied by particular illustrations.

The two leading types of Southern population are plainly the Virginian and the South Carolinian of the tidewater. For this fact there are both historical and physiographical reasons. Virginia was the first and South Carolina the second Southern colony to be settled by well-to-do Englishmen who desired to found permanent homes. The introduction of slavery and its application to staple crops speedily gave an aristocratic tone to society in both provinces; but between them, in North Carolina, and to the south of them, in Georgia, there were fewer wealthy settlers and no staple crops to speak of, so that from the first society in these provinces was more or less democratic in spite of slavery. Before, however, the gentry of the coast could expand and occupy the country lying between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and beyond the latter range of mountains, a very different sort of people had moved in and taken posses-

sion. Hardy Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, thrifty German Lutherans, sober and industrious Quakers, had occupied the "up country," and in North Carolina had spread toward the coast. Among these people, owing to their habits and the nature of their soil, slavery could take no strong hold: hence they remained democratic and distinct from their tidewater neighbors, as indeed they are to this day. So it came to pass that when, after the Revolution, tidewater Virginians, in consequence of debt and the impoverishment of the land, determined to emigrate, they passed over the two mountain ranges and settled in Kentucky, or went as far to the southwest as Alabama, later on, while the hardy mountain people, hungry for land and eager for adventure, moved along the valleys and over convenient passes, and founded settlements, the more important of which were destined to coalesce into the distinctively democratic commonwealth of Tennessee. Meanwhile, the invention of the cotton-gin made it worth the South Carolinian's while to bide at home, and opened up to immigration and settlement the States bordering on the Gulf. As in the case of all new countries, the inflowing population was extremely mixed, but the man who had most slaves could clear his land and start his cotton soonest; and so throughout the lower tier of southwestern States aristocracy triumphed, on the whole, over democracy, being somewhat aided by the presence of French and Spanish populations at Mobile and New Orleans. But in the midst of all this movement and confusion the tidewater Virginians and South Carolinians stood for political and social ideals before which the rest of the South and the Southwest bowed until the advent of Jackson and his frontier Democrats to power. The Virginian fell before the storm, but the South Carolinian bent and rose again. Slavery, not Tennessee democracy, represented the aspirations of

Dominant Forces in Southern Life.

Southern people during the three momentous decades before the Civil War, and slavery's banner Calhoun and his South Carolinians were obviously best fitted to bear. So it has come about that the early prestige of Virginia and the later prestige of South Carolina have invested the "low country" inhabitants of those States — for it is "low country" ideals that have prevailed — with an importance in the eyes of their fellow Southerners and of the rest of the world that is only just beginning to be shaken by the progress of commonwealths that have learned better how to utilize their material resources. But what now can one say of these two types of Southerners?

In the first place, they are nearer to the type of Englishmen that originally settled in the two colonies than might be expected, when the lapse of time is considered. They are distinctly less American in their habits of thought and action than are Georgians or Tennesseans, New Yorkers or Iowans. In the cities one naturally finds all sorts and conditions of people, but in the country and in the bosom of indigenous families one finds one's self continually confronted with some survival or recrudescence of English trait or custom. There is a certain colonialism in the attitude assumed by many of these good folks toward all things modern and American that strikes one as odd in people who gave Washington and the Pinckneys to the cause of Independence. There is a persistence in customs, a loyalty to beliefs and traditions, a *naïveté* of self-satisfaction that cannot be called conceit, a clanishness, an attachment to the soil, that are radically English and thoroughly picturesque, but are certainly not American.

These and similar traits the tidewater inhabitants of the two States have in common. And yet they differ to such a degree that even the superficial observer has no difficulty in distinguishing them without having recourse to such external peculiarities as dialect or physical

appearance. The Virginian is more democratic than the South Carolinian; he has more *bonhomie*; he is not nearly so punctilious, or stern, or fiery. A true South Carolinian gentleman would never have sat in the White House with slippers worn down at the heels, as Jefferson did. Many Virginian gentlemen would not have done it, either, but they would have comprehended how it was possible to do it. In some way or other, the Virginian developed from a seventeenth-century into an eighteenth-century English squire. He became more or less an easy-going optimist, fond of good company and good living, never so vulgar as Squire Western, but likely to fall into careless, slipshod habits, unless upheld, as was often the case, by the refined women about him. With the South Carolinian it seems to have been different. What with the infusion of sober Huguenot blood, what with the masterful qualities necessitated by his isolated position among great masses of black barbarians, he took himself and life more seriously than the Virginian did, and he does so to this day. He has the earnestness and much of the courtly charm of the best type of seventeenth-century Englishman. If the Virginian gentleman is a Squire Allworthy, the South Carolinian is, if it can be conceived, a Colonel Hutchinson fighting on the Royalist side. One even finds that a Virginian boy of the better classes has more *bonhomie* and less dignity than a South Carolinian of similar age and breeding. The Virginian loves his State and is proud of her history, but on alien soil, amid a pleasant company, he can forget her. The South Carolinian is rarely so unbending, and is, unintentionally no doubt, supercilious toward all other peoples and States. He is not merely glad to hail from his native State, he is not merely anxious to return thither to die, he is miserable whenever and as long as he is not living there. Nay, he actually wishes to be rooted to a particular parish or town. The *genius loci* is the

god he worships, and he stands for everything that is not cosmopolitan. Hence he is *par excellence* the Southern conservative, so thoroughgoing in his provincialism that it ceases to appear narrow and small, and reaches the infinite if not the sublime. On this side, as indeed in general intensity of nature, he goes far beyond the Virginian. The latter is conservative and slow to move, yet after all he is a disciple of Jefferson, and he cannot help remembering that his kinsfolk peopled Kentucky, and that there are men of Virginian stock thriving in all parts of the country. But even on him the waves of progress have had to dash and dash in order to produce any effect, and he stands to-day, with the South Carolinian, like a promontory jutting out into a rising sea. His promontory is, however, a little greener than that of his neighbor.

Such, in the main, is the material on which the *Zeitgeist* has had to work in the two Southern States that were in the lead before the Civil War practically leveled everything. Very different, as we have seen, is the material in the State lying between the Old Dominion and the commonwealth that had a philosopher for godfather. The North Carolinian is, and has always been, the typical Southern democrat. If he has not progressed rapidly, it is not because he has been unwilling to give up his traditions, though he has them, but because he has always been more or less hampered by physical difficulties, and more or less cast in the shade by his greater neighbors. He has ever been unpretending, but his virtues have been many and solid. He has had his history miswritten, but instead of uttering bitter complaints has set to work to rewrite it. He has labored indefatigably, although with small success as yet, to obtain a good system of public instruction, seeing that large portions of his State would without this remain unexploited for generations. He is still backward in many

respects, and still has to bide taunts about not having produced many great men, about smelling of turpentine, and about allowing the practice of "dipping" to continue within his borders. But like the patient, thoroughgoing democrat he is, he takes it all good-naturedly, and has determined not to be last in the race of progress that he is running with his neighbors, though he does at times stop to listen, open-mouthed, to a quack proclaiming the virtues of some political nostrum.

The South Carolinian has always arrogated to himself the name "Carolinian," and he has never been on very familiar terms with his northern neighbor. His feeling for his southern neighbor, the Georgian, is also one of mere tolerance, for the latter has long been called the Southern Yankee, and fairly deserves the appellation. He has much of the shrewdness and push that mark the typical "Down-Easter," and he has a considerable share of that worthy's moral earnestness. In addition he has a good deal of the Virginian's geniality and love of comfort, of the North Carolinian's unpretending democracy, and of the South Carolinian's tendency to exhibitions of fiery temper. But over and above everything else he has an honest and hearty and not unfounded pride in Georgia, and a sort of masonic affiliation with every person, animal, institution, custom, — in short, *thing*, — that can be called Georgian. He may not always stand for culture, but he does always stand for patriotism, state and national. He loves success, strength, straightforwardness, and the solid virtues generally, — neither is he averse to the showy ones, — but above all he loves virtue in action. Though possessed of a strong, clear intellect, he is more particularly a man of five senses, of which he makes as good use as he can. He may not always taste the sweetness or see the light of the highest civilization, but he has a good healthy appetite for life. In fine, the Georgian is the Southerner of

all others who comes nearest to being a normal American. There are, to be sure, varieties of Georgians, and different phases of civilization are represented in different sections of the State, but the features of character that make for uniformity are more numerous and important than those that make for divergence. The various elements that compose the population — original settlers, incomers from Virginia and the two Carolinas — seem to have been fused, save perhaps on the coast about Savannah, rather than to have preserved their individuality, and the result is the typical Georgian, energetic, shrewd, thrifty, brave, religious, patriotic, tending in the extremes of society to become narrow and hard, or self-assertive and pushing.

The Floridian on the one hand, and the Alabamian on the other, may be fairly described as modified Georgians. Florida, being a comparatively new State, settled under great difficulties and by various stocks, has not until recent years played any great part in Southern history, and even now represents little that is suggestive of an indigenous civilization. This is not true of Alabama, save of the mineral region in the northern part of the State; but the Alabamian, while a distinct personality, has never impressed himself upon the South as his neighbors on the Atlantic coast have done. He seems to hold partly by the Georgian and partly by the Virginian (with whom he is often connected by ties of blood), and has many of the best qualities of both. He is either a "limbered-up" Virginian or a mellowed Georgian. He is also a much less strenuous type of man than his neighbor to the west of him, although in their dates of settlement and in their physiographical features the two States do not present striking points of difference. As for the Mississippian, he too possesses well-defined but mixed characteristics. He seems to hold by the South Carolinian on the one hand, and by the Tennessean

on the other, which is another way of saying that he is a Southwesterner whose natural democratic proclivities have been somewhat modified by institutions and customs of an aristocratic cast. On his large plantation, amid his hundreds of slaves, it was a matter of course that he should develop some of the South Carolinian's masterful traits, while his position as a frontiersman and pioneer necessarily gave him a basis of character not dissimilar to that of the hardy settler on the Watauga or the Cumberland. To understand the Mississippian, then, or indeed any Southwesterner as far as the Rio Grande, we must know something about the Tennessean.

This stalwart citizen of a State which has already played an important part in our history, and which from its position and resources ought to play a still more important part in the future, naturally holds by the North Carolinian in many of his characteristics. He can generally point to Scotch-Irish ancestors from whom he has inherited the love of independence and the sturdy democratic virtues that characterize the people of the mountain sections of the States on his eastern border, but he owes to these ancestors something that differentiates him from his kinspeople east of the Alleghanies. The latter have been somewhat abashed, somewhat kept in check, by their contact with the civilization of the tidewater, but he wears upon his forehead, whether he dwell on hill or plain, that "freedom of the mountaineer" of which Wordsworth sang. His fathers, whether they owned slaves or not, never ceased to be democrats, and so he is a democrat through and through, of a less unpretending type than the North Carolinian. Through the valor and the exertions of those fathers he has a wide and fair domain in which to choose his dwelling-place, but whether he has his abode among the mineral treasures of his mountains, or in the blue grass plains, or amid the low-lying fields that whiten

with the cotton-boll, he is always and everywhere the open-handed, self-reliant, easily-excited son of equality and freedom that Wellington's regulars went down before in the fatal trenches of New Orleans. In fact, the Tennessean is not, strictly speaking, a Southerner at all. The basis of his character is Western, and though his sympathies were divided in the Civil War, and though he helps to make up the "Solid South," he has really as little affiliation with the Southerners of the Atlantic coast as Andrew Jackson had with John C. Calhoun. He has not, indeed, the murderous intentions of his great hero and idol, but when he counts himself as being *of* the Southern people he ought to change his preposition and say that he is *with* them.

The other Southwestern States naturally have more distinctively Southern features than Tennessee, but we need hardly go into particulars. Arkansas and Texas are as yet too new to have stood for much in the history of Southern culture, and save in certain localities they are still in the transition stage common to pioneer States. When their various strains of population have been fused and their immense territory has been really settled, the emerging civilization will be almost inevitably Western in tone. It will not be Western in exactly the same way that the civilization of Wisconsin and Illinois is Western, but then the civilization of the latter States differs from that of Nebraska, or Colorado, or the Dakotas. Yet it will most assuredly not be Southern in any true sense of the term, for in this country the meridians of longitude have on the whole prevailed over the parallels of latitude.

In Louisiana a Southern civilization has been developed in the lower part of the State, and will probably always dominate it. The Louisianian of this section is quite different from his western compatriots of the towns on the Texas and Arkansas borders, and he possibly comes nearer to the foreigner's idea of what a

Southerner is than any other of the types that have been described. Perhaps this is because most foreigners get their ideas of the South from Uncle Tom's Cabin. Be this as it may, the typical Louisianian seems to understand the *dolce far niente* better than the Virginian; he keeps social life going with less trouble than the South Carolinian; he would never think of bustling and working like a Georgian; he would die of the blues if he had to exchange the picturesque contrasts of his chief city and the lower half of his State with the gray-colored uniformity of the life that the North Carolinian has led for generations. But if the Louisianian has enjoyed life, he has not had the wisdom to develop all portions of his interesting commonwealth, and he has never taken a commanding position among his Southern brethren. With him, however, our modest efforts at portraiture must cease, and we must endeavor to take such a view of the Southern people as a whole as will enable us to answer the question with which we began, — what do these people stand for in economics and politics, in letters and art and science, in morals and manners and education, or, to be brief, in culture?

Such a question would be important and hard to answer in case of any homogeneous people; it is especially important and hard to answer in the case of the heterogeneous Southern people. It is important because the world has a very vital interest in learning what has been the general result of the four long years of war waged to preserve the Union, and to rid the South of an incubus that she seemed to have no means and little desire of shaking off. This result cannot be fairly measured in census statistics showing an increase in population and wealth, a growth of towns and factories, an advance in material prosperity. Information is needed about the character of the new generation that has wrought this material improvement.

Are men and women growing up in the South who will not be content merely to see great commercial centres developed, new lines of railroad constructed, fresh and varied industries introduced, but will endeavor in addition to raise the standard of American life and culture, and thus to contribute to the essential and eternal welfare of the race? The importance of such a question needs no comment.

But it is as hard to answer as it is important. Not only are the Southern whites heterogeneous in race elements and in character, but alongside of them lives and moves a race to which it would be manifestly unfair to apply customary tests, yet which must be taken into account at every stage of our investigation. Then, again, the people we are to study have not passed in a normal way from one stage of culture to another; they have not borrowed of their own accord from other peoples, as the Romans of old or the Japanese of our day; they have been forced by external circumstances to change their modes of life and habits of thought; so that the problem of determining how far their present status of culture is firmly rooted, and how far it really represents their ideals and aspirations, is rendered delicate and complex in the extreme. Furthermore, the inhabitants of the South in 1865 began their new lives under varying conditions of disadvantage. In the older States much of the land was thought to be worn out. Some States had served as battle-grounds, while others had escaped the severer ravages of war. The ratio of negroes to whites varied, also, as did the capacity of the white population for the kinds of work that were most needed. And what was true of the States when compared was true of the various divisions of a State. Virginia was on the whole better fitted to begin the work of rehabilitation than South Carolina, and Piedmont and southwestern Virginia were better fitted than the tidewater region of the same State.

It follows, then, that even if the inhabitants of the Southern States had presented a uniform type of character at the close of the war, they would not present to-day a uniform tone of civilization, or at least would not have made uniform progress. Yet, in spite of all variations of character and of all divergences of actual achievement, there are reasons for maintaining that in 1896 the people of the States stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande form a population which may be profitably considered as a whole by the critic of American culture.

In the first place, the citizens of all these States have been affected in more ways than they imagine by that defunct institution of slavery of which many of them have no personal knowledge. They are likewise affected to-day by the fact that they are brought into perpetual contact with a free alien race, to whom they are theoretically bound to allow legal and political rights, but to whom they cannot allow social rights without the risk of disintegrating their own civilization. They are further affected by the fact that in every locality and grade of society men and women are to be found who represent an old order of things, who inculcate social and political principles alien to American ideals, and who seek in every way to foster sentiments that favor Southern segregation, and that antagonize the unifying forces at work in the rest of the nation. They are affected finally by the fact that the dominant political party for many years practically treated them as citizens of a section, and by its legislation welded them into a compact mass of tax-payers who, rightly or wrongly, regarded themselves as tribute-payers. The generation, then, that has built up the South of to-day is united by ties of sentiment and interest, which, while not strong enough to endanger the permanence of the Union, are strong enough to have overcome till now the forces that make for divergence, and to warrant the critic and historian in speaking of a

Southern people heterogeneous in manners, but homogeneous in ideas.

The men who are doing the brunt of the work in the South to-day may be said to range between twenty-five and sixty-five years of age. The youngest was born six years after the war, and can remember nothing of the period of reconstruction; the eldest had got his education and had started in life before the South seceded. The men ranging from sixty-five to fifty-two had had more or less schooling, and had become imbued with Southern feelings and ideas before they went to the field; those from fifty-two to forty received little schooling, and were practically unaffected by the civilization for which some of them fought. Indeed, any man born between 1850 and 1860, — and it is this class that best represents what the South is to-day, — unless he was favorably situated, obtained little education except such as he could pick up himself after the war was over. Even the men born in the decade from 1860 to 1870 were often deprived of educational facilities on account of the necessity they were under of entering at once upon the active duties of life. It follows, then, that most of the men who since 1865 have built up the South have either brought to their task the ideas and training of an older generation and a bygone civilization, or else have carried on their work untrained or self-trained. When this fact is duly weighed, their achievements will seem little short of marvelous. But the men from thirty-six to twenty-five, who have pressed forward to fill the gaps made by death or to increase the army of workers, have had educational and other advantages in inverse proportion to their ages, and there is now no reason why the South should not be able to count each year on a fully educated quota of citizens from her upper and middle classes. Until recently she has not been able to do this, and has had to bear in addition the weight of the ignorance and thriftlessness of her millions of illit-

erate whites and negroes. With these facts before us, let us now endeavor to estimate what she has accomplished and what she is in point of culture. And first with regard to economics and politics.

While the material development of the South in the past thirty years has been almost startling, it would nevertheless be rash to assume that the economic character of her people has been entirely transformed. Slavery no longer exists, and labor is no longer considered disgraceful; but the negro, though politically free, is still socially and economically servile, and still affects his white employer disastrously in many ways. With the growth of towns, an artisan and a middle class have been developed, and the former aristocracy of birth and wealth has given way to one of wealth only; but in the country the well-to-do middle-class farmer is the exception, the gentleman planter is becoming much rarer, and the negro and "poor white" squatters cumber and choke the ground. Want of thrift and intelligent foresight and an inherited instinct of *laissez-faire* are to be observed in every rural community, — normally in tidewater and remote mountain regions, less commonly in such favored spots as the Valley of Virginia. In cotton-growing localities the factor or commission merchant plays a part fully as important as he did before the war, and practically holds both planter and plantation in his grasp. With the factor on one hand, and the lazy negroes with whom he works on shares on the other, it is no wonder that the lot of the gentleman farmer is continually growing worse, or that his sons seek urban employment whenever they can. It is also no cause for surprise that the agricultural classes, hampered by their own improvidence, by their failure to diversify their crops and utilize their resources, and by their still limited commercial facilities of every sort, should become discontented with their fate, and

should lend a ready ear to each new political sophism. The day of prosperity is still far removed from men who, — some of them, — primitive enough to buy in the spring the mules needed for their fields, work them unmercifully during the summer and fall, mark them and turn them out to shift for themselves in the winter, and then in the spring following buy a fresh lot on credit from a drover; mildly wondering the while why mules and money are so hard to keep.

The rural South, then, especially in the older portions, is, economically speaking, far from progressive, and what was once the single occupation of the Southern gentleman is now the last that he would voluntarily assume. In the rich Valley and on the grazing-lands of southwest Virginia, in parts of Georgia and in the blue grass region of Tennessee, farming pays fairly, owing to the greater thrift of the inhabitants and to the fertility of the soil; but on the whole, the progress of the New South, like that of the rest of the country, has not taken the direction of agriculture. It is through its urban development only that the section has justly earned its sobriquet. New cities like Roanoke, Va., have sprung up on ground that twenty years ago was parceled into farms. Ante-bellum villages have become large cities, as in the case of Atlanta and Chattanooga. Old towns like Nashville and Richmond have taken a fresh lease of life, and become rich and progressive. A new railroad has made the fortune of this place, a new textile or other industry has caused the growth of that. And all this progress has been due to the abolition of slavery and to the destruction of property caused by the Civil War. The Southerner of the last thirty years has simply had to work in order to live, and, like the rest of the world, he has preferred the town to the country. The Congressman who to-day should cease attacking bankers and syndicates, and imitate his ante-bellum predecessors by delivering a speech against

commerce and manufactures, would be looked upon by his constituents as a lunatic or a fool. The man who should declare it to be beneath his dignity to engage in any respectable and productive calling would be similarly regarded. The point of view has changed, and it is now no longer necessary to call commercial conventions which shall pass resolutions beseeching the gentry not to look down on commerce and to give some of their sons a business training. Yet, in spite of all this advance, it would be idle to assert that Southern urban communities have not much to learn. The business energy and enterprise of Atlanta would not be so commented on if they were abundantly evident in other cities; and with all its energy Atlanta is far from being a model municipality. In every Southern town the citizens are still new to civic needs and duties. Money is often generously expended on schools, but entirely withheld from libraries. Museums and art-galleries are almost unknown, theatres are poor, and the workman and the shopkeeper are left to amuse themselves as best they may in the bar-room or the meeting-house. Men of wealth have comfortable homes and opportunities to travel that make up for the lack of the ordinary public instrumentalities of culture, even of decent book-stores, but they do not properly consider the needs of the average citizen, perhaps because old Southern traditions of family life interfere with the spread of modern ideas of civic collectivism.

Yet while there is much to desire in the economic progress of Southern cities, and while the jealousy constantly shown toward them by the rural communities is greatly to be deplored, there is also much to be thankful for. What has been accomplished rests on a solid basis, except in the case of certain mushroom towns, and there is every reason to hope for a steady development. For the Southerner, though conservative and ever hampered by untoward conditions,

has not been quite so lacking in industrial enterprise as is often imagined. His success in other sections is proof of this, and the student of ante-bellum history can point to many commercial schemes of splendid scope that did not fail through any lack of capacity on the part of those who inaugurated them. That the people at large are still far too easy-going and visionary cannot be denied; that the negroes and illiterate whites are not the best material out of which to make artisans is also true; but the facts remain that the Southerner of the towns is becoming more energetic and shrewd, even if he is losing some of his social graces, and that the negro makes a better artisan than he does a farmer, and the illiterate white a fairly tractable miner and mechanic. With this hopeful outlook, we can afford to be content and to pass to other topics; remembering, however, that economic conditions enter so largely into the warp and woof of a people's civilization that we shall be continually compelled to take fresh account of them.

The truth of the last statement becomes apparent the moment one begins to discuss politics. Never before in the history of the world have political and economic questions been so inextricably confused, and this is especially true of the South. The presence of the negro, certain party traditions, lack of great statesmen and of wide-reaching views, and the financial policy of the general government have been the chief causes of the maintenance of the "Solid South;" economic unrest is the chief cause of its instability to-day. The late accessions to the Republican party in Louisiana have been due to the discontent of the sugar-planters. In mining and manufacturing districts there is a decided demand for protection, and numerous desertions from the Democratic ranks would follow in consequence but for the feeling, right or wrong, that white control of the negro is based on the con-

tinued success of that party. But in rural circles the revolt has already advanced to such a degree that it is impossible to predict results. The discontent of the farmers, after expressing itself in the so-called Alliance movement, has driven them by thousands into the arms of a new political body that appeals through its name and its principles to the common people. The Democratic party, after first making war on the Populists, has recently fused with them to a large extent, a procedure which is likely to result in a permanent alienation of a majority of its influential supporters in the cities. In whatever way the present complications are unraveled, the result will almost certainly be a splitting up of the "Solid South" along economic lines of cleavage. Nor is this to be wondered at. The urban communities have different needs from the rural; they are far in advance of them in education; their political ideals must therefore vary, sooner or later.

The benefits that will flow from this political disintegration of the South, even though it be based, as seems likely, upon class antagonism, cannot be overestimated. The despotic sway of party principles, combined indeed with that of church creeds and of social conventions, has contributed more than anything else to the isolation and backwardness of the South. It has brought it to pass that the section which gave Washington and Jefferson to the Union has for two generations failed to produce a thoroughly great statesman, or, of recent years, even a politician of more than respectable powers. It has put mountebanks into the gubernatorial chair, and stained the judicial ermine with homicidal blood. It has checked the growth of a native literature except in the narrow field of provincial story-telling. It has rested like a black cloud over every schoolhouse and college, has enfeebled and diverted to wrong ends the power of the press, has taught honest men to cheat and excuse

themselves by casuistry, has retarded the sense for law and order, and has hampered or thwarted the genius of every youth of lofty aspirations.

No one who has not lived in the South can at all appreciate what the waning of political intolerance will mean for its people. It will mean far more than the liberation of genius. It will mean the checking of political corruption, and the uplifting and ennobling of every citizen who has a vote to cast. It will mean a freer play of mind that will affect advantageously every industrial, educational, and social interest. It will mean that at last the South's cry for more capital and more laborers will be fully responded to, that in wealth and culture its people will soon be abreast of those of other sections, that they will contribute in ample measure to the glory of the Union, and that they will grapple with their own peculiar problems with confidence and enthusiasm. It will mean, finally, that the justly earned reproach that the South has been for seventy years the chosen home of almost every possible economic and political heresy known to men will be forever removed.

Nor is this good result entirely dependent upon the immediate outcome of present political complications. Should the fusion of Democrats and Populists insure a practically "Solid South" for a generation to come, the work of disintegration would still be going on. Schools and colleges are being multiplied and improved, and the press is becoming a greater power for good. The generation which is growing up knows little or nothing about the horrors of reconstruction rule, and while rightfully determined to keep intact that supremacy of the whites which is essential to any civilization worthy of the name, is comparatively free from prejudice against other sections, and disposed to give the negro as fair a chance as circumstances will permit. Time, in other words, is doing its usual work of amelioration. The an-

nouncement that a politician has deserted to the Republicans is not necessarily followed now by his ostracism, as it was a decade ago. A man would not to-day be blackballed from a club for political reasons alone. One may express almost any political views on the platform or in print without running much risk of insult, provided one keep within the bounds of decency. One may even be an independent voter and not be too rudely stared at. On practical, present issues freedom of speech and action is becoming more and more assured except in one particular, in which few Southerners have any desire to go contrary to their fellows, — the advocacy of negro equality. This does not mean, however, that there are not men in the South who desire to secure for the negro his political rights within limits and his legal rights *in toto*, though they are forced to deny him all social privileges, or that they are debarred from giving publicity to their views. There are, fortunately, individuals here and there who dare to maintain the iniquity of the practice of lynching negroes, as boldly as others in high places, who should know better, brazenly defend or condone it. In view of such facts, it would be idle to hold that the political condition of the South, for all its present turmoil and confusion, is not improving.

Yet it would be equally idle to imagine that because there are signs of the gradual breaking down of party unity and political intolerance, the next generation of Southerners will find their civic duties altogether light and pleasant. They may find it possible to choose between two or more parties where their fathers could support only one, but in any party they will still have to grapple with difficulties as great as have ever confronted any people. They too will have their negro problem, and the disfranchisement of the race by the Mississippi plan or any other will only stave off the day of reckoning. They

too will have to face the dreadful menace to civilization presented by the illiteracy within their own ranks. They will have to reap the results of the election frauds practiced by their own fathers, and will discover that the maxim "The end justifies the means" will apply with as full force to a white adversary as to a black one. They will find that while lynching may be an expeditious method of obtaining the redress that cannot be got from badly ordered courts, it is very far from simplifying the problem of how to render those courts efficient. They will have to learn, finally, that glib talking is not sure evidence of statesmanship, that the color of a man's skin cannot make up for his deficiencies of education, and that sentiment for the past, however worthy, cannot of itself supply the place of all the civic virtues.

In conclusion, there is another point, also, that must be taken into account when we consider the probable amelioration of political conditions in the South. Where politics touch history, it must be confessed that the Southern people are as a rule totally astray in their thinking and unduly sensitive to criticism. Even the

most liberal of them often fail to understand the historical development of the Constitution (although a great Southerner, Marshall, did most to develop it), and long-exploded theories in regard to it still hold sway among them. This sensitiveness to any treatment of their political history, whether by an alien or by a native, that does not square with their own preconceived and largely erroneous notions, is due in the main to a highly honorable and natural sentiment not controlled by adequate knowledge. It will pass in time, and must pass before competent ideas of political philosophy can be held by any Southern publicist or statesman. Without the basis of such a competent political philosophy, statesmanship of an enduring character is, of course, not to be looked for; but the growing liberalization of ideas which is visible in politics and literature and religion renders it certain that no long time will elapse before the advent of both philosophy and statesmanship. Here also, then, the outlook seems hopeful, although, alas, more than one political Boanerges is leading his much enduring people astray at the very moment of this writing.

W. P. Trent.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

III.

THE PERIOD OF THE NEWNESS.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude*, Book XI.

THE above was the high-sounding name which was claimed for their own time by the youths and maidens who, under the guidance of Emerson, Parker, and others, took a share in the seething epoch sometimes called vaguely Transcendentalism. But as these papers are primarily

autobiographic, it is well to state with just what outfit I left college in 1841. I had a rather shallow reading knowledge of six languages, English, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and had been brought in contact with classic books in each of these tongues. I may here add that I picked up at a later period German, Portuguese, and Hebrew, with a little Swedish; and that I hope to live long enough to learn at least the alphabet in Russian. Then I had acquired enough of the higher mathematics to have a pupil or two in that branch;

something of the forms of logic and of Locke's philosophy with the criticisms of the French eclectics upon it; a smattering of history and political economy; some crude acquaintance with field natural history; some practice in writing and debating; a passion for poetry and imaginative literature; a voracious desire for all knowledge and all action; and an amount of self-confidence which has now, after more than half a century, sadly diminished. It will be seen that this was an outfit more varied than graduates of the present day are apt to possess, but more superficial; their knowledge of what they know being often far more advanced as well as more solidly grounded than was mine. No matter; I was a happy boy, ankle-deep in a yet unfathomed sea.

I had two things in addition not set down in the college curriculum, but of the utmost influence on my future career. One of these has always been to me somewhat inexplicable. Cambridge was then a place of distinctly graded society; more so, probably, than it is now. Lowell has admirably described the superb way in which old Royall Morse, the village constable and auctioneer, varied the courtesy of his salutation according to the social position of his acquaintance. I can remember no conversation around me looking toward the essential equality of the human race, except as it was found in the pleased curiosity with which my elder brothers noted the fact that the President's man-servant, who waited at table during his dinner parties, became on the muster-field colonel of the militia regiment, and there gave orders to Major Quincy, his subordinate. In each professor's family there was apt to be a country boy "living out," "doing chores" and attending school; these boys often rose to influence and position in later life, and their children or descendants are now professors in the university and leaders in Cambridge society. The "town school" was distinctly a grade

school; I had never entered it; did not play much with the "town boys," and was rather afraid of them. Yet it must have been that there was left over from the American Revolution something of the popular feeling then inspired, for without aid or guidance I was democratic in feeling; longed to know something of all sorts and conditions of men, and had a distinct feeling that I should like to be, for a year or two, a mechanic of some kind — a carpenter or blacksmith — in order to place myself in sympathy with all. The nearest I ever came to this was in making some excursions with an elder brother who, as engineer, was laying out the track of the Old Colony Railroad, and who took me as "hind chain man" at a dollar a day. I still recall with delight the sense of honest industry, the tramping through the woods, and the occasional dinners at farmhouses. It was at one of these festivities that, when my brother had eaten one piece of mince pie but declined a second helping, our host remarked with hospitable dignity, "Consult your feelings, sir, about the meat pie."

Another most important change was passing in me at about this time; the sudden development of social aptitudes hitherto dormant. As an overgrown boy — for I was six feet tall at fourteen — I had experienced all the agonies of bashfulness in the society of the other sex, though greatly attracted to it. I find it difficult to convince my associates of later years that I then habitually sat mute while others chattered. A word or two of remonstrance from my mother had in a single day corrected this, during my senior year, so far as the family table was concerned; and this emboldened me to try the experiment on a wider field. I said to myself, thinking of other young men who made themselves quite agreeable, "These youths are not your superiors, — perhaps, in the recitation-room or on the playground, hardly your equals; why not cope with them

elsewhere?" Thus influenced, I conquered myself in a single evening and lost my shyness forever. The process was unique, so far as I know, and I have often recommended it to shy young men. Being invited to a small party, I considered beforehand what young ladies would probably be there. With each one I had, of course, something in common, — kinship, or neighborhood, or favorite pursuit. This would do, I reasoned, for a starting-point; so I put down on a small sheet of paper what I would say to each, if I happened to be near her. It worked like a charm; I found myself chatting away, the whole evening, and heard the next day that everybody was surprised at the transformation. I have to this day the little bit of magic paper, on which I afterwards underscored, before sleeping, the points actually used. It set me free; after this I went freely to tolerably large parties in Cambridge and Boston, in the latter case under guidance of my brother Waldo, who had now graduated from the Harvard Washington Corps into the Boston Cadets, and was an excellent social pilot. I saw the really agreeable manners which then prevailed in the little city, and cannot easily be convinced that there are now in the field any youths at once so manly and so elegant as were the two especial leaders among the beaux of that day, John Lathrop Motley and his brother-in-law, John Lewis Stackpole. It did not surprise me to read in later days that the former was habitually addressed as "Milord" to a degree that vexed him by waiters in Continental hotels. Such leaders were doubtless good social models, as was also my brother; but I had more continuous influences in the friendship of two fair girls, both of whom were frank, truthful, and attractive. One of them — Maria Fay of convent fame, already mentioned — was a little older than myself, while the other, just my own age, Mary Devens, was the younger sister of Charles Devens, afterwards

eminent in war and peace. She died young, but I shall always be grateful for the good she unconsciously did me; and I had with both the kind of cordial friendship, without a trace of love-making, yet tinged with refined sentiment, which is for every young man a most fortunate school. They counseled and reprimanded and laughed at me, when needful, in a way that I should not have tolerated from boys at that time, nor yet from my own sisters, wise and judicious though these were. Added to all this was a fortunate visit, during my last year in college, to some cousins on a Virginia plantation, where my uncle, Major Storrow, had married into the Carter family, and where I experienced the hospitality and gracious ways of Southern life.

A potent influence was also preparing for me in Cambridge in a peculiarly fascinating circle of young people, — more gifted, I cannot help thinking, than any later coterie of the same kind, — which had grouped itself around James Lowell and Maria White, his betrothed, who were known among the members as their "King and Queen." They called themselves "The Brothers and Sisters," being mainly made up in that way: the Whites of Watertown and their cousins the Thaxters; the Storys from Cambridge; the Hales and the Tuckermans from Boston; the Kings from Salem, and others. They had an immense and hilarious intimacy, rarely however, for some reason, culminating in intermarriage; they read the same books, and had perpetual gatherings and picnics, their main headquarters being the large colonial house of the White family in Watertown. My own point of contact with them was remote, but real; my mother had removed, when her family lessened, to a smaller house built by my elder brother, and belonging in these latter days to Radcliffe College. This was next door to the Fay House of that institution, then occupied by Judge Fay. And as my friend Maria Fay was a cousin of some of the Brothers and Sis-

ters, they made the house an occasional rendezvous; and as there were attractive younger kindred whom I chanced to know, I was able at least to look through the door of this paradise of youth. Lowell's first volume had just been published, and all its allusions were ground of romance for us all; indeed, he and his betrothed were to me, as they seemed to be to the Brothers and Sisters, a modernized Petrarch and Laura or even Dante and Beatrice; and I watched them with unselfish reverence. Their love-letters, about which they were extremely frank, were passed from hand to hand and sometimes reached me through Thaxter. I have some of Maria White's ballads in her own handwriting; and I still know by heart a letter which she wrote to Thaxter, about the delay in her marriage: "It is easy enough to be married; the newspaper corners show us that, every day; but to live and to be happy as simple King and Queen, without the gifts of fortune, this is a triumph that suits my nature better." Probably all the atmosphere around this pair of lovers had a touch of exaggeration, a slight greenhouse aroma, but it brought a pure and ennobling enthusiasm; and whenever I was fortunate enough to hear Maria White sing or "say" ballads in moonlight evenings it seemed as if I were in Boccaccio's Florentine gardens.

If this circle of bright young people was not strictly a part of the Transcendental Movement, it was yet born of "the Newness." Lowell and Story, indeed, both wrote for the *Dial*, and Maria White had belonged to Margaret Fuller's classes. There was, moreover, passing through the whole community a wave of that desire for a freer and more ideal life which made Story turn aside from his father's profession for sculpture, and made Lowell forsake law after his first client. It was the time when Emerson wrote to Carlyle, "We are all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform; not a reading man but

has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket." I myself longed at times to cut free from prescribed bondage, and not, in Lowell's later phrase, to "pay so much of life for a living" as seemed to be expected. I longed anew, under the influence of George Sand and Mrs. Child's Letters from New York, to put myself on more equal terms with that vast army of hand-workers who were ignorant of much that I knew, yet could do so much that I could not. Under these combined motives I find that I carefully made out, at one time, a project of going into the cultivation of peaches, an industry then prevalent in New England, but now practically abandoned,—thus securing freedom from study and thought by moderate labor of the hands. This was in 1843, two years before Thoreau tried a similar project with beans at Walden Pond; and also before the time when George and Burrill Curtis undertook to be farmers at Concord. A like course was actually adopted and successfully pursued through life by another Harvard man a few years older than myself, the late Marston Watson, of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Such things were in the air, and even those who were not swerved by "the Newness" from their intended pursuits were often greatly modified as to the way in which these were undertaken; as when the recognized leader of a certain class of the Harvard Law School abandoned, from conscientious scruples, the career of a practicing lawyer, and spent his life as a conveyancer.

What turned me away from the study of the law was not this moral scruple, but what was doubtless an innate preference, strengthened by the influence of one man and one or two books. After leaving college I taught for six months as usher in the boarding-school at Jamaica Plain, kept by Mr. Stephen Minot Weld; and then, greatly to my satisfaction, became private tutor to the three young sons of my cousin, Stephen Higginson Perkins, a Boston merchant,

residing in a pretty cottage which he had designed for himself in Brookline. In him I encountered the most attractive man I had yet met and the one who was most to influence me. He was indeed a man of unique qualities and great gifts; he was in the prime of life, handsome and refined, a widower, whose modest household was superintended by a maiden sister; his training had been utterly unlike my regular academical career; he had been sent to Germany to school, under the guidance of Edward Everett, then to the East and West Indies as supercargo, then into business, but not very successfully as yet. This pursuit he hated and disapproved; all his tastes were for art, in which he was at that time perhaps the best connoisseur in Boston, and he had contrived by strict economy to own several good paintings which he bequeathed later to the Boston Art Museum. — a Reynolds, a Van der Velde, and a remarkable oil copy of the Sistine Madonna by Moritz Retzsch. These were the first fine paintings I had ever seen, except the Copleys then in the Harvard College Library, and his society, with that he assembled round him, was to me a wholly new experience. He disapproved and distrusted all classical training, and was indifferent to mathematics; but he had read largely in French and German literature, and he introduced me to authors of permanent interest, such as Heine and Paul Louis Courier. He was also in a state of social revolt, enhanced by a certain shyness and by deafness; full of theories, and ready to encourage all independent thinking. He was withal affectionate and faithful.

I was to teach his boys four hours a day, — no more; they were most interesting, though not always easy to manage. I was young enough to take a ready part in all their sports, and we often had school in the woods adjoining the house, perhaps sitting in large trees and interrupting work occasionally to watch a weasel gliding over a rock or a squirrel

in the boughs. I took the boys with me in my rambles and it was a happy time. Another sister of Stephen Perkins's, a woman of great personal attractions, kept house for her father, who lived near by, Mr. Samuel G. Perkins, younger brother of Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, then the leading merchant of Boston. Mr. Samuel Perkins had been at one time a partner of my grandfather and had married his daughter, but had retired, not very successful, and was one of the leading horticulturists near Boston, the then famous "Boston nectarine" being a fruit of his introducing. His wife, Barbara Higginson, my aunt, had been a belle in her youth, but had ripened into an oddity, and lived in Boston during the winter and in a tiny cottage at Nahant during the summer, for the professed reason that the barberry blossoms in the Brookline lanes made her sneeze.

The summer life around Boston was then an affair so unlike anything now to be found in the vicinity as to seem like something observed in another country or period. Socially speaking, it more resembled the plantation life of the South or the ranch life of the West. Many of the prosperous people lived in Boston all summer, with occasional trips to Nahant or Saratoga or Ballston, or for the more adventurous a journey by stage among the White Mountains, encountering rough roads and still rougher taverns. But there existed all around Boston, and especially in Roxbury, Brookline, and Milton, a series of large estates with ample houses, all occupied by people connected in blood or intimacy, who drove about and exchanged calls in summer afternoons. Equipages were simple; people usually drove themselves; there were no liveries, but the hospitality was profuse. My uncle Perkins was a poor man compared with his rich brother; there was a theory that his beautiful pears and nectarines were to be a source of profit, but I fear that the balance-sheet, if perchance there ever was

any, would have showed otherwise. No matter, he had the frank outdoor hospitality of a retired East India merchant, which he was; every afternoon, at a certain hour, sherry and madeira were set out on the sideboard in the airy parlor, with pears, peaches, grapes, nectarines, strawberries and the richest cream, and we knew that visitors would arrive. Cousins and friends came, time-honored acquaintances of "the old gentleman," eminent public men, Mr. Prescott the historian, or Daniel Webster himself, received like a king. Never did I feel a greater sense of an honor conferred than when that regal black-browed man once selected me as the honored messenger to bring more cream for his chocolate. There was sometimes, though rarely, a little music; and there were now and then simple games on the lawn, — battle-dore or grace-hoops, — but as yet croquet and tennis and golf were not, and the resources were limited. In winter, the same houses were the scene of family parties with sleigh-riding and skating and coasting; but the summer life was simply a series of outdoor receptions, from house to house. It must be noted that Brookline was then, as now, the garden suburb of Boston, beyond all others; the claim was only comparative, and would not at all stand the test of English gardening or even of our modern methods, except perhaps in the fruit produced. I remember that Stephen Perkins once took an English visitor, newly arrived, to drive about the region, and he was quite ready to admire everything he saw, though not quite for the reason that his American host expected. "It is all so rough and wild" was his comment.

Into this summer life, on the invitation of my cousin Barbara Channing, who spent much time in Brookline, there occasionally came delegations of youths from Brook Farm, then flourishing. Among these were George and Burrill Curtis, and Larned, with Charles Dana, now editor of the *New York Sun*; all

presentable and agreeable, but the first three peculiarly costumed. It was then very common for young men in college and elsewhere to wear what were called blouses, — a kind of hunter's frock made at first of brown holland belted at the waist, — these being gradually developed into garments of gay-colored chintz, sometimes, it was said, an economical transformation of their sisters' skirts or petticoats. All the young men of this party but Dana wore these gay garments and bore on their heads little round and visorless caps with tassels. Mr. Perkins, whose attire was always defiantly plain, regarded these vanities with ill-concealed disapproval, but took greatly to Dana, who dressed like a well-to-do young farmer and was always handsome and manly. My uncle declared him to be full of sense and knowledge, and the others to be nonsensical creatures. Dana was indeed the best all-round man at Brook Farm, — a good teacher, editor, and farmer, — but was held not to be quite so zealous or unselfish for the faith as were some of the others. It was curious that when their public meetings were held in Boston, he was their most effective speaker, while I cannot remember that George William Curtis, afterwards so eloquent, ever opened his lips at all.

I was but twice at Brook Farm, once driving over there in a sleigh during a snowstorm, to convey my cousin Barbara to a fancy ball at "the Community," as it was usually called, where she was to appear in a pretty creole dress made of madras handkerchiefs and brought by Stephen Perkins from the West Indies. She was a most attractive and popular person, and was enthusiastic about Brook Farm, where she went often, being a friend of Mrs. Ripley, who was its "leading lady." Again I once went for her in summer and stayed for an hour, watching the various interesting figures, including George William Curtis, who was walking about in shirt-sleeves, with his boots over his trousers, yet was escorting a young maiden

with that elegant grace which never left him. It was a curious fact that he, who was afterwards so eminent, was then held wholly secondary in interest to his handsome brother Burrill, whose Raphael-esque face won all hearts, and who afterwards disappeared from view in England, surviving only in memory as *My Uncle the Curate*, in *Lotus-Eating*. But if I did not see much of Brook Farm on the spot, I met its members frequently at the series of exciting meetings for Social Reform in Boston, at which the battle raged high between Associationists and Communists, the leader of the latter being John A. Collins. Defenders of the established order also took part; one of the best of the latter being Arthur Pickering, a Boston merchant: and in all my experience I have never heard a speech so thrilling and effective as that in which Henry Clapp, then a young radical mechanic, answered Pickering's claim that individuality was better promoted by the existing method of competition. Clapp was afterwards the admired leader of a Bohemian clique in New York and had a melancholy career; but that speech did more than anything else to make me at least a half-way socialist for life.

The Brook Farm people were also to be met occasionally at Mrs. Nichols's confectionery shop in School Street, where they took economical refreshments; and still oftener at Miss Elizabeth Peabody's foreign bookstore in West Street, which was a part of the educational influence of the period. It was an atom of a shop, partly devoted to the homœopathic medicines of her father, a physician; and she alone in Boston, I think, had French and German books for sale. There I made further acquaintance with Cousin and Jouffroy, with Constant's *De la Religion* and Leroux' *De l'Humanité*, the relics of the French Eclecticism, then beginning to fade, but still taught in colleges. There, too, were Schubert's *Geschichte der Seele* and many of the German balladists who were beginning to intrall

me. There was also Miss Peabody herself, desultory, dreamy, but insatiable in her love for knowledge and for helping others to it. James Freeman Clarke said of her that she was always engaged in supplying some want that had first to be created; it might be Dr. Kraitsir's lectures on language, or General Bem's historical chart. She always preached the need, but never accomplished the supply until she advocated the kindergarten; there she caught up with her mission and came to identify herself with its history. She lived to be very old, and with her broad benevolent face and snowy curls was known to many as "*The Grandmother of Boston*." I best associate her with my last interview, a little before her death, when I chanced to pick her out of a snowdrift into which she had sunk overwhelmed during a furious snow-squall, while crossing a street in Boston. I did not know her until she had scrambled up with much assistance, and recognizing me at once, fastened on my offered arm, saying breathlessly, "I am so glad to see you. I have been wishing to talk to you about Sarah Winnemucca. Now Sarah Winnemucca" — and she went on discoursing as peacefully about a maligned Indian protégée as if she were strolling in some sequestered moonlit lane, on a summer evening.

I have said that the influence wrought upon me by Brookline life was largely due to one man and one or two writers. The writer who took possession of me, after Emerson, was the German author, Jean Paul Richter, whose memoirs had just been written by a Brookline lady, Mrs. Thomas Lee. This biography set before me, just at the right time, the attractions of purely literary life, carried on in a perfectly unworldly spirit; and his story of *Siebenkäs*, just then opportunely translated, presented the same thing in a more graphic way. From that moment poverty, or at least extreme economy, had no terrors for me, and I could not bear the thought of devoting

my life to the technicalities of Blackstone. Not that the law-book had failed to interest me, — for it was a book, — but I could not consent to surrender my life to what it represented, nor have I ever repented that decision. I felt instinctively what the late Dwight Foster said to me long after: “The objection to the study of the law is not that it is not interesting, — for it is eminently so, — but that it fills your mind with knowledge which cannot be carried into another stage of existence.” Long after this, moreover, my classmate Durant, at the height of his professional success, once stoutly denied to me that there was any real interest to be found in legal study. “The law,” he said, “is simply a system of fossilized injustice; there is not enough of intellectual interest about it to occupy an intelligent mind for an hour.” This I do not believe; and he was probably not the highest authority; yet his remark and Judge Foster’s always helped me to justify to myself that early choice.

With all this social and intellectual occupation, much of my Brookline life was lonely and meditative; my German romances made me a dreamer, and I spent much time in the woods, nominally botanizing but in reality trying to adjust myself, being still only nineteen or twenty, to the problems of life. One favorite place was Hammond’s Pond, then celebrated among botanists as the only locality for the beautiful *Andromeda polifolia*, so named by Linnæus because like the fabled Andromeda it dwelt in wild regions only. The pond was, and I believe still is, surrounded by deep woods and overhung by a hill covered with moss-grown fragments of rock, among which the pink *Cypripedium* or lady’s slipper used to grow profusely. The Andromeda was on the other side of the lake, and some one had left a leaky boat there, which I used to borrow and paddle across the dark water, past a cedar forest which lined it on one side, and made me asso-

ciate it with the gloomy Mummelsee of one of my beloved German ballads: —

“Anigh the gloomy Mummelsee
Do live the palest lilies many.
All day they droop so drowsily
In azure air or rainy,
But when the dreadful moon of night
Rains down on earth its yellow light
Up spring they, full of lightness,
In woman’s form and brightness.”

My lilies were in the water, not beside it, yet this was but a small variation; and among them there was to be seen motionless the black prow of some old boat which had sunk at its moorings and looked so uncanny that I never would row near it. Across the lake a faint path wound up the hill among the rocks, and at the summit there was a large detached boulder with a mouldering ladder reaching its top, where I used to climb and rest after my long rambling. Close by there was one dead pine-tree of the older growth towering above the younger trees; and sometimes a homeward faring robin or crow would perch and rest there as I was resting, or the sweet bell of the Newton Theological Seminary on its isolated hill would peal out what seemed like the Angelus.

What with all these dreamings, and the influence of Jean Paul and Heine, the desire for a free life of study, and perhaps of dreams, grew so strong upon me that I decided to go back to Cambridge as “resident graduate,” — there was then no graduate school, — and establish myself as cheaply as possible, to live after my own will. I was already engaged to be married to one of the Brookline cousins, but I had taken what my mother called “the vow of poverty,” and was willing to risk the future. Mrs. Farrar, an old friend of the family, with whom I had spent a part of the summer before entering college, reported with satisfaction that she had met me one day driving my own small wagon-load of furniture over muddy roads from Brookline to Cambridge, like any emigrant lad,

whereas the last time she had seen me before was at the opera in Boston, with soiled white kid gloves on. Never was I happier in my life than at that moment of transformation when she saw me. It was my Flight into Egypt.

I established myself in the cheapest room I could find, in a house then called "College House," and standing on part of the ground now occupied by the block of that name. Its familiar appellation in Cambridge was "The Old Den," and my only housemate at first was an eccentric law student, or embryo lawyer, popularly known as "Light-House Thomas," because he had fitted himself for college in one of those edifices. Here at last I could live in my own way, making both ends meet by an occasional pupil, and enjoying the same freedom which Thoreau, then unknown to me, was afterwards to possess in his hut. I did not know exactly what I wished to study in Cambridge; indeed, I went there to find out. Perhaps I had some vague notion of preparing myself for a professorship in literature or mathematics and metaphysics, but in the mean time I read, as Emerson says of Margaret Fuller, "at a rate like Gibbon's." There was the obstacle to be faced, which has indeed always proved too much for me, — the enormous wealth of the world of knowledge, and the stupendous variety of that which I wished to know. Doubtless the modern elective system, or even a wise teacher, would have helped me; they would have compelled me to concentration, but perhaps I may have absolutely needed some such period of intellectual wild oats. This was in September, 1843.

I read in that year, and a subsequent similar year, the most desultory and disconnected books, the larger the better: Newton's *Principia* and Whewell's *Mechanical Euclid*; Ritter's *History of Ancient Philosophy*; Sismondi's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; Lamennais' *Paroles d'un Croyant* and *Livre du Peuple*; Homer and Hesiod; Linnæus's *Cor-*

respondence; Emerson over and over. Fortunately I kept up outdoor life also and learned the point where books and nature meet; learned that Chaucer belongs to spring, German romance to summer nights, Amadis de Gaul and the *Morte d'Arthur* to the Christmas time; and found that books of natural history, in Thoreau's phrase, "furnish the cheerfulest winter reading." Bettina Brentano and Günderode — the correspondence between the two maidens being just then translated by Margaret Fuller, — also fascinated me; and I have seldom been happier than when I spent two summer days beside the Rhine, many years after, in visiting the very haunts where Bettina romanced, and the spot where Günderode died.

I tried to read all night occasionally, as Lowell told me he had sometimes done, and as a mathematical classmate of mine had done weekly, to my envy; but sleepiness and the morning chill soon checked this foolish enterprise. On one of these nights I had an experience so nearly incredible that I scarcely dare to tell it, yet it was, I believe, essentially true. Sitting up till four one morning over a volume of Lamennais, I left the mark at an unfinished page, having to return the book to the college library. A year after I happened to take the book from the library again, got up at four o'clock to read, began where I left off, and afterwards, — not till afterwards, — looking in my diary, found that I had simply skipped a precise year and gone on with the passage.

I continued to teach myself German on a preposterous plan brought forward in those days by a learned Hungarian, Dr. Charles Kraitsir, who had a theory of the alphabet, and held that by its means all the Indo-European languages could be resolved into one; so that we could pass from each to another by an effort of will, like the process of mind-healing. Tried on the German ballads this method proved very seductive, but when one

went a step farther it turned out very superficial; as is therefore all my knowledge of German, though I have read a good deal of it. All this way of living was intellectually very risky, as is the process of "boarding one's self" — which I have also tried — for the body; and I am glad to have come with no more serious injury through them both. For a specialist it would have been disastrous, but I was plainly not destined for a specialist; for a predestined essayist and public speaker, it was not so bad, since to him nothing comes amiss. Fortunately it was a period when a tonic influence and a cohesive restraint came from a wholly different direction; indeed, I might say from two directions.

The first of these influences was the renewal of my acquaintance with Lowell, which had been waived during my two years' stay in Brookline. He recognized in Thaxter, who about this time went to New York to study for the dramatic profession, and in myself, two of his stoutest advocates. We met a little more on a level than before; the difference of nearly five years which had formerly made him only my elder brother's crony was now becoming less important, and I found myself approaching that maturer period which a clever woman defined as "the age of everybody." To be sure, I could recall the time when my brother had come home one evening with the curt remark, "Jim Lowell doubts whether he shall really be a lawyer, after all; he thinks he shall be a poet." Now that poet was really launched, and indeed was "the best launched man of his time," as Willis said. I used to go to his room and to read books he suggested, such as Pattenham's *Arte of Poesie*, and Chapman's plays. He did most of the talking; it was a way he had; but he was always original and trenchant, though I sometimes rebelled inwardly at his very natural attitude of leadership. We sometimes walked out together, late in the evening, from Emerson's lectures or the

concerts which were already introducing Beethoven. Sometimes there was a reception after the lecture, usually at the rooms of a youth who was an ardent Fourierite, and had upon his door a blazing sun, with gilded rays emanating in all directions, and bearing the motto "Universal Unity." Beneath this appeared a neat black-and-white inscription, thus worded: "Please wipe your feet."

Our evening walks from Boston were delightful; and Longfellow's poem of *The Bridge* does little more than put into verse the thoughts they inspired. The walk was then, as is certainly not now the case, a plunge into darkness; and there is no other point from which the transformation of the older Boston is more conspicuous. You now cross the bridge at night through a circle of radiant lights glancing in brilliant lines through all the suburbs; but in the old nights there was here and there in the distance a dim oil lamp; in time oil gave place to kerosene; then came gas, then electricity, and still the brighter the lamps, the more they multiplied. The river itself was different; there were far more vessels, and I have myself been hailed on the bridge and offered money to pilot a coasting schooner to Watertown. Seals also came above the wharves and gave Lowell the material for one of his best stories, but one which he never, I think, quite ventured to print. He saw two farmer lads watching from the bridge one of these visitors as he played in the water. "Wal, neaow," said one of the youths, "be them kind o' critters common up this way, do ye suppose? Be they — or be they?" "Wal," responded the other, "dunno's they be, and dunno ez they be." This perfect flower of New England speech, twin blossoms on one stem, delighted Lowell hugely; and it was so unexampled in my own experience that it always inspired in me a slight distrust, as being too good to be true. Perhaps it created a little envy, as was the case with Alfred

Dacey, when he and James Bryce first visited America, and I met them at a dinner party in Newport. Dacey came in, rubbing his hands, and saying with eagerness, "Bryce is very happy; at the Ocean House he has just heard a man say European twice!"

Another and yet more tonic influence, though Lowell was already an ardent Abolitionist, came from the presence of reformatory agitation in the world outside. There were always public meetings in Boston to be attended; there were social reform gatherings where I heard the robust Orestes Brownson and my eloquent cousin William Henry Channing; there were anti-slavery conventions, with Garrison and Phillips; then on Sunday there were Theodore Parker and James Freeman Clarke, to show that one might accomplish something and lead a manly life even in the pulpit. My betrothed was one of the founders of Clarke's Church of the Disciples, and naturally drew me there; the services were held in a hall and were quite without those churchly associations which were then unattractive to me. My old friend Mr. John Glen King, of Salem, used to call the Disciples "Jerusalem wildeats," and to declare that the pastor strolled about and chatted with the parishioners during the singing. There was just enough of this sociability of manner to win my very heterodox heart; and at Theodore Parker's services there was yet more. To this day I sometimes dream of going to hear him preach, — the great, free, eager congregation; the

strong, serious, commanding presence of the preacher; his reverent and earnest prayer; his comprehensive hour-long sermon full of sense, knowledge, feeling, courage, he being not afraid even of his own learning, absolutely holding his audience in the hollow of his hand. Once in New York a few years ago I went to Dr. Rainsford's church and felt for a moment or two — not, indeed, while the surpliced choir was singing — that I was again in the hands of Theodore Parker.

Under the potent influences of Parker and Clarke I found myself gravitating toward what was then called the "liberal" ministry; one very much secularized it must be, I foresaw, to satisfy me. Even in this point of view my action was regarded rather askance by some of my more strenuous transcendental friends, even George William Curtis expressing a little disapproval; though in later years he himself took to the pulpit, — in a yet more secular fashion, to be sure, — a good while after I had left it. I had put myself meanwhile in somewhat the position of that backsliding youth at Concord of whom some feminine friend said anxiously, "I am troubled about Eben; he used to be a real Come-Outer, interested in all the reforms; but now he smokes and swears and goes to church, and is just like any other young man." Yet I resolved to risk even this peril, removed my modest belongings to Divinity Hall, and bought one of those very Hebrew Bibles which my father had once criticised as having their title-pages at the wrong end.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

MEMORIALS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

JUST now it is the fashion, much heard of in the press, to purchase the houses in which our American authors have lived, and set them apart forever as shrines in the great men's honor. Though I do not see why the house of a literary man should be deemed his most appropriate memorial, any more than the house of a general or a President should be his, there is something to be said in behalf of this sort of monument, either in default of or as a supplement to a better one. When to the house is added sufficient land to make a public pleasure-ground which may bear the author's name, the monument becomes a really worthy one, whether the distinction of the man thus celebrated were won in literature or in any other field. But if the spot is to become a shrine of curiosity alone, so that its chief function shall be to receive the visits of impertinent people in large numbers, who come to gaze and say, "Is it possible that Hawthorne slept in this room? Could he have composed *The Scarlet Letter*, do you suppose, on this very spot where we are sitting?" and who then straightway begin to look about furtively for a splinter to carry away, then it must tend to keep the public interest in authors down on that dreadful plane of curiosity where it has dwelt so long, and from which it should be one object of literature to raise it.

However, a public memorial of any sort indicates the existence of a disposition to remember; and as the disposition has not been apparent in a marked degree in this country, we may look with some encouragement on a great author's home turned into a place of merely curious resort,—if we may also accept it as the promise of a time when we may have more dignified memorials. Up to the present we have few; and so far as monuments are a sign of public appreci-

ation of our great authors, we have not held them in high honor.

Indeed, several of the most noteworthy memorials of the kind that we possess represent an attempt on the part of individual munificence to supply a deficiency of public recognition. Generally speaking, a monument built by one man to the fame of another is the evidence of one man's estimation; but if the people give proof of a considerable rejoicing in the possession of such a monument, it may well take on the character of a genuine public memorial. A monument built by a public subscription manifestly is a better evidence of public appreciation; and the statue or monument raised by the appropriation of public money to the purpose is probably more distinctly a public memorial than one raised in any other way. We have few monuments in the country that were built by public money; I am not acquainted with one of this sort raised to the memory of a man who was merely a man of letters. At Washington there is a National Hall of Statuary, to which every State is invited by the federal government to send the statues of two of its most illustrious citizens. Thus far, no State has found among its sons a man of letters whom it has deemed worthy of this distinction; and as most of the older States, which are practically the only ones in which literature has heretofore been cultivated, have already sent their representatives to this Senate of Genius, we have a prospect of seeing the hall filled with ninety of the nation's great men,—with more to come by and by,—not one of whom was a man of letters!

In any of our large cities—generally speaking, the only places where there are statues at all—nine tenths of the statues and monuments are likely to be commemorative of men or events connected with our political history. I think

this proportion would be found somewhat less, but still large, in England; in Continental European countries it is much less. In the Continental European countries, too, though the payers of taxes are commonly under much more distressing financial burdens than are our own, there is a much greater proportion of memorials raised by the appropriation of public funds. Our great cities are not now exactly poor in statues; but the exceedingly accidental character of these memorials, due to the fact that they are mainly the result of private subscription, is evidenced by a glance at the public out-of-door statues and other memorials in New York city. Of American literary men, distinctly as literary men, not one statue has been raised in that city; but there are statues of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and Robert Burns. One bust of an American author — Washington Irving — is found; and there are also busts of Cervantes, Schiller, and Thomas Moore! It would be hard to object to these memorials of Old World authors, provided they are works of art; but one would like to see with them at least as many memorials of Americans.

One of the best instances of what the statue of any great man should be, at any rate in respect of its situation, its perspective with regard to other memorials, and the local estimation in which it is held, is the statue of Longfellow at Portland, by Mr. Franklin Simmons. It is a dignified seated figure of the poet, in bronze, occupying a conspicuous site in the best part of the town, in the middle of a square which is now known as Longfellow Square. This statue was raised a few years ago by a fund solicited from a wide field, but obtained chiefly, I believe, in Portland. The sculptor was chosen through that curious local spirit which has affected unfavorably many of our architectural and other monuments: he was avowedly selected because he was a "Maine man," though he had never seen the poet. However,

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in this case the result seems to have been happy. The statue has much beauty, and the likeness is said to be excellent.

This statue stands in the poet's native town, as is entirely proper. It may appeal every day to thousands of young people, born under conditions very much like his, who should see in it the suggestion of possibility for them; poetically, it makes the stranger fancy the genius or spirit of the man still lingering among the scenes of his youth; and it symbolizes the satisfaction which every man feels when his name is remembered in his native town. This is an idea which is entertained as a matter of course in Europe, where, if the state erects a monument, it ordinarily chooses the great man's native place for it, even if the place is an insignificant hamlet. Municipal agencies in the Old World are quick to claim for their towns the honor of the first memorial of any famous man who was born in them. If the same spirit had prevailed in this country, the city of Boston would long ago have reared a statue of Edgar Allan Poe, quite without regard to the prejudice which the poet entertained against his native town; at least one of the various statues or busts of Webster would ornament the solid New Hampshire town of Franklin; and the printers' statue of Greeley would have been reared in the village of Amherst, in the same State.

In addition to the statue of Longfellow, Portland is to have as a memorial of him the Wadsworth house, after the death of its present tenant; it was the poet's home from early infancy until his acceptance of a professorship at Bowdoin College. Cambridge, whose right in the matter certainly ranks next to Portland's, has an appropriate memorial in a pleasant public park, which was set apart, by a public subscription, from the poet's land there. No doubt the little park will be a proper site for a future statue of Longfellow. Meantime, the public interest in this poet undoubtedly

does not centre in the smallest perceptible degree in the pleasure-ground, but beats itself in futile waves of curiosity against the house in which he lived in Cambridge.

The honor and affection in which John Greenleaf Whittier is held by nearly all the people over a great part of the country have begun to find expression — though chiefly, so far, by means of the munificence of individuals — in memorials. One subscription, quickly raised, placed a bust of him, by Mr. Preston Powers, in the Boston Public Library. Many schools and “institutes” in various parts of the country, intended for the education of the negro race, bear his name. As yet, however, the principal memorial of him, in the monumental sense, is the house in which he was born, at East Haverhill, which a generous citizen of Haverhill has presented to a board of trustees, expressing in his deed of gift the desire that the house and the ground about it be restored as nearly as possible to their original condition, and that access to them be freely given to the public, “that thereby the memory of and a love for the poet and the man may be cherished and perpetuated.” Whether such a monument really exalts the memory of a man may be doubted. Already many articles of furniture which were taken away from the old house in 1836 have been gathered and restored to it; the desk on which Whittier wrote his first verses is in its old place in the kitchen; and the visitor to the interesting old house beholds the adulation of curiosity in full movement, and perhaps wishes that his countrymen were less curious and more respectful, — that their adoration centred more around high ideals and their symbols in art, and less around penholders, writing-desks, and easy-chairs. An attempt has been made to preserve, also as a memorial, Whittier’s house at Amesbury, which contains his library and furniture, including the desk on which *Snow-Bound*

was written; but this movement has fallen through for the present.

It may not be out of place to suggest that if there is any American poet who deserves the statue of a man of action, — not the seated or half-recumbent effigy of the thinker or philosopher, but the figure in bronze standing in the attitude of intellectual combat with the world, — that poet is Whittier. No figure, it would seem, could more readily inspire the sculptor, especially if the man be taken in the prime of his life. Every one who has described him at that epoch has left an account of a most impressive personality. Colonel T. W. Higginson saw in him, at thirty-five, “a man of striking personal appearance: tall, slender, with olive complexion, black hair, straight black eyebrows, brilliant eyes, and an Oriental, Semitic cast of countenance.” Not an ill moment for the sculptor’s consideration would be that of Whittier’s appearance at the anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia, in 1833, when, according to Mr. J. Miller McKim, who was with him, his figure, “with his dark frock coat with standing collar, black flashing eyes and black beard,” was noticeable; and if it be objected that it is the poet, and not the agitator, who should be represented, the answer may surely be made that the ethical basis was never lacking in Whittier’s verse, and that it is as the poet moving his fellow countrymen by his works to humaner feelings that he should be depicted.

I have mentioned the circumstance that it has never occurred to the town of Boston to erect a monument to Poe, who, next to Franklin, probably has the most world-wide fame of all the men of letters native to that town; and Poe was connected with Boston not alone by the important accident of his birth, but by the commencement there of his literary career, itself an event worth commemoration. So far as I am aware, Boston never awarded to Poe the honor which, in the case of her dead literary men

of eminence, she sometimes deems it fitting to give in lieu of any further monumental attention, namely, the calling of a public meeting by the mayor, at which addresses are made and complimentary resolutions adopted. The name of Poe is indeed carved on the outer wall of the Public Library at Boston; so are several hundred other names. Their purpose is chiefly decorative. However, Boston's neglect in respect of Poe was but the neglect of all the rest of the country. His kindred left his grave at Baltimore unmarked, and a fund of about one thousand dollars had to be raised by public subscription to place above his ashes the unbeautiful mortuary monument which now bears his name. If an enterprising commercial person had not hired the cottage in which Poe lived at Fordham, just out of New York, and put up above its door the large sign "Poe Laundry," surmounting it with the figure of a raven, thereby arousing the wrath of many people, including the owner of the cottage, and shaming them into a protest, it is probable that the poet's fame would still be quite destitute of any public memorial. As it is, the land for a little public pleasure-ground to surround the Fordham cottage has been bought, the cottage is to be removed some sixty or seventy feet to the middle of this ground, and the place is to be called Poet's Park. Though there is about this name something which suggests that the poet's own name was avoided because it was not respectable, the memorial is perhaps on the whole more than Poe could have expected.

The extremely slight honor which has been paid the memory of this literary genius is in itself an indication that the American people do not readily thrill with the sort of pride which seeks grateful expression at the thought of the credit which has been brought to them by the work of their writers of reputation. If we go abroad, we find that we gain

somewhat in the estimation of many people from the fact that we are the countrymen of Edgar Poe; we might at such moments regard ourselves a little the more highly if we were conscious of having paid to his genius the tribute of a worthy memorial.

The memory of Hawthorne seems to have failed even more completely than that of Poe to receive any public honor. He was born and spent the greater part of his life in Massachusetts. The town of Salem, where he was born and where he wrote his most famous work, has gained distinction in no small measure through his fame. It is a rich and cultivated town, but so far as I am aware it has no public memorial of any sort in his honor; no statue stands in its marketplace, and no bust adorns its town hall. Though it has derived some profit from the unworthy sort of curiosity-worship which beyond doubt has been lavished in no small measure upon Hawthorne, and though it possesses two or three houses which have long done duty in a private way as "shrines," no public recognition of Hawthorne's genius seems ever to have been seriously attempted in Salem.

A modest stone marks his burial-place at Concord, but its modesty is well in keeping with the quiet rustic state which genius maintains in one corner of Sleepy Hollow; no bronze or marble magnificence would be fitting there. Both the houses in which Hawthorne lived at Concord, the Old Manse and the Wayside, have also been in some sense "shrines;" but they are still in private hands. Indeed, in the respect of its command of merely curious attention, Hawthorne's genius cannot be said to have lacked honor in his own country. Throngs of people have swarmed in upon his various and numerous residences in Salem and Concord. His son pathetically says, in his volume of memoirs of Hawthorne and his Wife: "Probably there will always exist in the public

mind a belief that the Wayside and the Old Manse are one and the same building; and such persons as have ventured to inhabit the former edifice since Hawthorne's death have often found it difficult or impossible to convince investigating travelers to the contrary. Nor is it easy to overstate the indignation and resentment of these same travelers when an attempt is made to insinuate the idea that the house may even now be a private dwelling, not at all hours of the day and night open to the inquisitive presence of strangers." It may be worth while to inquire whether we are not in some degree encouraging this vulgar curiosity, which is an affront rather than an honor to the memory of a great man, by setting apart the houses of authors as their most appropriate memorials, and filling these houses with articles of furniture and other objects connected with their private life. Possibly it is well that none of the residences of Hawthorne, who was peculiarly jealous of intrusion, has yet been so set apart. The manifestation of so much vulgar curiosity in his case makes our minds revert to the thought of the superior fitness and nobility of a monument to a great man to which the inspiration of art shall have lent dignity, and around which sentiments of veneration may cluster.

In the burial-place at Concord which I have just mentioned — a ground where the "Hollow" itself is disfigured by many glaring white stones in bad taste, and where the beauty of simplicity in burial is to be found chiefly on the neighboring hilltop — there lies the great pink stone, unmarred by any inscription, which marks the grave of Emerson. Standing beside this marvelously simple gravestone, I feel for a moment as if it somehow gave the lie to the wish I have expressed that our men of letters might have monuments wrought by the hand of Art. Why not always some such burial monument as this, full of the distinction of simplicity, and more expres-

sive of the veneration of hearts which comprehend the master, perhaps, than a grander monument could be? For this moment the thought of Emerson seems to come to me in such words as these: "Go; there shall be no more statues of anybody: they are vain, and sculpture is dead, and art is but an unworthy attempt to spoil the beauty of common things; and if a man has not caused himself to be remembered in the hearts of his fellows, he is not fit to be kept in remembrance." But the contrary thought presently comes over me, with that inevitable Emersonian pendulum-swing. Art is initial, as he has said; it is the spiritual cause which puts beauty into matter; the noble bust of Emerson which I see daily — the statue that I hope some time to see — shall lead me to greet Emerson in the man on the street. "When I have been reading Homer, all men look like giants."

It is pleasing, indeed, to see the memory of Emerson apparently unprofaned by the intrusion of curiosity. His fame, like his body, seems to rest in a kind of boundless peace of nature. But it is inevitable that he must grow in esteem, and a visible memorial of him become almost a necessity. Doubtless there are many who would join me in hoping that there might be a special memorial to honor Emerson the poet as soon as there should be one to honor Emerson the philosopher, if not sooner. Will the debt that American letters owe to Emerson ever be paid? He was one of the few eminent American men of letters who were born in Boston, and certainly Boston owes him a statue; but I have heard of no movement to raise it.

In this same Concord there stands — or still did stand when last I was there — what seems to me an impressive memorial of a very great American man of letters. It is the cairn which has been raised by pilgrim hands at the site of Thoreau's hermitage on the shore of Walden Pond. In this heap of stones

there is one, I believe, which was laid by Walt Whitman; I know there is one that John Burroughs put there, and one from the hand of Bradford Torrey, and two which the ornithologists, Brewster and Faxon, added; many more were put in place by known and unknown disciples. I would certainly rather have contributed a stone to this Thoreau cairn than have given any amount of money to preserve the cabin which Thoreau built there, to be splintered away by souvenir-gatherers. Perhaps this cairn would be the best monument, after all, for Thoreau, if one could but be sure that some thrifty farmer of the neighborhood would not haul it away on a dull day, when other agricultural operations did not bid fair to prosper, to reinforce his barnyard wall. So simple and fitting a memorial needs a love of the common people toward the man to whom it is raised, to protect it, and the common people of New England know not Thoreau as yet.

Though I should say that the talent and discretion of a great sculptor might be depended upon to produce for the Common in Concord a monument of Thoreau which would cast no ridicule on his memory, but should beautifully commemorate his immense literary and philosophical service to his countrymen, I am not, for one, in favor of haste in attempting to provide any such memorial. I should like to see the seed which he sowed fructify a little more abundantly. It is a slow-growing seed, but it holds the ground like an oak. And meantime, I trust that the cairn on the site of his lordly hut will grow, and that even the thrifty farmer of Concord may come to know that the heap of stones means more, even to him, where it stands than it would walling his barnyard.

All the memorials thus far provided in honor of Dr. Holmes have been, I believe, of a private nature. Possibly his death is too recent, as such matters go in this country, to give opportunity for a monument to be much talked about;

such a monument must become a crying matter before it arrives, and in the case of authors a very long time is apt to elapse before the matter cries. A monument to Holmes is a part of the debt which Cambridge owes to its famous native men of letters. I cannot help thinking that the people of this country feel that his service to our literature, in making a place in it for what is genial and graceful as well as wise, was well worthy of a notable memorial. We should, perhaps, lament less in his case than in any other author's the setting up of a personal "shrine," because he never minded intrusion in the least while he lived, and had a familiar personality; but, luckily or unluckily, the one house which could with any propriety have been turned into a Holmes shrine is gone long ago, and for nine months of the year cheerful college boys play various athletic games over the ground where it stood.

The memory of Lowell should be assisted to a monument by the fact that he was in some sense a public man. In this country, though a great man's fame were what it is ten times more through letters than through politics, the political side of it would win him ten statues while the literary side of it was gaining him one. This fact comes very near supplying an absolute test of our people's appreciation of literature. The statues of Franklin and of Edward Everett, in Boston, are cases in point. It was as a man of letters that Benjamin Franklin left his impress upon the world; but I venture to doubt whether statues of him would stand in such number in our cities as they do to-day if he had not been also, during a part of his life, a statesman. Philadelphia, New York, and Boston have statues of Franklin, and other worthy memorials of him exist, such as the great pleasure-ground in Boston which bears his name, and the school for the training of mechanics which is about to be built, and which,

indeed, has been founded by the legacy which he left the town. Philadelphia has not nourished so thriftily the equal fund which he left that town, nor honored him in so many noteworthy and beautiful ways.

As to the second statue which I have mentioned as illustrating the easy honor which a man of letters gains if he become a statesman, that of Edward Everett, it may be said that the attitude of the bronze figure itself (by Story, in the Boston Public Garden), which is that of the traditional legislative orator who demands with hand and voice the eye of Mr. Speaker, — unless, indeed, Wendell Phillips was right in declaring that he is pointing out the road to Brighton, — shuts out all suspicion that it may have been raised partly in honor of a man of letters.

Lowell's fame, I have said, should profit by the fact that he went as minister to Spain and England, — though, like Hawthorne, Motley, Bancroft, and many others, it is not likely that he would ever have been honored thus if he had not first been eminent as a man of letters. However that may be, the matter of a memorial to Lowell does not as yet proceed very brilliantly. As I write, a movement has been on foot for many months to raise a fund for the purchase from Lowell's heirs, for a public pleasure-ground, of the pine grove near his house in Cambridge, of which he has written so delightfully in his essays; but only a small fraction of the money needed has been subscribed. This is a pity. The proposed memorial, though far from being worthy to be considered definitive, would be fitting and beautiful.

William Cullen Bryant's memory has not been neglected. For many years his popularity was certainly great, and it has borne fruit in the park or square in New York city which bears his name and has a bust, — not of him, but of Irving, — and in a monument and memorial library in his native village, Cummington. Pro-

bably no better arrangement of memorial matters is to be expected in the case of a man who, like Bryant, was half poet, half journalist, and whose verse derived its merit from the meditations of a youth sublimely nourished among New England hills, while his life was mainly spent in the conscientious daily service of the people of a great city; and yet one would logically have expected to see his statue reared in that city sooner than one even of Walter Scott. There are many fine busts of Bryant in existence, the most noteworthy being that by Launt Thompson, intended for the Metropolitan Museum at New York, and that by Story, meant for Central Park.

The appreciation of Washington Irving has found its expression in the bust which has already been referred to. I am sure that Sunnyside, his home, near Tarrytown, has been the shrine of a good many pilgrimages, but it remains in private hands. This author's popularity has been attested, and to that extent his memory has been honored, by the bestowal of his name on a great number of small towns and post-offices throughout the country; one of these places, Irvington, is on the Hudson, quite near his old residence.

The only monument to James Fenimore Cooper that I know of is one which was erected by public subscription in a cemetery on the shore of Otsego Lake, near Cooperstown. A mortuary monument can hardly be considered a public memorial; and yet this one has a public character, because it does not mark Cooper's grave, which is in another place, — the Episcopal churchyard at Cooperstown, — because of the manner of its erection, and also because it stands near the spot which was the scene of the opening passage of *The Pioneers*. The name of the town of Cooperstown was not bestowed in his honor, but in that of his father, its founder.

Though Boston's shortcomings in providing memorials of its distinguished

sons have been mentioned, it is fair to say that Boston has probably a greater number of memorials of men of letters than any other city in this country. A fund has been gathered there, chiefly among the clubs, to raise a monument of some kind to the memory of Francis Parkman, on the spot where, for many years, he grew his roses on the shore of Jamaica Pond, within the present limits of Boston. The money is in such hands that a fitting memorial, on a most interesting site, — which is now, by the way, a part of the public park system, — is assured. The Paine Memorial Hall, built by free-thinkers, honors the name of Thomas Paine doubtless in precisely the way he would himself have chosen, namely, in affording a platform open for the discussion at every moment of all manner of new ideas. Funds were raised for a monument to Theodore Parker, and the work on it was partly done; but the monument, in such state as it is, remains, I am told, in a storage warehouse. In the State House yard stands an indifferent statue of Horace Mann, who is honored as an “educator” rather than as a man of letters, but who could never have been an “educator” if he had not also been a man of letters; and a noteworthy school for the deaf also daily honors this most useful teacher’s name. One of the memorials which have been erected to men who were incidentally men of letters, but which, of course, would never have been erected if the men had not also been something else, is the statue of Alexander Hamilton, by Dr. Rimmer; built, I fancy, for one reason, to express a silent protest of Boston’s conservatives against the multiplication of monuments which glorify the revolutionary idea. The statue certainly lacks the spirit of the revolutionary memorials: it is a cold, dead, stony figure, — the “indifferent work of a man of genius,” it has been truly called; it seems to give color, in its ponderous frostiness, to the commonly accepted story that, for

want of a studio, it was modeled in winter in an unwarmed church basement, where the sculptor’s clay froze nightly.

Still another monument — and a most remarkable and beautiful one — owes its existence to something more than the literary renown of its subject. This is the Boyle O’Reilly memorial, by French, which stands in a pleasure-ground in one of Boston’s most fashionable quarters. Few more lovely monuments have ever been erected than this; and it worthily commemorates, to judge from the emblems which it bears, not so much the poet as the Irish patriot and the friend of the common people. However that may be, literature may graciously enough take its part in the honor. If the exceeding beauty and conspicuousness of this memorial seem to establish in O’Reilly’s behalf a renown out of proportion to that which greater American men of letters are awarded, it is only to be answered that the monument does not accuse the reputation of native American men of letters of littleness, but their friends of indifference.

There is at Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, a very worthy monument to another American man of letters, of a secondary rank, who was also in his way a public man. It is the Bayard Taylor Memorial Library, — a fine building, within which, besides the local library, is found a bust of Taylor. It keeps in memory a man of a type of which American letters has reason to be proud, — the country boy, educated through his own efforts, who has proved that scholarship can be attained outside the schools, though possibly not without their aid, and that the steady and faithful endeavor of a conscientious journalist to do his best in his own field may fairly ally journalism with literature.

Another great journalist, Horace Greeley, has attained the extraordinary and somewhat anomalous honor of two statues in a single city. One of these, erected in Printing House Square, New

York, by the printers of the United States, was possibly intended to honor chiefly the working printer who had risen to the eminence of a nomination for the presidency. The other stands in a square which bears his name. Greeley's works between covers are not his greatest title to fame; and yet I am sure he may truly be classed among men of letters.

There is another American author who has won fame abroad, but whose title to monumental honors is likely to be very slow in obtaining recognition at home. I have read in a German review of high standing that this man was a greater metaphysician than Hegel, and in a French review that, compared with his philosophical concept, that of Ernest Renan was as a will-o'-the-wisp. There is a growing impression abroad that he was our very greatest poet; and at home the appreciation and study of a considerable circle are carrying his thoughts and words into the intelligence and feeling of his countrymen. But to the majority he is still a kind of monster. It is almost superfluous to say that there is no talk of a statue to Walt Whitman. I fancy I have, indeed, heard of a movement in a limited field to buy and keep as a kind of "shrine" the poor tenement in which Whitman lived in Camden; but if this were done, the purchase could hardly escape the imputation of having been made for the purpose of casting a reproach on Whitman's contemporaries, which is hardly a worthy purpose of a memorial.

It is possible that I have not mentioned here all the public memorials of American authors that exist, but whether or not there are others, it is true that there are not many. It seems to me that this want is significant of certain things. As a rule, our people are as susceptible to the glamour of letters as

any other. They appear to be quite sufficiently given to the worship of living literary heroes. Their discrimination in the selection of the objects of their adoration has not always been acute; but literary gods they must have. How is it that their sentiment has been on the whole so unstable, so little representative of any demand to be expressed in a concrete way? They have national ideals and aspirations that are deeply felt and steadfast, and they are particularly tenacious of their social, industrial, and economic purposes. Can it be possible that they have felt the influence of an uncertainty of possession with regard to their literature? Have they appreciated, perhaps unconsciously, its colonial character, and been unable to distinguish it sharply from the literature of a mother country which takes care of its own heroes? Has the national appreciation of letters awaited a characteristic expression in them?

I think it would be absurd to assert that such an expression has been quite wanting. It had begun, I am sure, before the Civil War, and the voice of it has been rising day by day since that time. But in the mean time this characteristic expression of the national life has itself been hindered by the want of national or distinctive feeling in other fields of art. So much remains to be thought out and wrought out before the national life shall be roused to the knowledge of itself!

As yet, American public sentiment does not appear fully to comprehend the mission of our authors, and its interest in them remains largely a thing of curiosity. I fear that the honor which it pays to their memory is not great, as evinced either by memorials of them or by its use of their works; and that the ultimate and adequate honor must await the real awakening of the national artistic consciousness.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.

THE JUGGLER.

IV.

THE account which the newspaper made shift to give was but a bald, disjointed recital of the superficial aspect of events to one whose memory could so well reproduce the vivid fact; and where memory and experience failed him, his imagination, conversant with the status depicted, could paint the scene with the tints of actuality. A recent steamboat accident on the great Mississippi River had resulted in much loss of life. The words, as Euphemia droned them, still holding the newspaper with both arms outstretched, brought back to one of her listeners the sensation of forging tremulously along in midstream at nightfall, the shimmer of the shaking chandeliers of the great flimsy floating palace, the white interior of the ladies' cabin, with the "china finish" of the painted and paneled walls, its velvet carpets and furniture, its grand piano. He heard anew the throb of the engines, and the rush of water from the great revolving wheels; he had the sense, too, of the immensity of the vast river, gleaming with twinkling points of light close at hand, where the waves caught the glitter from the illuminated craft, and tossed it from one to another as the surges of the displaced water broke about the hull; further away could be seen the swift current hurrying on, a different dusky tint from the darkness: and still further, where the limits of vision were reached, one had even yet some subtle realization of that unceasing irresistible flow, although unseen and unheard. He remembered leaning over the guards and idly watching a number of mules on the deck below, crowded so thickly that they seemed only a dark restlessly stirring mass, until at some landing, when they were excited by the clamors of the roustabouts loading

on more cotton, the pallid glare of the electric light rendered distinguishable the tossing snorting heads and wild dilated eyes. An ill-starred cargo! The frantic struggles of this animated mass caused much loss of human life; many a bold swimmer might have made the land but for the uncontrolled plunging of those heavy hoofs. And there was no lack of light to reveal the full horrors of the fate: those huge piles of bales of blazing cotton illumined the river for twenty miles. How unprescient, how strangely stolid, the human organism, the phlegmatic mind, the insensate soul, that no nerve, no faint tremor of fear or forecast, no vague presentiment, heralded the moment when every condition of life was reversed!

Up in the pilot-house he was now, with the captain and the pilot and the great shadowy wheel. The ladies had all vanished, leaving the cabin below deserted and a trifle forlorn. Once he had taken his way through those sacred precincts, affecting to be searching for some one; and so he was, — to discover if any one there was worth looking at twice: and this he esteemed a justifiable if not a laudable enterprise, for were the ladies not welcome to look at him? His trim business suit he felt was quite the correct thing. He had entire confidence in his tailor, and he swore by his barber! His proper thankfulness to his Creator, too, was not impaired by any morbid self-depreciation. With his strong, alert, handsome figure, his dark red-brown hair, his eyes the same tint, only kindled into fire, his long dark lashes, his drooping mustache, and the features with which nature had taken some very particular pains, — the ladies were quite welcome not to turn their heads away, if they chose.

However, his vanity was not insatiable.

He had made his triumphal progress through the circle earlier in the evening, and now he was relishing the captain's surprised laughter at sundry feats that he was exhibiting with a silver dollar and a goblet which did not always hold water. It was empty and inverted one moment; then, with no human approach to it, the silver dollar was under it, glimmering affably through the thin glass. It seemed the problem of life to the jolly captain to discover how this was done, and, being an ambitious wight, he assured his passenger, with a wild wager of ten dollars to nothing, that, after the boat left this landing, he would be able to do the trick himself before they made another landing. Before they made another landing he was initiated into deeper mysteries.

The boat was heading slowly for the shore. For the whistle, in loud husky amplitudes of sound, overpowering when heard so close at hand, had broken abruptly on the air, and the echoes of all the wild moss-draped cypress woods on either hand were answering the accustomed sound through the dark aisles of the swamp. To many a far cabin up lonely bayous they carried the note of the progress of "de big boat up de ribber." The great tremulous craft was swinging majestically round in mid-stream. Now and again sounded the sharp jangling of the pilot's bell. Then the boat paused with a quivering shock, backed, veered to one side, approached the shore, paused again, and then smoothly glided forward, trembled anew, and was still.

He had gone out on the hurricane deck. The wind blew fresh from the opposite shore; he was sensible of a certain attraction in the aspect of the gloom which was as above a darkling sea, for the further bank was hardly visible by day, and utterly effaced by night. The stars were in the water as well as in the sky. He looked up at them above the two dusky columns of the boat's chimneys,

which were bejeweled now with swinging lights. The sudden stillness of the machinery gave one to hear the sounds from the land. A crane clanged out a wild woodsy cry from somewhere in the darkness. An owl, hooting from the farther bank, sent its voice of ill omen far along the currents of the great deep silent river. The clamor from the landing caught his attention, and he turned back to look down at the cluster of twinkling lights, — for the place was a mere hamlet. And but for the shifting of his attitude, — oh, could he but have contented his gaze with the sad spring night by the riverside, the lonely woods, the waste of waters, the reflection of the stars in the depths and the stars themselves in the infinite heights of the dark sky, — could this have sufficed, he said to himself as the girl read aloud the story of his fate, he might be living now.

For alive as the man looked, he was dead!

And the end of Lucien Royce — for this was his real name — came to pass in this way.

That night, as he shifted his position on the hurricane deck, a young fellow coming up the broad landing-stage amongst the neighborhood loafers bound to take a drink at the bar of every passing steamboat, caught sight of him in the fitful glare of the lights ashore and the steadier radiance of those on the boat, and lifted his voice in a friendly hail. This young fellow was very visible in the warm spring afternoon in the far-away mountains, where he had never been. The juggler inadvertently glanced down at the russet shoes on his feet, for this man had then stood in them. It was he who wore, that night, the long blue hose, the blue flannel shirt, the black-and-red blazer, the knickerbockers, and the tan-colored belt, which was drawn an eyelet or so tighter now, for the juggler was sligher of build. Notified by the whistle of the boat of its approach, he had come down to the land-

ing on his bicycle, merely for the break in the monotony of plantation life. Royce remembered how this other fellow had looked in this toggery, grown so familiar, as they stood together at the bar, and he asked of the new-comer more than once what he would take. Very jolly they were together at the bar. It was hard to part. Lucien Royce could scarcely resist the pressing insistence to return at an early day and visit his friend at his sister's place, half a mile back from the river, where he himself was a guest. But John Grayson was the black sheep of an otherwise irreproachable family, and Royce preferred more responsible introduction to make his welcome good. With this hampering thought in mind he was not apt at excuses. John Grayson, noting that he was ill at ease, instantly attributed it to commercial anxiety, and asked, with rude curiosity, how his firm was weathering the flurry. For this was a time of extreme financial stress. A general panic was in progress. Assignments were announced by the dozen daily. The banks were going down one upon another, like a row of falling bricks. With business much extended, with heavy margins to cover and notes for large amounts about to fall due, the cotton commission firm, Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, of St. Louis, of which his late father had been a partner, and of which he was an employee, had made great efforts to collect all the money due them in the lower country, and Lucien Royce had been sent south on this mission. He had succeeded beyond their expectations. Owing to the prevalent total lack of confidence in the banks, he had been instructed to transmit a considerable sum by express. This, however, was promptly attached in the express office at St. Louis to satisfy a claim against the firm; and though they were advised it could not be sustained in court, the proceeding was designed at this crisis to force a compromise in order to release the surplus funds. To furnish security

proved impossible under the circumstances; and the firm being thus balked, Royce telegraphed in cipher to them for authority to bring the remainder home on his person, that it might be in readiness to take up their paper. Although he was rarely troubled by the weight of the money-belt which he thus wore, containing a large sum in bills and specie, he was very conscious of it now when Grayson, who with the rest of the community had heard of the attachment suit, abruptly demanded, with a knitting of his brow, "How in the world do you get your collections to them, if you can't send the money by express or draft?"

Royce controlled his face, and replied evasively, "I think the financial situation is on the mend now. As to the firm, it will pull through all right, no doubt."

John Grayson listened, his auburn head cocked to one side. He winked a roguish dark eye. Then, with a sudden jocose lunge at his friend, he slipped his arm around his waist, feeling there the heavy roll of the belt, and burst into rollicking laughter. The scuffling demonstration — for Royce had violently resisted — was eyed with stately disapproval by an elderly planter of the old régime, who possessed now more manners than means; evidently contrasting the public "horse-play," as he doubtless considered it, of these representatives of the present day with the superior deportment of the youth of the punctilious past.

Lucien Royce remembered how secretly perturbed he had been after this, for he knew that Grayson drank to excess and talked wildly in his cups; and although, in view of his own safety, he would hardly have cared to make public the character of his charge, he realized with positive dismay that it might be fatal to the interests of the firm should he encounter some legal process at the wharf in St. Louis, the result of this discovery.

But he was simple-hearted, after all. He did not suspect John Grayson of

aught dishonorable. His friend was a "black sheep," to be sure, but there are gradations in this sombre moral tint. To his puritanical elders Grayson was dyed in the wool. To the world at large he was a fine young fellow, of excellent forbears, merely sowing his wild oats, — a crop which many people have harvested in early years with scant profit, it is true, but without derogation to common honesty and repute.

And who knows but that only with the opportunity came the temptation? — that the turpitude of the crime was inso-much the less because it was not deliberate and premeditated? Certain it was that Grayson's cry of amazement and his plunge toward the guards were very like the precipitancy of dismay when he found that the huge boat was sheering off; she was turning as he dashed down the stair, and was headed once more on her course when he realized that in their conviviality he and his friend had failed to hear the sonorous panting of the engines again astir, the jangling of the bell, the heavy plashing of the buckets striking the water as the wheels revolved anew, and that the landing was now a mile down the river.

The captain showed much polite concern when the two young men resorted hastily to the "texas" and found him seated at a table, eying, with an air of great cunning and a robust intention to solve the mystery forthwith, a silver dollar which was securely invested under an inverted glass goblet, and which, so far as his powers were capable of extricating it thence, save by the rule of thumb, as it were, was the safest silver dollar ever known.

He desisted from this occupation for the moment to master the new perplexity that confronted him, and to express his most affable and ceremonious regret; for his boat carried all the cotton shipped from the rich sister's plantation, and the dictates of policy aided his constitutionally kindly disposition.

"Why, I would n't have kidnapped you this way for" — his eye fell on the bit of silver shining through the goblet — "for a dollar," he concluded modestly. "I'll put you ashore in the yawl, if you like. I would turn down-stream and land again, but" — he faced half round from the table, with the lightness characteristic of some portly men, and sat with one hand on the back of the chair, and the other on the goblet — "but the truth is I'm running pretty much on one wheel; there was an accident to the other before we were a hundred miles from New Orleans, and with this wind blowing straight across the river it's mighty difficult getting out from the left bank; she can hardly climb against the current."

John Grayson appeared for a moment to contemplate the suggestion of going ashore in the yawl. The wind came in a great gust through the towering chimneys, the lights flickered, the texas seemed to rock upon the superstructure of the hurricane deck. "I don't believe I care to be on the river in a yawl in this wind, this dark night," he said, evidently debating the matter within himself.

"Then go to St. Louis and back with us!" exclaimed the hospitable captain. "Shan't cost you a cent, of course. We'll make our next landing a little after midnight, I reckon, and I'll telegraph Mrs. Halliday from there."

The jovial evening seemed to the juggler, as he sat staring at the girl reading aloud, with eyes blank of expression and that introverted look which follows mental processes rather than material objects, like an experience in another planet, so far away it was, as if so long ago. He remembered that he scarcely dared to touch a glass, with the consciousness of the treasure he carried in the belt he wore and all its interdependent interests, but John Grayson drank blithely enough, and the generous liquor relaxed beyond all precedent his loosely hinged tongue. Lucien Royce kept close

by his side as he wandered about the boat, having developed a fear that he would tell the secret that had come so unwarrantably into his possession; and when the captain asked as a favor that, on account of the crowded condition of the boat, Royce would share his stateroom with the guest, he acceded at once, preferring to have Grayson able to talk only to him until such time as he should be once more duly sober.

He consigned the guest to the upper berth, thinking that thus Grayson could not leave the stateroom without his knowledge. He lay awake by a great effort until he was sure from the snores of his jovial friend that Grayson was asleep; and when he dropped into slumber himself, as he was young and tired, having been much in the open air that day, to which he was unaccustomed in his clerical vocation, he slept like a log.

His consciousness was renewed, after a blank interval, with the sense of being awakened in his berth by a violent jar, and of striving to rouse himself, and of falling asleep again. Another interval of blankness, and he remembered definitely the grasp of John Grayson's hand on his shoulder, roughly shaking him, with the terrified announcement that there was something the matter. He experienced a sort of surprise that John Grayson was in the stateroom; then — it was strange that his mind should have thus taken cognizance of trifles — he recalled the crowded condition of the boat, and realized that his friend was leaping down from the upper berth. He stated, with drowsy dignity, that he did not care a damn what was the matter; that he had paid for his stateroom, which was more than *some* people could say, and that he expected to be allowed to sleep in it, or he would give bond that he would know the reason why.

The next thing of which he was aware was a flash of light in the room. The door had opened from the saloon, and a clerk had put in his head to say that

there was no danger. The boat had struck a snag, it was true, but the damage was slight. Somehow Royce slept but lightly after this. The unreasoning sense of impending misfortune had come to him at last. Presently he was awake and conscious that he was alone. He lifted himself on his elbow and listened. What was that low roar? The wind? That sound of banging timbers must be the flapping of shutters or doors as the gust rushed across the river. He heard a clamor on the boiler deck. Voices? — or was it the wind, screaming wildly as it went? And why did they run the engines at that furious rate? He could feel the strain of the machinery in the very floor under his feet.

As he slipped out of the lower berth he perceived that the gray dawn was in the contracted little room, and he could see through the glass of the door opening on the guards the tawny-tinted stretches of water, the sad-hued cypress woods on a distant bank, draped with fog as well as with hanging moss, and down the stream the whiter tints of an island of sand covered with sparse vegetation, locally known as a "tow-head," for which the disabled boat was running with every pound of pressure which the engines could carry. There was, in truth, something the matter, for the tow-head would have been given a wide berth in a normal state; getting aground, when the less of two evils, showed a crisis indeed.

He looked about hastily for his clothes. They were gone, and in their place John Grayson's toggery lay in a heap. In his panic and the darkness Grayson had probably caught the garments nearest to his hand. His deserted friend hastily invested himself in the suit of clothes that John Grayson had left. As he was drawing on the blazer, suddenly a hoarse cry smote his ear. "No bottom!" sang out the leadsman. They were taking soundings. "No-o bottom!" And he felt the vibrations of the tone in the very fibres of his quaking heart.

He plunged out at the door on the guards, and as he stood there gasping for a moment he realized the situation. The boat was sinking fast; evidently in striking a snag the craft had sprung a leak. He saw on the deck the frightened passengers huddled together, here and there a man anxiously fastening life-preservers on the women and children of his kindred. Again the leadsman's cry, "No-o bottom!" floated mournfully over the water, and the frantic panting of the engines seemed redoubled. He saw the captain, cool and collected, at his post; the other officers appeared now and again in the group of passengers, soothing, reassuring, and doubtless their lies were condoned for the mercy of the intention. As he passed on amongst them all, nowhere did he catch a glimpse of John Grayson. "If I did n't know the fellow would n't play such a fool trick at such a time, I'd think he was dodging me," he muttered. The next moment he had forgotten him utterly.

"Deep four!" called the leadsman.

As Royce listened he stood still, holding his breath in suspense.

"Mark three!" cried out the leadsman, sounding again.

Royce heard the plunging of his heart as distinctly as the echoes clanging from the shore. But suddenly they were blended with a new refrain, — "A quarter twain!"

He gave a great sigh of relief, and checked it midway to listen anew.

"Mark twain!" called the leadsman, with a new intonation.

There was no longer doubt, — they were in shallow water. A great exclamation of delight rose from the crowd. The very hope was like a rescue, — the relief from the blank despair! Here and there the hysterical sobbings of the women told of the slackening of the tension of suspense.

"Quarter less twain!" cried the leadsman, sounding anew.

The juggler remembered how free he

had felt, how safe. The boat, even if her engines could not run her aground, would soon settle in shallow water, and rescue would come with some passing steamer.

A blinding glare, a thunderous detonation that seemed to shatter his every nerve, and he was weltering in the river; now sinking down with a sense of the weight of infinite fathoms of water upon him, and now mechanically trying to strike out with an unreasoning instinct like an animal's. When he could understand what had happened he was swimming fairly well, although greatly hampered by the clinging blazer that John Grayson had left on the floor, and which he now wore. The long reaches of the river, the shore, the dim dawn, were all lighted with a lurid glare; for the boat had taken fire with the explosion of the overstrained boiler. The roar of the flames mingled with the heart-rending screams of those whom hope had so cruelly deluded. But the sounds were all faint at the distance, and he never could understand how he had been thrown, unhurt, so far away. He saw none of the human victims of the disaster. Only now and again charred timbers, shooting by on the current, threatened him, and to avoid them necessitated some skillful management. A far greater danger was the proximity of two horses, also gallantly swimming, who followed him with loud whinnies of inquiry and distress, appealing in their way for aid and guidance, leaning on the human-kind as if recognizing his superior capacity. More than once, one of them, a spirited mare, intended for new triumphs at the Louisville races, swam in front of him, as if to say, "Mount, and let us gallop off on dry ground;" deflecting his course, which was already beset with abnormal difficulties. For when almost exhausted, he saw that the land he was approaching, half veiled with the gray fog, was a bluff bank, thirty feet high at least, and as far as eye could

reach up and down the river there was no lower ground. To scale it was impossible. His heart sank within him. He felt that his stroke was the feebleness when hope no longer nerved it. All was over. In his despair he could hardly make another effort. And although he had feared the horses, with their lashing hoofs and their unearthly cries, when the mare — the more importunate in dumb insistence that he would succor them — threw up her head, and with a wild inarticulate cry went struggling down into the depths to rise no more, he felt a choking sob in his throat, his eyes were blurred, he could scarcely keep his head above the surface. If he were further conscious, the faculty was not coupled with that of memory, for he never knew how he came to be in a flatboat floating swiftly down the stream from the scene of the disaster, and he never saw his remaining comrade again. Once more there came an interval void of perception; then he was vaguely aware that the flatboat was tied up in the bight of a bend, the shadowy cypresses towered above it, — he heard their waving boughs, — the water lapped about it in the swift flow of the ceaseless current; then blankness again, and he never knew how long this continued.

One morning he awoke, restored to his senses, in a bunk against the wall, and he discovered that the flatboat was not tied up to the shore in the place where it had been; he felt the motion of the river under it, and he knew that the flimsy craft with the rickety little cabin in its centre was afloat upon the stream. Every pulse of the current set his own pulses a-quiver. The very proximity of the fearful river caused a physical terror that his mind could not control. It was only by a mighty wrench that his thoughts could be forced from the subject, and fixed as an alternative on his surroundings. The interior of the cabin consisted of two apartments: one for bunks and cooking purposes; the other,

apparently, from the glimpse through a door, fitted up as a store, with small wares, such as threads and perfumery, soaps and canned goods, and showy imitation jewelry calculated to take the eye and the earnings of the negroes at the various landings where the craft, locally called the "trading-boat," tied up. Through a further door he had an outlook upon the deck. An elderly woman with rough red arms was sitting there on a stool, peeling potatoes; a half-grown boy, cross-legged on the floor, tailor-wise, was sawing away on an old fiddle. Beyond still was the vast spread of the tawny-tinted rippling floods and the sad hues of the nearer shore. Lucien Royce recoiled at the very sight and turned away his eyes. Within, much of the wearing apparel of the proprietors dangled from the rafters. There were bunks on the opposite wall, imperfectly visible through the smoke from the tiny stove, which, despite a great crackling of driftwood, seemed to labor with an imperfect draft. Two men were seated close to it, and were talking with that security which presumes no alien ear to listen. A certain crime of robbery absorbed their interest, and Royce gathered that, fearing that they might be implicated in it, they had silently fled from the locality before their presence was well recognized. They had evidently had naught to do with it. They only wished they had!

A great swag it was, to be sure. The man had worn a money-belt, — a rare thing in these times. Heavy it must have been and drawn tight, for both hands had stiffened on its fastenings as if striving to tear it off. Its weight had doubtless drowned him. It was no joke to swim the Mississippi at high water, completely dressed and with a tight belt stuffed with money — gold or silver? And how much could the sum have been? Whenever this point was broached, a glitter of greed was in the eyes of each which made the grizzled-bearded faces alike despite

the variations of contour and feature. Always a long pause of silent speculation ensued, and whenever the supposititious sum total was mentioned, it had augmented in the interval. No one knew where the man went down; the body—the face beaten and bruised by floating timbers out of all semblance to humanity—had been swept upon a sand-bar. There some pirates of the river-bank had found it, had cut the belt open, had taken the money and fled, leaving the empty belt to tell its own futile story. At this point the flatboatmen would pause, and once more gloomily shake their heads and spit tobacco juice on the tiny stove, till it was as vocal as a frying-pan, and obviously wish that the chance had been theirs.

Thus it was that Lucien Royce had been apprised of John Grayson's death and of the loss of the funds with which he himself had been entrusted. Until this moment he had never missed the belt. Doubtless Grayson had taken it from him at the first alarm of striking the snag before the dawn, when he vainly sought to rouse his friend to a sense of danger. Was it possible, he marveled, that Grayson, leaving him to drown, as he supposed, had thought that the good money need not be wasted? Had its custodian been rescued, however, probably Grayson would have restored it; otherwise suspicion would have fallen upon him, since they had occupied the same stateroom. But if not, if Lucien Royce's body had gone to the bottom of the river, and no one the wiser that the money-belt did not go with it,—was it upon this chance, in that supreme moment of terror, that Grayson had had the forethought to act? He was not a man who made much account of the rights of others where his own comfort or his own pleasure was at stake. But his life,—did he risk the precious moment that might mean existence to save a sum of money for a St. Louis commission firm of which he did not know a

single member? Would he have jeopardized his chances in the water with this weight, with this fatally close-gripping python of a belt, for a mere commercial matter? It was needless to argue the question. Royce knew right well, both then and now, that in no event, had he not survived, did Grayson intend to restore the money. Evidently the idea had flashed upon him when, in seeking to rouse his companion, his hands came in contact with the belt and the opportunity was his own. And so Grayson had gone to his death, drowned by the weight and the pressure of the stolen money. It seemed a grim sort of justice that by the last movements of his hands in life, the last effort of his will, he sought to tear it off, to cast it from him, as he went down into the hopeless depths.

Royce experienced hardly a regret for his false friend,—not more than a physical pang of sympathy, an involuntary shudder, his very nerves instinct with the terror of the water. Had Grayson not tampered with a secret not his own, the belt would now be safe. Royce himself had had the strength to sustain the weight in the water. He was used to it, and its size had been carefully adjusted to his slender figure. He had felt no irking in wearing it. Now the money was gone,—the belt was found on another man. They would seem to have been confederates in the robbery of the fund. He was responsible for it. He could not reasonably account for its being out of his own possession without incriminating himself. Should he seek to inculcate the dead man alone, he was aware that the fact that Grayson could not speak for himself would speak for him. Nothing could palliate the circumstance that the belt was found on another man than its proper custodian, and that the leather had been slit and the money extracted. He would have to account for this, and improbable excuses would not go far with men smarting under a

ruinous loss from the carelessness or the drunkenness or the cupidity of their employee. He could not go back. He could never face the firm!

So light of heart he had always been, so light of heels, so light, so very light of head, that the anguish which pierced him at the idea of the loss of public esteem, of his commercial honor, of the confidence of the firm, involved in his seeming failure of probity, subacutely amazed him at its keen poignancy. He had hardly known how he valued these spiritual, immaterial assets. More than life, — far, far more than life! He began to condemn the struggle he had made in the water; he had been wondering and calculating, with an early gleam of consciousness and an athlete's stalwart vanity, how far he had swum, how long he had sustained himself in the great flood; for what purpose, he thought now, what melancholy purpose, to save his life for the ignominy of an episode behind the bars for breach of trust, embezzlement, robbery — he hardly cared what might be the technical rank of the crime of which he would so certainly be accused. Every reflection brought confirmations of the popular suspicion which would be so false, and which could not, alas, be disproved. With a mechanical review, as of a life when it is closed, sundry gambling escapades of John Grayson's recurred to his mind, in which he had been nearly concerned and which had attained a certain degree of notoriety. On one occasion, indeed, when he was younger and more easily led by his friend, a gambling establishment had been raided by the police, the two had been among the captured players, and being arraigned, although under false names, were nevertheless recognized. The exploit was so well bruited abroad that the senior member of the firm, who had been a friend and a partner of his father's, had given him what the old gentleman was pleased to term a "remonstrance," and what he himself denominated a "blistering."

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"Mark my words," had been its conclusion, "that fellow Grayson will ruin you." Was it possible that this prophet of evil would fail to note the fulfillment of his prognostication? Would this event give no color to the supposition that he had been gambling with the money, that Grayson had won it, and then was drowned and robbed?

Oh, why, why had he so struggled to save his wretched life? The terrors of the water no longer shook his nerves. As he noted the trembling of the little craft, — the flimsiest thing, he thought, that he had ever seen afloat, — he said to himself that it would be the luckiest event that ever had befallen him should the flatboat suddenly disintegrate, timber from timber, on the swelling centre of the tide, engulfing him never to rise again. "I would not move a hand to save my life. I wish I were dead," he said, his white face turned to the wall. "I wish I were dead." And then he realized that he had his wish. He was dead.

For the men were talking again, with a morbid revolving around the subject. From their disjointed dialogue it appeared that the "stiff" was not on the sand-bar now; it had been removed in obedience to a telegram from a firm in St. Louis, — Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, cotton commission merchants. One of their clerks had come down by train on the other side of the river, "nigh tore up" about the belt and the loss of the money. He knew the man from his clothes and the color of his hair and eyes, — "there was no other way to know him, he was such a s'prisin' bruised-up sight." This clerk had once given the man a meerschaum pipe that was in the breast-pocket yet, and some papers were dried off, and read and identified. He was shipped by train. They would bury him where he came from. The firm and its employees would turn out, probably, and do the handsome thing. "Good for trade, I reckon," remarked the pro-

prietor of the flatboat store, with an appreciation of sentiment as an agent of profit.

"What's the man's name?" demanded the other.

"He never left no name as I heard. He loafed round Kyarter's sto' over thar in the bend awhile, an' a nigger rowed him over in a dugout to see the stiff, an' he give his orders an' put out fur the up-country quick."

"I ain't talkin' 'bout *him*. I mean the stiff. What was the stiff's name?"

"Oh, Royce. Lucien Royce, — that's the stiff's name. Lucien Leonard Royce."

And thus it was that the juggler realized that he was dead.

He had made haste to leave the trading-boat as soon as he could stand, however unsteadily, on his feet. And the boatmen were not ill pleased to see him go. The humane search for all survivors of the wreck and the rescue of the bodies had been in progress for some days, but with a vague terror of implication in crime which must indeed be appalling to the poor, who believe that justice is meted out according to the price the victim can pay for it, the flatboatmen were drifting night and day further and further away from the dreaded locality. When they had chanced to meet the skiffs sent out by the search-parties for victims of the disaster, they had said naught of the man whom they had rescued, who lay between life and death in the bunk. They had even relinquished the opportunity of "scrapping" about the waters for floating articles, of scant value in themselves, hardly worth the gathering of them together by the owners, but precious indeed to those of so restricted opportunities, — tins of edibles, cutlery, bedding, cooking utensils, bits of furniture, table-ware, garments, and the like. Once a stranger had boarded the craft, but he came no further than the door of the store, where he was furnished with a flask of whiskey needed for a half-drowned man lying hard by

on a sand-bar. So when their guest was at last on his feet again they bade him farewell with a right good will, and the trifle of change that was in the pocket of poor John Grayson's knickerbockers was a superfluity to their satisfaction.

They set Royce ashore one night at a point which they stated was a half mile from the railroad; it seemed a league or more through the dense oak forests, clear of undergrowth, level as a park, before he sighted a red lantern and saw an empty box car on a siding near a great tank. There was apparently not another soul in the world, so unutterably lonely was the spot. He clambered into the car, knowing that he could not well play the rôle of tramp on any discerning train-man while wearing Grayson's expensive russet shoes, albeit somewhat the worse for water, and his natty knickerbockers, blazer, and shirt. He would invent some story and beg a ride. He lay down behind a pile of bagging, and when he awoke he saw that the car was moving rapidly, that it was half full of freight, that the afternoon sun was streaming in dusty bars through the chinks in the door, that he must have traversed many a mile of the inland country from the scene of the disaster; so many miles that, the next morning, when the car was opened in the yard of the freight depot of a small town, the whole landscape was as strange to him as if he had entered a new world. Great purple mountains, wooded to their crests, encircled the horizon, itself seeming lifted to a great height, after the low-lying skies of the swamp country; and now and again, where the summits fell to lower levels, further visions of enchanted heights in ethereal tints of blue and alluring sun-flooded slopes met his gaze. There was a river, too, narrow, smoothly flowing, but cliff-bound, crystal-clear in a rocky channel that curved between the mountains it reflected. The sunshine was so dazzling that he made scant shift to see the freight-hands, who, in moving the cargo, discov-

ered him. The first demonstration of the yardmaster was wrathful bluster because of the impudent device of the supposed tramp and his success in stealing a ride. But as Lucien Royce rose to his feet, and his costume of a young gentleman of bucolic proclivities taking his ease and dispensing with ceremony became visible, he was received with banter and laughter. He was presumed to be engaged in some kind of adolescent escapade, — stealing a ride for a wager, perhaps; and as, with his quick intelligence, he perceived this fact, he answered in the same vein. He leaped out of the car, made his way from the yard and up the main street of the town, and when, reaching its opposite extremity, he was out in the country, he walked as if for his life. All day long he trudged at the top of his speed. Pedestrianism had been one of his many fads, and he wished more than once for his pedometer, that he might have his score to boast of and break the record of the pedestrian club of which he was an active member; and then he would check himself suddenly, remembering that it was decreed that he should never see his old comrades again. He was dead! His safety imperatively required that he should remain dead. Apparently he left the sunshine behind him; the wind flagged and fell back; only certain clouds in some intimate converse with the summits of the mountains piled tier on tier above them, so darkly purple that sometimes he could hardly tell which was earth and which was sky. Always, as he clambered over the flank of some great ridge and looked upon the deep dells of the valley, these clouds were already crossing it, and rising, peak on peak and towering height over height, above the crest of the mountains still beyond. In one of these sequestered nooks among the vast ranges, when the swift lightnings were unleashed and the thunder reverberated from dome to dome and the weighty rain fell in tumultuous torrents, he dragged his stumbling feet

to a lighted window dimly flickering in the gloom, and found the latch-string of Tubal Cain Sims's door on the outside, as the hospitable mistress of the cabin said it always should be, as she welcomed the wayfarer.

And thus it came to pass that within a fortnight after the disaster the juggler sat listening to the miller's daughter as she read the account of the terrible death of young Lucien Royce. He could have given the journalist many points on the detail of the accident. But his mind ceased its retrospection, and he hearkened with keen interest, for one so very dead, to the narrative of the supplemental events occurring in the city of his home. As Euphemia droned drearily on, he gathered that the firm had made an assignment, the result of the loss of the funds of which Lucien Royce had been robbed, and their consequent inability to take up their paper. The amount was stated at thrice the reality, and his lips curved with a scornful wonder as to whether this was a commercial device to render the failure more seemly and respectable, or was merely due to the magnifying proclivities natural to the race of reporters. "It lets the house down easier, — that's one good thing," he reflected. And then he checked himself, marveling if other people who were dead could not dis sever their interests and affections from those subjects and associations that had once enthralled them. "It must take a long time to get thoroughly acclimated to another world," he thought, realizing that the impulse of satisfaction which he experienced because the "break" had its justification in the eyes of the commercial world was the loyal sentiment to the firm shared by every man on their pay-roll. "We could have weathered the flurry easily enough but for this," he knew the various employees were all severally saying to their personal friends and such of the general public as came within their opportunity. It seems that cynicism is not a growth

exclusively native to this sphere, for he presently found himself attributing to a wish to fix general attention on this subject of the loss of the money the firm's elaborate attention to the details of the obsequies of their unfortunate employee. But they would not overdo it, he realized even before Euphemia, hobbling painfully among words whose existence had hitherto been undreamed of by her, and whose structure would serve to render them obsolete forever in her vocabulary after this single usage, had reached the description of the funeral arrangements. He had feared she would flag, and would thus balk his palpitating curiosity; but the mournful pageantry of death has its fascination to certain temperaments, and it is fair to say she would not have read so long, nor would Tubal Sims and his wife have waking listened, had the theme been more cheerful.

No, the firm would not overdo it. They were men of good taste and acumen. The public was suddenly given to remember that Lucien Royce's deceased father had been a member of the firm for many years, and much of the quondam prosperity had been due to his sagacity and sterling qualities. The young man's inherited interest in the business was of course swamped with the rest. And all this made the presence of each of the partners and of all the employees, together with large and showy floral tributes at St. — Church, the more appropriate and natural. As no simple interment could have done, however, it had also riveted attention on that especial feature, the loss of the money, which was in itself calculated to excite much sympathy and commiseration in the commercial heart, and to be of service in securing a composition with creditors and the possibility of continuance.

"They need n't have been so mighty particular," he said to himself a moment afterward, his eyes bright and shining, the color in his cheeks. "I could have

gotten up a big enough blow-out all by myself."

For that meed of popularity which many better men never achieve had been a gratuitous gift to Lucien Royce, who had never done aught to deserve it or given it a thought in his life. His gay young friends were bereaved. All experiencing a sense of personal loss, all struck aghast with dismay and pity, those attended in a body who were of his many clubs and societies, and others singly if they happened to be merely friends outside the bonds of fraternities. The church was densely thronged; a wealth of flowers filled the chancel. The words of a popular hymn were sung by a member of the Echo Quartet, a singer of local renown, to an air composed by the late Lucien Royce, — so pathetic, with such sudden minor transitions, such dying falls (it had been a love-song, and he had written the words as well as the music), that the congregation were in tears as they listened.

"Ah ha, my fine first tenor!" the juggler said to himself in prideful triumph at the praise of print. "And how about that final phrase of each refrain that you persisted ought to resolve itself into the major, and not the minor chord? Oh, oh! Mightily pleased to stand up before a big crowd and sing it now, for all its faulty harmony!"

But if he had already been gratified, he was shortly delighted. The account digressed to the personal qualities of the deceased, his great popularity, the high esteem in which he was held by his business associates, the great affection which his personal friends entertained for him, the extraordinary versatility of his talents. He was a wonderful athlete for an amateur. (The juggler listened with a critical jealous ear to the detail of certain feats of lifting, walking, and swimming. "I can break that record now," he muttered.) He was a very acceptable amateur actor. He sang delightfully, and composed charming songs with words

of considerable merit ; in fact, he had a gift of light, easy versification. He was hospitable and joyous, and fond of entertaining his friends, to whom he was much attached, — the more as he was so alone in the world, having no near kindred since the death of his father. There was no bitterness in his mirth ; he laughed with you rather than at you. (“Don’t be too sure of that,” said the juggler, in his sleeve.) He was wonderfully quick in learning, even quick in acquiring any mechanical art that struck his attention. He had really become a skillful prestidigitator (how the juggler blessed the six-pronged unpronounceable word as Euphemia struggled to take hold of it, and finally left it as incomprehensible!) : and this came about partly through his extraordinary quickness, and partly because no one could resist his fascinating *bonhomie*, and many a traveling artist in legerdemain had imparted his professional secrets to him from sheer good will and liking. He was the same to all classes : he had an easy capacity for adapting himself to the company he was in for the time being, as if it were his choice. Many a pleasant haunt of his friends would lack its relish after this, and it would be long before the name or face of Lucien Royce would be forgotten in St. Louis city.

“Well,” mused the juggler, with a sigh, as the reading concluded, “it’s worth dying once in a while, to get a send-off like that.”

“Pore young man!” ejaculated Mrs. Sims, looking up with a sigh too, the relief from the long tension, her big

creased solemn face bereft of every dimple.

The juggler caught himself hastily. “The paper does n’t say what Sabbath-school he was a member of,” he observed, with mock seriousness.

“That’s a fac’,” returned Euphemia, unfolding the upper part of the journal to re-peruse with a searching eye the portion relating to biographical detail. After an interval of vain scrutiny she remarked, “Nor it don’t say nuther whether he war a member o’ the Hard-Shell Baptis’ or Missionary or Methody.”

“He mought be a sinner, an’ the paper don’t like ter say it, him bein’ dead,” wheezed Mrs. Sims lugubriously, intuitively seizing upon a salient point of polite modern journalism. The anxious speculation in her fat overclouded countenance was painful to see, for Mrs. Sims believed in a material hell with a plenitude of brimstone and blue blazes.

“I dare say he *was* a sinner!” exclaimed the juggler, with his manner of half-mocking banter. “Poor Lucien Royce!”

Only late that night, when all the house was still, and darkness was among the sombre mountains, and the absolute negation of vision seemed to nullify all the world, did his mood change. He lay staring with unseeing eyes into the void blackness about him, yet beholding with a faculty more potent than sight the decorated chancel, the clergyman in his robes, the crowds of sympathetic faces, the black casket with the funeral wreaths covering it, — the hideous mockery that it all was, the terrible hoax!

Charles Egbert Craddock.

PARK-MAKING AS A NATIONAL ART.

THE parks and park systems are the most important artistic work which has been done in the United States. Architecture, sculpture, and painting have found adequate expression in this country, but, however good has been the work accomplished, no one can claim that our builders and artists have advanced their arts farther than these have ever been carried before. They would be the first to admit that even in their most successful productions they have been eminent disciples rather than masters. But there remains a fourth art, truly inexhaustible, in which, as in all the others, the aim is the production of beauty; and in this there is offered a fair field for such genius as it may inspire, where there are unrivaled natural advantages to stimulate artistic imagination, and few competitors to encounter. Certain it is that of this art, at least, we have not heard the last word, for its possibilities are unsounded, its future is unforeseen. In it there will always be full play for that exuberant, fanciful, large expression which is akin to the expansive taste of the American people, and no one can point to all its ways as trodden before.

Moreover, it is safe to say that in this art America has produced one preëminent artist; for in the opinion of competent judges it is held that in conception and execution of an exquisite ideal in landscape gardening, in mastery of practical detail and recognition of the larger moral aspects of great and beautiful public pleasure-grounds, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted has touched the highest point yet reached by any creator of picturesque scenery; and it is claimed that, largely owing to his inspiring genius, the park systems of the United States are in conception unrivaled in the world.

Different estimates have been made by noted writers of the relation of land-

scape gardening to other arts; some, like Girardin, believing that it can create a scenery "more pure, more expressive, than any that is found in nature herself," a view shared by Alison and Whately; while others limit its scope to producing merely picturesque and harmonious beauty such as we associate with ancient palaces and manor-houses. The primary idea is that a park should represent a quiet scene diversified with woods and water and gently rolling meadow, which, restricted often by bounds or hemmed in by unsightly and inharmonious surroundings, cannot lend itself to uncontrolled imaginative treatment; but in the gigantic reservations of our great country, comprising as they do cataract and mountain, forest and mighty river, it is possible that landscape art may have a stupendous future, now but dimly to be descried as a wonderful prospect. Its application contains the essence of all art, which is that the controlling hand of man shall enhance and glorify nature by framing her pictures in an appropriate setting, and so link the wild and magnificent to the tender and harmonious, that each shall form the complement of the other, and all be made to appeal to eye and heart with fresh human significance.

In comparing our park systems with those of other civilizations, it must not be forgotten that the ancient parks of the Old World were originally the property of great sovereigns or lords who had absolute control of the resources of their kingdoms or fiefs. When the pleasure-grounds of Versailles were devised in a desolate wilderness for Louis XIV., or gardens were planted at Tsarskoye Selo to delight the whimsical fancy of Catherine II. of Russia, they were paid for with treasure wrung from a suffering people; while the mighty barons of Great Britain acquired their broad acres and preserved

their stately forests and fair meadows by force of arms and the favor of kings. England is strewn to-day with public commons which are the remnants of ancient royal hunting-grounds; and there public footpaths often lead across private land, while many grandly wooded estates, freely thrown open to all who care to enter, are the property of private individuals.

In America, all pleasure-grounds of large extent have from the beginning been planned for the people; they are a constant source to them of pleasure and pride, and it is our boast that on this continent, with its unrivaled resources and its host of generous citizens, parks have been created in our generation which to-day can be favorably compared with the most famous ancient resorts of Europe; and when the schemes now begun have had time fully to be carried out, we shall have reservations for the public of unparalleled extent and beauty, reaching perhaps unbroken from the eastern seaboard to the shores of California. The idea of such a reservation, a national parkway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leading from one beautiful pleasure-ground to another, and passing through great tracts of woodland patrolled by government foresters, is not inconsistent with the genius of our country, which ever seeks a closer union between its parts; while the gradually enlarging park systems of our cities indicate the way in which it may be brought about in the linking together of suburb after suburb by great boulevards which tend to bring civilization to distant homes by affording safe and easy communication between them.

In the growth of taste, no educator of the people has been more valuable than the parks. Their attractiveness is undoubtedly one of the causes of that everywhere increasing desire for more perfection in home surroundings, which starts from their neighborhood, or is impelled to action by those who have witnessed

their influence upon the town. While the visitor to the park fancies himself merely resting, he is in fact receiving new sensations which insensibly educate both eye and mind. Around him he sees harmony, soft hues, sweet distances, noble groups of trees, broad sunny expanses of turf, the graceful waving of foliage, or he catches far-away glimpses of hills and water, while blossoming shrubs waft to him their fragrance, and the song of birds makes melodious the stillness, till all his senses are trained to delicate enjoyment. The shining sky above, the broad meadow below, the feeling of freedom and repose, all have an artistic value which helps to make the humblest more sensitive to beauty, more intelligent as to what constitutes it. Thus the park becomes the common school of the nation's art, where the first lessons are learned by the coming artist; for the same eagerness to learn which makes our country blossom with schoolhouses opens minds to the value of parks; they too are the key to something better that the people want to know.

The idea of the necessity of pleasure-grounds is so generally accepted now that it is hard to realize how stoutly resisted it was within our own generation, and how much persuasion was necessary to bring about the cession of land for the first large park in New York city. We can scarcely believe that only ten years ago Mr. Olmsted was urging the necessity of retaining Franklin Park in Boston, and boldly telling slow-going city councilors that there was "not one city in America or northern Europe, distantly approaching it in population, wealth, and reputation for refinement, which had not gone further than Boston in making good its deficiency in parks." In 1869 there were but two well-advanced rural parks in the United States; in 1886 there were twenty, and since that time they have multiplied with wonderful rapidity, — showing that at last the country is ripe for action.

In New England, each little village originally had its common, and if a seaport its public landing-place, but most of these have long since been appropriated to private use, Boston Common being the most important instance of the survival of a valuable open space in the heart of a great town. A sense of the value of these public holdings is being aroused, and some of them may yet be recovered. Here, also, as in Europe, private estates and beautiful tracts of land have been absorbed in the rapidly extending grounds of public parks; but sometimes, as in the case of Central Park in New York, and Jackson and Lincoln Parks in Chicago, acres of bare and unpromising ground have been given for the purpose by cities, merely because it was cheap and available at the time. The latter parks are monuments to the skill and energy which grappled successfully with their apparently hopeless problems.

Before entering, however, upon the history of the park movement in America, it would be well to explain clearly what is meant by the word "park" in its large sense, for with us the name is indiscriminately applied to small recreation-grounds which would be more accurately designated as greens, squares, places, gardens, or woods. While these lesser spaces also demand artistic treatment, it is in the park proper alone that the artist can give free rein to his creative and adaptive genius and produce broad picturesque effects. "A park," to quote Mr. Olmsted, "is a space of ground used for public or private recreation, differing from a garden in spaciousness and the broad, simple, and natural character of its scenery, and from a wood in the more scattered arrangements of its trees and greater expanses of its glades, and consequently of its landscapes."

In choosing a site for a public recreation-ground near a town, it is very desirable that views of considerable extent should be controllable within its borders, so that in the future unsightly buildings

can never destroy their beauty. The roads and paths are of especial importance, for their curves and stretches should be so managed as to be easy and graceful without any straining for irregularity. At the same time, they must be so placed as to afford access to the most desirable places, for in our climate grass constantly trodden upon becomes worn and shabby, and the many million feet which tread the paths of our urban parks yearly would soon destroy the turf if allowed to trample it at their pleasure. There must be a variety of roads, for the carriage, the bicycle, the equestrian, and the foot passenger all need accommodation. There are over one hundred acres of roads in Central Park, and the demand is constant for enlargement; so it will readily be seen that in any public park near a city much natural beauty has to be sacrificed to provide conveniences for the travel and repose of many thousand men and horses.

The sheets of water and rippling streams and waterfalls which diversify parks are great additions to their beauty. In Providence, Springfield, Plymouth, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and many other towns, above all in Chicago, the views of lake and river and sheltered pond are essential to the charm of the parks, and have been most skillfully utilized to give attraction to an otherwise dreary waste. The providing of suitable shelters and resorts for the public is another difficulty which confronts the landscape gardener, for unless suitably placed and screened, and built to harmonize with the scene, they become blots rather than ornaments. Other architectural points must also be faced in bridges and entrance gates, which should never be too ornate, but be so constructed as in time to melt into their surroundings, so that when draped and backed with foliage they will be as harmonious as the rocks around with the parklike character of the scenery. Sometimes stone staircases have to be built to make different levels of ground

of easy access : and then comes the whole vexed question of fountains and works of the sculptor's art, with which the public is eager to adorn its pleasure-grounds, often without regard to appropriateness of character or situation. Added to all these difficulties the park-maker has the great problems of engineering and grading to cope with, as well as the constant desire of city authorities to combine all attractions in the park, and to turn parts of it into a botanical garden, or a zoological museum, or something else apart from its simple or restfully picturesque character.

Finally, to quote Mr. Olmsted again : "The value of a park depends mainly on the disposition and the quality of its woods, and the relation of its woods to other natural features, — ledges, boulders, declivities, swells, dimples, — and to qualities of surface, as verdure and tuftiness. Under good management, these things do not, like roads and walks, wear out, or in any way lose their value with age. Individual trees must from time to time be removed, to avoid crowding or because of decay ; but as a rule, the older the wood, and the less of newness and rawness there is to be seen in all the elements of a park, the better it serves its purpose. This rule holds for centuries without limit."

The importance of an ancient forest is noticeable at the Arnold Arboretum, near Boston, where the noble hemlock wood which crowns the hill at the entrance constitutes the most striking feature of that great tree garden. The impressive solemnity of those ancient evergreens shadowing the rocky bluff, the wild seclusion of that forest fastness almost within sound of the city's roar, have a value to the world-weary spirit that must be priceless as the years roll on and bring the storm and stress of life nearer and nearer to its composing solitude.

Having thus indicated the especial pro-

blems which attend park-making even in congenial localities, we may throw some light upon the progress made in the last fifty years, in a correct valuation of this difficult art, by recalling the troubles encountered by the projectors of Central Park in the early fifties.

In 1849, Mr. Downing began, in *The Horticulturist*, a series of papers on landscape gardening, which had a great influence in the United States in awakening an interest in the subject. Consequently, in 1851, a bill was passed in the New York legislature which established a commission with special powers for the purpose of carrying on the work of making a park, the name and position of which were purely casual, for the site was fixed on by a mere chance. The New York legislature had, in the first place, passed a bill providing for a park on the east side of the island, about which there was some contention, and it was only as an afterthought that the same legislature passed the act under which the city took title to the ground now occupied by Central Park.

When the second bill came up for discussion, its originator turned to a map and inquired, "Now where shall I go?" whereat his comrade, without a moment's reflection, put his finger down and replied, "Go there," the point indicated appearing to be about the middle of the island, which therefore seemed to him least likely to excite local prejudice. Mr. Olmsted, who tells this story, says, "It would have been difficult to find another body of land of six hundred acres, upon the island, which possessed less desirable characteristics for a park, or upon which more time, labor, and expense would be required to establish them." He adds that in order to remedy imperfectly the defects in outline of the piece of ground the city had to spend more than a million dollars, which might have been saved by intelligent study ; but the blundering policy could not be altered even by public discussion, nor

could public opinion at the time be brought to dissatisfaction with what was done or with those who did it. Men of wealth feared that the park would add to their taxes, and opposed it. The argument that certain European towns obtained advantage from their parks was met by an affirmation that the conditions being different, and Manhattan Island being surrounded by open water, artificial breathing-places were unnecessary. A leading citizen even suggested that all that was required was to plough up a strip just within the boundary of the ground and plant it with young trees, chiefly cuttings of poplar, which might be transplanted later to the interior, so that the park could be economically furnished with what was quite good enough for it. Somebody of distinguished professional reputation seriously urged in the newspapers that the ground should be rented for a sheep-walk, and that the sheep-trails would serve the public for footpaths, and nature might be trusted to plant shrubs and trees near them in sufficiently picturesque fashion to make a suitable strolling-ground. Others feared that a large park would develop riotous and licentious habits in its frequenters. The *New York Herald*, seven years after the enterprise was begun, had an editorial stating that it was "all folly to expect our country to have parks like old aristocratic countries;" that leading citizens like William B. Astor and Edward Everett could never have any chance to enjoy themselves where "Sam" was flirting with nursemaids, and knocking down better dressed men who might remonstrate with him and his friends for their noisy behavior. "Is it not obvious," says the sapient writer, "that the great Central Park will be nothing but a great bear-garden for the lowest denizens of the city?" and he proceeds to argue that it would be unfavorable to property in its neighborhood. Mr. Olmsted was asked by eminent citizens, eight years after the passage of the park

act, whether he supposed that gentlemen would ever resort to it, or allow their wives and daughters to visit it. A prominent lawyer thought that it would be impossible to police it, and after the work was begun there were loud outcries against the reckless, extravagant, inconsiderate policy of those who had the making of the park in charge, one individual complaining that the designs were even fine enough for his private grounds!

The park was begun in 1858, but at every turn the enlightened policy of the designer was hampered and controlled by state and city officials. By good luck, the park commissioners, who were distinguished citizens chosen apart from political consideration, were allowed to remain in their places for many years, so that they learned to know something about their work. Meantime, they were denounced by the mayor in messages, and the common council and other departments of the city government refused to coöperate with them. Had these men not possessed exceptional personal character, and had not extraordinary powers been vested in them by the legislature, they could not have carried through a policy and method which commanded so little immediate public favor. What saved them was the general conviction that they were honest; but they were closely pursued all the time, so that here and there in the park evidences remain, in the shape of lasting defects, of the constant interference and restrictions to which they were subjected, as they worked with the hounds at their heels. Four thousand laborers were employed at one time, and the work was rushed along night and day, to put it as quickly as possible beyond the reach of those who were bent on stopping it.

At last the park reached a point where it began to be appreciated. From 1866 to 1870 thirty million visits were made to it by actual count, and many more must have passed uncounted. The poor and the rich enjoyed its refreshment;

public health was improved by it. The press awoke to the conviction of its importance, acknowledged its refining influence, and discovered that the park was as free from ruffianism as the churches were, arrests even for venial offenses, the result mostly of ignorance of the rules, amounting to no more than twenty out of a million visitors. Since that time the fourteen millions of dollars which the park has cost have been many times repaid in its effect upon the inhabitants of the rapidly growing city, while the rise in value of the property in its immediate neighborhood has been enormous.

Its character, so wonderfully evolved from stubborn material, is full of beauty, with all the simple pastoral charm of natural scenery. Owing to the conformation of the ground and the various demands of the public, it was found necessary to make a number of small picturesque scenes, rather than to furnish a single broad expanse of turf with groves of trees. It was, however, the effort of the designers to provide the largest open spaces practicable, and at great expense protruding masses of rock were blasted out at the lower end, and the spaces left were filled with loam. To this we owe a peaceful meadow, with its vague borders lost in the shady recesses of the trees, giving an idea of unlimited extent by the glimpses of grassy slopes seen at intervals beyond, though the green contains but sixteen acres, and the ball-ground only ten. In the north meadows there is a greater sense of freedom and space, though only nineteen acres could be secured even there, but the disposition of the roads and paths is so skillful that the fields produce upon the imagination the effect of far greater expanses, and are above all restful and satisfying with their suggestion of seclusion and country charm. A distinguished authority, defending it warmly from an unfavorable comparison, remarks, "In no European city, we can safely say, is there a park conceived in so purely nat-

uralistic a way and kept so free from inharmonious details as the Central Park."

After the value of this resort was recognized, other spaces were set aside in New York and Brooklyn for recreation-grounds. When the commissioners began their work, six hundred acres of ground were thought by many to be too much for all park purposes. By 1870 three times as much land had been reserved for the public in New York and Brooklyn, fourteen miles of rural drives were completed, and ground was secured in the two cities and their suburbs for fifty miles of parkways, averaging with their planted borders and interspaces at least one hundred feet in width. Since that time more and more land has been devoted to public uses, and public opinion has been frequently enlisted to resist encroachments upon the breathing-spaces which still exist in the more crowded sections. The Riverside Drive in New York, which overlooks the Hudson for a distance of three miles, has an unrivaled situation for picturesque beauty; the broad strong river, with the wooded heights beyond, and the magnificent views up and down its course, giving the work a dignity of its own. Bronx Park and Fordham Park are of great extent. A park on Pelham Bay, which will one day be developed, comes down to the waters of the Sound. East River Park, on Manhattan Island, occupies a small portion of the bluff which fronts Astoria, and the shrunken Battery has still two thousand feet of sea-wall. Morningside Park, in the upper part of the island, near Harlem, is a strip of land about twelve hundred yards in length, eighty to a hundred yards wide, which is treated as an elaborated parkway. The original plans of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux are being carried out at present, and twenty thousand dollars have been expended on it this year. Morningside Avenue, upon the terrace above the high steep ledge which is its most picturesque feature, made safe by parapets and accessible

from below by stairways, is an important street commanding an extended view, which bounds the great architectural plateau on which will stand the Cathedral, St. Luke's Hospital, and the buildings of Columbia University. In addition to the greater parks numerous small pleasure-grounds are scattered all over the island, and the present park area of New York city alone is a fraction over fifty-one hundred and eighty-five acres.

Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, containing five hundred and fifty acres of land, is one of the most beautiful of all American parks, commanding as it does superb views over the river and outer harbor of New York, with both cities, Long Island, the Jersey shore, and the Atlantic in full view. It enjoys the great advantage of fine old woods, which, with its large transplanted trees, give it the aspect of some stately ancient pleasure-ground. The beautiful lake which covers fifty acres, the miles of drives and rides, and twenty miles of walks are all ably planned to afford pleasing glimpses of or outlooks upon the varied prospect. It is approached through a broad plaza, where stands a statue of Lincoln, by a series of fine boulevards two hundred feet in width, one of which is an ocean pathway extending to Coney Island, a distance of three miles.

Long satisfied with the Common and the Public Garden, Boston was one of the last of the great cities to secure adequate park equipment. In 1886 Mr. Olmsted wrote in a report: "Within the city of Boston, or close upon its border, there are nearly two hundred public properties which are not held with a view to building over them, and most of which are secured by legal enactments from ever being built over. . . . Of these permanent green oases among the buildings of the city the area is about four square miles, or nearly as much as the entire building space within the walls of some cities that had great importance in the world when the building of Boston was begun." From this it may be seen

that the completion of its great country park, and also the unrivaled system of parkways which now link together its fine public grounds for miles and miles, are of very recent date, though rapidity of growth and largeness of conception render the whole combination the most far-reaching and important scheme yet outlined in America, or perhaps in the world.

The original plan of Franklin Park, made in 1869, was even more comprehensive than its present wide extent, including streams of water and areas in which lakes, with facilities for boating, skating, and bathing, as well as waterside beauty, could readily have been provided. The city government, however, could not be made to accept the larger plan, and only after much persuasion was it induced to secure a tract which contained no single natural feature of distinguished beauty or popular interest. The ground chosen was rugged and intractable, strewn with boulders and underlaid by ledges; in short, it was a rocky upland pasture, with a stunted second growth of trees, which were of importance only as masses. Its sole advantage was in the fact that "there could be found near the city no other equal extent of ground so pleasingly simple and rural."

So late as 1886 very little had been done to improve it, and the Notes on the Plan of Franklin Park, published that year, complain of the lack of sympathy with the picturesque idea, in mayors, councilmen, commissioners, superintendents, gardeners, architects, and engineers, and of their persistent ridicule of any plan of park-work not of a class to be popularly defined as strictly utilitarian and "practical." The idea of the park as "art" had not yet dawned upon the working part of the community; its worth as an adjunct to the Public Library and the Art Museum was still far from being comprehended by those whose votes and support were necessary to carry out the noble idea of the designer.

Stimulated by Mr. Olmsted's urgency and by the enlightened support given to his views by a few large-minded citizens, the city government at last awakened to action. The park commissioners were selected from those who could grasp the underlying idea of a great undertaking, and the work was resolutely advanced. With its development grew public appreciation; the value of the park system was recognized so promptly by the people, new and powerful writers so strenuously expounded its advantages and the importance of still larger acquisitions of territory, that a work which had lagged for fifty years has so greatly progressed in the last decade that Boston may now fairly claim that it has an unrivaled park system, so far reaching, so beautiful, so open to development under skillful treatment, that no future landscape architect born in its neighborhood can complain of a lack of field for his energies.

In 1891 the first suggestion was made for a system of parks adequate to meet the needs of the great cluster of cities and towns that, with the city of Boston, form practically one metropolitan community. In 1892 the preliminary Metropolitan Park Commission was appointed, and in an important report in 1893 its ideas were embodied in the form of law, and a million dollars were appropriated for carrying them out. The reservations secured at that time were, fifty-eight acres and a half, in which were the noble old Waverly Oaks and Beaver Brook cascade, so dear to James Russell Lowell; and the beautiful mountain-like range of the Blue Hills, a reservation five miles long, including an area of four thousand acres, the largest single park space possessed by any American city, obtained at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars.

The Middlesex Fells, since acquired, are a tract of wild woodland, two miles square, west of Boston, including in its boundaries Virginia Wood, the beautiful pine grove recently placed in the hands of the Trustees of Public Reservations

by Mrs. F. F. Tudor as a memorial of her daughter. This park contains thirty-nine hundred acres of forest and lakes, and is ultimately to be connected with the Arnold Arboretum by a fine parkway, while the highway known as Blue Hill Avenue is to be changed into a boulevard from Franklin Park southward. The Lynn Woods, comprising eighteen hundred acres of forest, are also a part of this system.

In addition to the Park Commission of Boston there exists the body of Metropolitan Park Commissioners, who in 1895 reported that in their charge was an area of seventy-seven hundred acres, which, added to the total open spaces for recreative and water supply uses in the Boston metropolitan district, makes a total of almost fourteen thousand acres. The areas now or soon to be controlled by this commission include more numerous large pleasure-grounds than are governed by any public authority in America with the exception of the governments of the United States and Canada.

The acquisition of these great reservations by the State; the assumption by the city of the care of the roads and the policing of the Arnold Arboretum, an important educational adjunct to Harvard University; the passage of the playground act, and the additions to the general park act of the commonwealth, by which park boards are enabled, by consent of local authorities and a majority of abettors, to take and improve streets or parts of streets leading to parks; the incorporation of the society of Trustees of Public Reservations; the decorative treatment of the shores and embankments of the Charles River; the rescue of the Back Bay Fens, now one of the imposing adornments of beautiful Boston; the extension in all directions of fine pleasure-grounds, — these are exhibitions of serious and generous interest in the art of public improvement which seem to indicate that the time is coming when the whole State of Massachusetts may be in-

tersected with fine shaded avenues, leading from park to park in the towns along the route, reserved solely for pleasure travel. The banks of certain rivers and sections of the shores of the sea are included in the magnificent plans of the park commissioners of Massachusetts, and this important body, with its great powers and its generous equipment of money, can accomplish what the Trustees of Public Reservations could only suggest, as they did suggest the whole park system. There is no portion of the great work of park-making which does not admit of extended treatment, and the reports of the commissioners are full of valuable suggestions.

Philadelphia enjoys a priceless treasure in Fairmount Park, which has a larger acreage than any other park in this country, with the exception of the Boston park system. Almost three thousand acres lying along the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon are there thrown open to the public, with every convenience for boating, driving, walking, and all kinds of sports. The wild scenery of the smaller river is of the most picturesque character, and the road winds beside a tumbling stream shaded with dense foliage and bordered by fern-clad, vine-hung rocks; while the stately Schuylkill, with its arching bridges and majestic calm, lends itself nobly to decorative treatment, and affords pictures of rare beauty from its winding shores.

This is the oldest park in the country, dating back to 1812, when the Philadelphians, wishing to procure a supply of fresh water free from the impurities of city drainage, purchased the precipitous bluff known as "Faire Mount" over Schuylkill, then a remote spot. The first purchase was of five acres, increased as early as 1828 to twenty-four, while almost every decade has seen large additions to its area, either by purchase or by generous gifts ranging from numerous small sums of a hundred dollars to a few of ten thousand, and also by do-

nations of many broad acres which were under high cultivation as private seats. The park was put into the hands of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux about 1868, when it already had an extent of over two thousand acres. The nobly spacious drives and the ornamentation of the springs, together with miles of planted trees, are monuments to their taste and skill. Though seven million dollars were expended in the mere purchase of the land, the long-sighted and shrewd old Quaker commissioners succeeded in acquiring the property for the city while the price was still low, so that, large as is the sum, it represents but a small portion of the value of the park at the present day. The stately oaks which survive on the sites of departed homesteads, the vistas through ancient woods, the great sky spaces with a foreground of river, are unique in character, and give this valuable park an atmosphere of rare distinction.

In 1860 Baltimore acquired Druid Hill Park, consisting of seven hundred acres of land which had for more than a hundred years been under cultivation as a private estate. Its surface is delightfully diversified with shady ravines, smooth hill-slopes, and broad meadows grazed by sheep. Deer roam under the shadow of its woods, and fish and wild fowl throng its sixteen lakes. Many of the trees are of great age and size, and through vistas one discerns the city and the lakes, while from Prospect Hill there is an extended view over the surrounding country. Through the wisdom of Governor Swann, mayor of the city when the park was bought, the street railways were compelled to pay one fifth of their gross receipts for the park purchase, in return for their franchise; so that when this princely acquisition was delivered into the hands of the people, not only was no bill of cost presented, but the property was provided with an income for its future maintenance. This is an example which might well be imi-

tated by other cities which are too ready to throw away franchises upon all sorts of corporations without any compensation.

The public reservations of all kinds in the city of Washington, including the parks proper and the small spaces at the intersections of avenues and streets, amounted in 1892 to about four hundred acres. Two hundred and sixty-eight acres are estimated to be in a condition which needs no further improvement. The botanical garden covers ten acres, and the agricultural grounds forty. In 1890 an act of Congress provided for "the organization, improvement, and maintenance" of a National Zoological Park under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, and about one hundred and seventy acres of ground, delightfully situated on Rock Creek, near Washington city, were secured. A more picturesque site could not have been chosen. The ground is diversified with cliffs and ravines, and watercourses abound throughout its noble woods, where grow fine old trees in the rich soil of the region. There is no European zoological garden of the same extent, and it is planned to furnish each animal with its appropriate surroundings. Already the park is a favorite resort of Washington people, and every year adds to its attractiveness. The grounds about the Smithsonian Institution and those of the Agricultural Department, with the Congressional Gardens in the very heart of the city, form most agreeable resorts, and furnish a great variety of trees and plants for the enjoyment of the many visitors who now view them at all seasons. The grounds of the Soldiers' Home afford an interesting parklike drive in the neighborhood of the city, and the sad charm of Arlington Heights, with its rows of soldiers' graves and the noble view of Washington and the surrounding country from the dignified old homestead, can never be forgotten.

The Chicago park system contains

nearly nineteen hundred acres of land, most of which is in six parks of an average extent of two hundred and fifty acres each, three in one chain, and all, with one exception, connected by parkways. Lincoln Park, in the northern part of the city, is reached by a magnificent drive along the lake-front, bordered by stately dwellings. These houses, varied in their architecture, are in many cases surrounded by large cultivated grounds which form a fitting approach to the extensive park, where are planted trees that struggle upon a thin and sun-baked soil, affording to the citizens an agreeable shade and an attractive resort. In the opposite part of the city, the South Park is distinguished for the unrivaled meadow of a hundred acres which is its most important feature.

Jackson Park, so well known to the country as the site of the Columbian Exposition, was originally a most forbidding spot. The country about Chicago is flat and mostly treeless, with a tenacious clay soil, so that park-making is attended with immense difficulties; these were further complicated, in the case of Jackson Park, by the fact that its site, except about one tenth, which was artificially made land, consisted in 1893 of three ridges of beach sand with intervening swales occupied by boggy vegetation. A plan for a park upon this worthless spot — given, like the land for Back Bay Park in Boston and many of the New York city park lands, because it was unavailable for building — was made, early in the seventies, by Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux, together with one for the South or Washington Park, and the connecting strip of land now called the Midway. This idea comprised the use of the lagoons as a part of the landscape scheme, by broadening and varying their outline, and using the excavated material to form the basis of higher banks on the old sand-bars, and to make borders to the water-channels of communication.

When the World's Fair was projected, none of the general landscape design had been executed, and it was thought best to retain the element in the original plan of waterways, with terraced banks to support the buildings. Of course, all the grading, draining, and topsoiling of the land had to be done in an incredibly brief period, and none of the planting had more than two years in which to get rooted, while much of it had to be performed the very year of the Exposition; some of the turfing was not even completed in June when the visitors began to arrive. Moreover, the work had to be pushed rapidly with unknown and untrained men in a most uncertain and variable climate, on a treacherous bottom which might drop out at any minute. The result upon the several miles of raw, newly made shore, which had to be covered with a graceful drapery, was a most astounding evidence of what can be accomplished by skill and energy. None who saw it can forget the charm of those softly fringed water-banks, peopled by waterfowl and overhung by willows, or can cease to wonder at the promptness with which that beautiful result was achieved, while the growth of the freshly planted trees was even more surprising. The surroundings were an exquisite part of that fair vision which is one of the proofs of America's native aptitude for the noble art of landscape gardening.

After the Columbian Exposition was closed, eighty thousand dollars were handed over to the board of Washington Park as the price received from the sale of the wrecked Fair buildings, and this money is to be laid out in local improvements. At the northern end of the park, in the neighborhood of the Fine Arts Building, which has been preserved under the name of the Field Museum, there is to be landscape gardening of a character to suit the classic structure. Gradually the drives will curve more informally about the shore of the lagoon

and the Wooded Island, sweeping to the summit of the little rise which overlooks the convent of La Rabida. Where was once the Peristyle there is to be a beautiful drive along the edge of the lake, following the lines of the shore from the long pier to the northern extremity of the pleasure-ground. Certain tracts of land near the site of the Liberal Arts Building will be prepared for tennis, baseball, and other sports.

The decision to retain the Art Building made it necessary to revise the original road-lines and most of the walks which had been designed for the original park, so that the surroundings of the great structure might be in harmony with it. The elements of the scenery are still the view of Lake Michigan from the shore drive and the Concourse, the spacious fields between the water and the southwest entrance, with their broad quiet stretches of pastoral landscape, and the lagoons themselves, to be enjoyed both from the shore and from boats. The shores are to be made more varied, but the North Haven and the Wooded Island will remain as they were during the Fair; and while various changes are to be made, nothing is to be done to destroy the peaceful landscape and the refreshing outlook over the great inland lake.

The boulevards of Chicago are also one of the great features which distinguish that enterprising city. There are nearly three hundred acres of them, from a hundred to two hundred feet in width, all lined with trees and connecting the parks.

It is impossible to particularize all the valuable work which is going on in the large towns throughout New England, in the great cities of central New York, and in the other Middle States; nor can I here dwell upon the Niagara reservation. In the West, after those of Chicago, the parks of St. Paul and Minneapolis are the largest and most beautiful. St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Louisville, Omaha, Topeka, Pueblo, Colorado Springs,

as well as hundreds of other cities, have all acquired land for park purposes. In the South, Savannah and Charleston are leading the way, showing how that part of the country is also touched by the prevailing impulse. California was one of the pioneers in securing park lands; for as early as 1866 Mr. Olmsted was requested to draw a design for Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, which now has an extent of ten hundred and fifty acres, one side of it bordering on the Pacific. The situation is very bleak, and it was originally partly covered with drift-sand, no trees growing naturally upon it, and turf could be maintained only by profuse artificial watering. It furnished, however, by means of irrigation, a low southern vegetation of striking luxuriance and beauty, which has been dexterously encouraged. The advance of the sand is arrested by a screen of foliage on the shore, along which a parkway half a mile wide extends for three miles, with a reservation from two to four hundred feet in breadth, affording a view of the Pacific Ocean in all its majesty. When the scheme of the boulevard known as the Great Highway is fully carried out, there will be a drive facing the sea, and an inner one protected by a double row of trees, which will separate the two. One mile of this was completed in 1895. Other California towns are also active. San Diego has acquired twelve hundred acres in the centre of the city, which are not yet developed. Los Angeles has also begun an extensive park system, and there are fine grounds about Sacramento beautifully planted with specimens of rare trees.

In this brief and necessarily imperfect outline of the work which has been begun in this country, suggestive as it is of a great cumulative force in action, there has been no room for individual recognition of all the landscape gardeners who have had a hand in it, nor for a list of the numerous generous benefactors of

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parks all over the United States, and many pleasure-grounds have been left without mention. Reluctantly omitting many names and places of importance, I have selected examples which seem typical of the work, and I feel that describing the obstacles to rapid advance in one case is merely summing up the difficulties which everywhere beset park construction. The knowledge of the triumphant success of the park movement, wherever it once gets a foothold, is the cheering outcome of even a superficial study of this our most important artistic development.

The spectacle of organized beauty conveys a lesson our people learn at first slowly, but later with extraordinary quickness. Something within responds to the stimulus from without, and a fresh growth of æsthetic feeling must result from wise direction of popular taste in the great resorts of the public. Let us not be impatient because we find that the advance is unequal, that its importance does not move all hearts deeply, that only a few have fully awakened to the great æsthetic and sanitary value of public reservations. Slowly and surely the movement is going on which is to protect our scenery and our forests from destruction. If much exhortation seems to fall on deaf ears, let us not be discouraged, for some of it is not unheeded, and the now dormant seed of instruction is destined to yield in time a mighty harvest.

From sea to sea the reservations are dotted about the country, often ill policed, badly planted, and shamefully neglected, but we trust that the spirit which cherishes urban and country parks will clamor for the protection of those miles of territory now left to the plunderer and the firebrand before it shall be too late to save the mighty trees which, once destroyed, can never be replaced.

Foreigners are apt to ridicule the high estimate that we set upon ourselves, in view of the fact that the improvements

which are so manifest in their ancient communities and large cities lag behind in this inventive country, where we have less authoritative and socialistic municipal governments for our more rugged and independent civilization. The cheering fact remains that, without the strong arm of government to enforce progress, or the highly organized municipality, the will of the American people acts suddenly when it fairly begins to move, and is open to conviction when once really aroused. The rapid advance made by the park movement in the last ten years gives us confidence that our national æsthetic perception has been touched at last in the right spot and in the wisest way, and that through landscape beauty we may yet be led to the understanding of all kinds of art.

A point to be insisted upon, in conclusion, is that it is not sufficient to purchase land for parks; they must be planted with care and maintained with taste; and to keep them in condition, renewed expenditure is necessary. They cannot merely be purchased and left to nature

and the public; they must be cultivated, pruned, policed; and the expense of preserving their beauty and usefulness must not be begrudged by tax-payers who reap such great advantages from them. Too many have the idea that the purchase of a park is the end of the matter. This is far from being the case, and exertions must constantly be made to secure liberal appropriations for its proper maintenance. Much difficulty exists in impressing this fact upon citizens, but in time they will realize that a great art demands continuous liberal support; and we may be sure that they will then be as generous in maintaining and improving the parks of the country as they have proved to be in purchasing them. Such an important art development as has been indicated must enlist the interest of public-spirited men in many communities, so that endowments to carry on the necessary work will become one of the pleasures of the rich, while no taxpayer will begrudge the extra charge necessary to make the parks of his locality a joy forever.

Mary Caroline Robbins.

A CONVENT MAN-SERVANT.

DELAVEAU was waiting with the convent carriage at Sézanne when we made our first plunge into Marne. He had also provided a large omnibus, or diligence, in which the company of religieuses and their pupils from the Paris convent were to be carried to the summer abbey. It was a warm July day, and the whole group panted from confinement in a third-class railway compartment, though the largest and airiest of this kind of carriage had been reserved for them.

"If a nun ever rode above third-class in France, there would be a great outcry," explained one of the Assumption

mothers. But even railway employees could see the incongruity of hard benches in narrow wooden ovens for these refined women, some of whom had sprung from noble French and English families; and everything possible had been done to give a degree of comfort and entire privacy to their journey.

Whether Delaveau was intoxicated with joy or with vine juice at the return of his patrons, he capered from duty to duty. The piles of trunks and queer-looking luggage which people in the Old World take on their shortest journeys were finally ready in a van for the fifteen kilometres' transportation to

Château Andecy. As guests we were put in the convent carriage with madame one of the mothers; "*la petite nouvelle*," as she called the young American, taking first oral French lessons beside her. It was delightful to ride through cool air up the great sloping hills, with a gorgeous panorama of country spread behind us. Woods and grain-fields, vineyards and glorious melting visions of light and shade far off, unrolled as *Sézanne* disappeared. Delaveau bragged of the country, pouring hysteric volubility on madame's ears. He had little black eyes which sparkled with exhilaration, and a nut-brown face, with cap pulled over the forehead. His figure was short and muscular.

The convent carriage was a shaky vehicle. Cushioned seats at the sides held five of us comfortably. Delaveau occupied the cocher's seat in front, but he would spring from it like a frog, and run along by his horse's head, slapping her neck with familiar companionship. It was evident he delighted in tormenting the good nun, and his joy over the return of the convent family let itself out in these antics. As we descended a long slope, he would slyly grind a sort of coffee-mill brake until it braced the wheel, and then startle the horse with shouts and whip-cracking. We tore downhill, the rickety carryall rocking like a steamer in a heavy swell. Madame raised her hands and shut her eyes, watched by Delaveau with apish rapture.

"Oh, more slowly, Delaveau,—go gently."

"Mais, non, madame," he coaxed. "It is not too fast. It is very easy."

Then with a sudden jerk he would pitch us all forward. Or while the mare galloped, he flung himself to the road and galloped beside her, slapping a fly or jerking her to her haunches. He fed her bunches of grass and talked to her like a mother,—"*My fine Bichette!*"—and tucking the lines upon her back,

he sauntered, leaving us quite at the mercy of the amiable beast.

Then madame would appeal and command: "*Oh! regardez votre cheval, Delaveau!*"

Upon which Delaveau would spring to his place, grind the coffee-mill brake again, and dash down another hill.

He could not understand a word of English, but he eyed us impudently when we talked about him. This convent man-servant was a person not to be looked down or discouraged, and he cared nothing for Americans, more than a panther would have cared gamboling at its tamer's feet. His tongue did not cease a minute its incessant chatter. He told madame of everything at the abbey; of Josephine his wife, of his eldest son and little René at *Les Buissons*, of *Frizette's* health and the growth of *Mouton*, the paschal lamb. A torrent of talk poured from his mouth, in the carriage or out of it.

"Did you ever hear such a gabbler?" sighed madame in resignation. "*Oh! regardez votre cheval, Delaveau!* They say a woman's tongue runs always. It is most unjust. Hear this man. What will monsieur think of him? Americans do not talk all the time. But this man, we have had him seven years at the convent, and his woman. He is a good man, though I think he drinks too much, and it often happens we obey him instead of making him obey us. He must have his joke. *Oh! regardez votre cheval, Delaveau!*"

Madame, as she sat patient and apparently inattentive to Delaveau's gabble, shook her head and commented. He bragged of the convent property and its great abundance of springs. We passed a château which he said had no springs. He declared the region around Andecy was the finest country in the world. He bragged of upsetting his wife Josephine by driving over the brink of a stream in the dark.

"He is afraid of his wife," observed

madame. "He only dares tell behind Josephine's back what a wetting he gave her."

Some hint of this communication must have penetrated Delaveau, for he began at once to proclaim he was not afraid of anything on earth; and as for strength, there was no one to be compared to him except his son.

The heavy omnibus rumbling far behind our eccentric flights and pauses, we passed through many villages, each having its name and the name of its commune on the wall of the first house. Beautiful as the unfolding country was, the exquisite winding road seemed never able to overtake our goal. It was late in the afternoon before we paused in Baye at the inn with the inverted bush. Here the older Americans were to bide after introducing la petite nouvelle to her abbey, a kilometre or so away.

The remnant of an ancient estate now appertained to the nuns of the Assumption, who as an order have existed barely half a century. Beyond the abbey grounds their rights were distributed in parcels among their neighbors, until a map of Andecy would have resembled a map of German principalities.

Delaveau left off his antics, and drove soberly into the domain which he farmed and over which he stood guard during the absence of his patrons in winter. The outlying village of Andecy was an elbow lane of small stone houses sheltering the families of laborers on the land. Perhaps it had the antiquity of Baye, but there was no visible sign of this.

Screened like every French château from the passer, the abbey of Andecy was first fully seen when we entered the short avenue. A king in the twelfth century built it for his sister the abbess, and it had passed through many hands before being purchased by this sisterhood,—a typical white stone château with wings. At one side of the lawn an artificial lake was made to fall through

a series of metal tanks, the latest owner having given himself up to fish culture. But nothing finny was now to be seen except goldfish playing in a fountain before the entrance. Next the half-sunk garden wall was a pleached walk of broad-leaved lindens so thickly interwoven overhead that sun and sky never penetrated. The canopy was like a bedding of many years' growth. The colonnade of tree-stems made a long vista ending in a half-dark grotto with its image. Beside this favorite walk each child had a little plot of flower-ground given her.

The abbey stood in front of a tangled park full of holly, fern, and ivy. And here the younger children had what were called their "Crusoes," the mossiest playhouses which could be contrived in a country overflowing with greenery. This little settlement, even when uninhabited, was a cluster of the most inviting sylvan homes.

Prominent on high ground, though quite apart from the château's right wing, stood the dovecote, a low tower of stone not unlike a martello tower. In those elder days nobody except the nobles was allowed to keep pigeons, so the dovecotes were made much of as a symbol of rank. The two great towers usually flanking the two wings of a château prove to this day how the prerogative was appreciated.

When we passed the avenue gates Delaveau was a lamb. When we alighted he touched his cap, and with Bichette gently and silently disappeared in buildings apart. With the convent environment, his habit of submission to and aloofness from the nuns returned upon him.

It was very pretty to see the young girls enter their summer home in line, exchanging cheek-kisses with the superior, who was there to receive them, and greeting her,— "Bon jour, ma mère." Their goûté, or afternoon lunch, was ready for them in the dining-room. Usu-

ally it consisted of chocolate and bread, or bread and ripe fruit; but after an early breakfast and a long ride, and the loss of the lunch-basket from the baggage, we were all glad to find a substantial déjeuner. As no man could lodge at the convent, our own rooms and dinner were already ordered for us — without *la nouvelle* — at the inn with the bush in Baye. But it was pleasant to linger in the pleached alley and feel the delicious peace of this place come over one like a blessing. Nowhere have I ever seen grass greener or water clearer. The front of the château had a rich paneled effect. The centre was three stories high. Just under the edge of the roof round-topped dormitory windows stood open and cool.

On the lawn, near the fountain, was an enormous iron pot, almost as huge as Guy's porridge-pot in a show-room at Warwick Castle. This had been used by former good abbesses in their soup-making for the poor; but modern hands had haled it out of the ancient and disused vault kitchen, and set it to boiling over with bloom in the open air. It bore on its side the date 1730, and was consequently having comfort ladled out of it to the poor of Marne before our Revolutionary fathers declared their independence. Briefly, that pot was older than the United States.

There were many rooms in the vault under the abbey, of stone and stone-hard plaster, having tunnel windows piercing the outer walls. A safe retreat they must have been in times of raid and siege. Here fagots were piled. A milk-chamber and an arched vault for hanging meat were dark and cool. The laundry had an oblong ever running pool, with a trap at its outlet for catching stray pieces.

From these convent cellars some exploring maids carried out a flat hard board shaped like a shadow of the human leg.

"Here," declared one, "is the old

model on which they used to form cloth hose before knitting came into vogue."

"But you are mistaken," insisted another. "This is the leg of the poor in Marne. The mother abbess and her nuns kept it always with them to shape their charity work upon."

The care of the poor and the fine art of needlework seem to be among the earliest lessons of convent-breeding. One little lady of the noblesse had a pretty sewing-machine given her by her aunt the superior, not that she might amuse herself with a novel toy, but that she might the better sew for the poor.

A glass corridor, stone-paved, ran along the front of the abbey, and from this opened various high-ceiled apartments. I have slipped through that corridor of early mornings when the nuns yet spoke in whispers, and it seemed the tunnel vestibule to some cathedral. Sunlight fell softened on worn flags. From the hall at the end of this corridor a mighty and broad oak stairway, with hand-wrought iron balustrade, went up three stories; past the chapel, and the wing with chambers, and the recreation-room where the children had their books and tables and games, up to cool dormitories where a regiment might have encamped as under the sky. *La petite nouvelle*, infatuated with the larger snow-white vaulted barrack having a row of windows on each side, selected her bed within screens.

The garden was below the level of the lawn. When venturesome little girls ran along the top of the wall, they looked down into verdant deeps. Under their feet wall-fruit ripened, — such pears and apricots and peaches as grow only in that moist climate, basking on branches flattened by the gardener's force. The half-buried wall had once been part of the convent. Outlines of ancient doors and windows, filled up with stone, remained distinct.

One could not help wondering what shapes had gone in and out of these

doors; and if St. Alpin came there to celebrate mass, and what kind of Delaveau brought him and his acolytes in what kind of vehicle, whirling to the entrance, as the young curé of Baye now came.

I tried to picture to myself the abbey in winter; for it seemed as if winter could not visit that lush green land. Josephine and Delaveau and their brood would look out of their own domicile at the icy white pile, and he would approach like Jean Noël, sifted over with snowflakes, to take commands from one of the half dozen or more sisters who always remained. Their cells were all in one wing. Frost flowers and ferns would muffle in splendid white foliage the long glass corridor when, early in the morning, they crept noiselessly to the kitchen. And Josephine, if she came to help them with the housework which was part of their religious service, might imagine she heard noises in the huge closed dormitories. But Josephine, rotund and stolid, was probably more afraid of unclosing her own window-sashes at night than of anything in the convent. For was there not a man who slept outdoors all one summer night near Versailles, and became blind in consequence? Indeed, when one sees the blind and sore-eyed beggars on the road to Versailles, the day air scarcely seems wholesome thereabouts. But night air is a deadly enemy, which a good French housewife will exclude, from which she will protect her family with high curtained beds and smothering down sacks.

Delaveau came into the glass corridor every evening at six o'clock to take the letters for delivery at Baye. On Sunday morning, at early mass, he and his family were always to be seen in their chapel seats. The dress of the Assumption nuns is ideal: a robe of the shade which is neither lavender nor purple, but all royal, girt with tasseled cords of the same color, and a transparent white veil. To see devout women in such

stately apparel passing before the altar to receive the sacrament, drawing their veils far over their faces as they bowed to the emblem, was to see a vision of angels. But such pictures are lost on peasants and very young Americans. Delaveau appeared to regard it with the stolidity of custom, and *la petite nouvelle* was impressed only by the length of the prayers. "My back almost broke," she lamented in private, "and the girls say it is because I have never been taught to kneel enough. But *ma mère* says I may sit down whenever I like, and I think I shall like to sit down all the time."

"You must never say 'sister' to the superior nuns," *la petite* impressed us, out of her new knowledge. "It is almost as wrong as saying '*ma mère*' to a sister. To the inferior nuns you must say '*ma sœur*.'"

Delaveau had a friend in Baye, the driver of the diligence to Epernay, who came to offer his horse and voiture and services instead of the slow cheese-laden public vehicle, for our transportation when we turned again eastward. This fellow had traveled. The convent man-servant openly admired his display of English. Liverpool and London itself had been explored by him quite regardless of expense. "I pay five schillings the day," he proclaimed, with a reckless dash of the hand.

When you deal with a peasant, you deal with a peasant. But when you make arrangements with a prince like this, you will find, as we did, that you have to contribute to his revenue a larger sum than that specified for services, or bring yourself into disrepute in your comings and goings.

As a general thing, the French peasant is no rolling stone except during his military service. The landlady of the inn with the inverted bush had never stirred from her own commune. "*Je ne suis pas voyageur*," she said, smiling and shaking her head. Her experience

began at one end of Baye, and was likely to end at the other. Eper-r-nay, — she dwelt on the letters, — it was so beautiful! But she had never been there nor desired to be there; and Sézanne was as far as the pole.

As Delaveau had first driven us to the convent, so he happened to be my cocher on my final departure; American independence having revolted against the tax of the man who spent five sch'lings the day in England. I dreaded sitting alone in the old carriage and enduring mile after mile of Delaveau's gabble; for I was to meet the train at Montmirail. Nuns take refuge in a book of prayer from the encroachments of the world, but what refuge is there for the people of the world from a convent man-servant?

The startling effervescence of a Frenchman, when occasion arouses him, is really not as astonishing as the calm which, like a flatness in beverages, follows it. I once saw a crowd on one spoke of that wheel of streets that rays off from the Arc de Triomphe as a hub. A baker's man, white-aproned and tray in hands, was under arrest, struggling with the gendarmes. I did not learn what he had done, but what he did was to put his salver down in the middle of the street and use his fists on both sides. He remonstrated; he burst into tears, and fought like a tiger. The officers took him, however, gently, being careful

not to hurt him, and with laughing conciliatory pats. With a gesture of extreme despair he pulled off his white cap and dashed it to the ground. This act of capitulation was the discharge of his wrath. He at once picked up cap and tray, and fell into chatty familiarity with the gendarmes as they walked away arm in arm with him.

Though I had seen Delaveau in the effervescent state, I was really not prepared for the calm of that long ride to Montmirail. We drove over a stony, lovely country, which, except for the sterile rock and a glimpse of quarries, resembled rolling prairie. The park and hills of Andecy were far behind us, and Bichette steadily flung them farther still. The weather was very gray and raw. And not a word passed Delaveau's lips except the admonition to his mare, — "Di'e-don', Bichette, di'e-don'."

We finally wound through the crooked streets of Montmirail and reached the gare. Yet had not Delaveau disturbed my peace by a spoken word. And I never heard him speak again, for the franc he received when he set my baggage down was acknowledged by a bow and a lift of his cap. His silence was impressive. I looked after him with increased respect for the manifold capacities of the French people. The most voluble man in Marne had held his tongue half a day.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN, in all his work, — whether its purpose has been chiefly local or of larger inspiration, — has taken the Kentucky landscape, the Kentucky character, the Kentucky institutions, for his material. Surely, when he started out on his literary career with a series of careful studies in the Blue Grass Region, which were also to be illustrated by succeeding stories on the same subjects, he regarded himself somewhat as the prophet of a locality which up to that time had had no voice of its own in literature. But of more importance than the fact that Mr. Allen takes Kentucky for his subject is the fact that he is himself a Blue Grass Kentuckian. What this means he has himself told us in his book of studies: —

“They, the blue grass Kentuckians, are the descendants of those hardy, high-spirited, picked Englishmen, largely of the squire and yeoman class, whose absorbing passion was not religious disputation nor the intellectual purpose of founding a State, but the ownership of land and the pursuit and pleasures of rural life, close to the rich soil, and full of its strength and sunlight. They have to this day, in a degree perhaps equaled by no others living, the race qualities of their English ancestry, and the tastes and habitudes of their forefathers. If one knows the Saxon nature, and has been a close student of Kentucky life and character, stripped bare of the accidental circumstances of local environment, he may amuse himself with laying the two side by side, and comparing the points of essential likeness.”

Mr. Allen was brought up as a country boy, spending much of his boyhood apart, in familiar intercourse with the shy tenantry of the woods and fields, and finding his companionship, outside of these, in the books that his mother led him to

read, and which she selected with a sound taste for literature. His work was not born of cities. It too is of the soil, and “full of its strength and sunlight.” It has a rich masculine endowment. We may notice this, and its kinship to the English genius, without denying its author an intellectual *légèreté*, a fine touch that Mr. Howells would put down as his American birthright.

Mr. Allen’s academic life began with his entrance to the Kentucky University, once the Transylvania University, where he was graduated with the honors of his class. His first professional aim, he tells us, was comparative philology; and as preparatory to the study of it in Germany, he was accepted as a non-resident student for the doctor’s degree by the academic council at Johns Hopkins, the first candidate to apply. “But this ended with the mere plan.” It concerns us, however, as a plan, because it shows Mr. Allen’s interest in language, which is always that of the scholar as well as of the enamored artist.

The year that saw him through college also placed him at the head of a family of three, whom his father’s death, succeeding the wreck of the family fortunes in the war, had left without support. He was forced to find immediate employment in teaching. As teacher he filled one position or another, until, “liking college work always less, and literature always more,” he went to New York about ten years ago, forsworn to authorship. During these teaching years he had served on the faculty of Kentucky University, and later had filled the chair of Latin and higher English in Bethany College, West Virginia.

All this goes to show that our author began his literary career equipped on the conventional lines, yet hardly in the conventional way. The account of the

obstacles that stood between him and a university education, his perseverance in surmounting them, his later scholarly ambitions, shows that the academic was with him a chosen way. His genius may very well prove conservative of literary tradition.

Mr. Allen's literary career began with the publication of certain magazine articles on the Blue Grass Region, since published in book form, and some illustrative stories that in 1891 were brought together in a single volume under the title of *Flute and Violin*. These stories were avowedly Kentuckian studies, with a local ambition to perpetuate types, especially those of the past, which the New Kentucky is dropping out of memory. Indeed, it is very characteristic of their author's genius that many of them owe their pathos to a certain memorial quality. Taken in the order of their appearance, we have first the *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*, which sets forth with quaint, sad humor the friendship between master and slave, that survival of Old Kentucky which lived on in an alien world. The *White Cowl* represents the young Kentuckian transplanted to the life of the monastery. It shows us the stranger civilization on the native soil; and its tragedy is the tragedy of incompatible instincts and ideals. *King Solomon of Kentucky* is the outcast white, lower than the negroes, sold like them in the public square of Lexington for vagabondism, yet finally redeeming his manhood by an act that was beyond the virtue of the virtuous. We have in it, again, the profoundly touching relation between master and slave; for it is a free negro woman who buys the friend of her old master to save him from disgrace, and be his servant. Posthumous Fame is not a local study; it is a little experiment in the Hawthorne allegory. But *Sister Dolorosa* is a story of the convent as *The White Cowl* is a story of the monastery. *Flute and Violin*, the last of the series to appear, the initial story of

the volume, grew out of an old memorial tablet in a church in Kentucky. The parson is an historical resuscitation. Mr. Allen says of all these stories that he wrote them "to train his eye to see, and his hand to report things as they were." Yet, strangely enough, it is not as local studies that we chiefly value them.

When they first appeared in the contemporaneous pages of the monthly magazines they must have made a singular impression; for reading them is like stepping from the street of modernism into some quiet precinct. One has only to look over their subjects to see how few bids they make for popular attention. There is little that is strictly novel in their inspiration. If the author sets out to reproduce the Kentucky type, after all, his studies have some of the familiarity of an older civilization. The *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*, master and slave, so far as they furnish forth a motive, are just the master and faithful servant of the old English drama. As for the monastery and the convent, they are the traditional settings for a world-old tragedy in literature; and we come upon the stories of *The White Cowl* and *Sister Dolorosa* as on things not unfamiliar, however fresh their power over the imagination. Mr. Allen's literary method has not the least strain after novelty. A full classic outline, both in style and in narrative, sends us back fifty years for its literary prototype. And here we pause; here we are near our secret; for when, since the days of Hawthorne and Thoreau, has fallen such an accent in American letters? It is from the story of the saintly parson (Washington Irving might have owned him), who pays a long penalty for his one innocent indulgence in the melodies of life, that we quote:—

"At first the parson blew low, peculiar notes, such as a kind and faithful shepherd might blow at nightfall as an invitation for his scattered wandering sheep to gather home about him. Perhaps it was a way he had of calling in

the disordered flock of his faculties, — some weary, some wounded, some torn by thorns, some with their fleeces, which had been washed white in the morning prayer, now bearing many a stain. But when they had all answered, as it were, to this musical roll-call, and had taken their due places within the fold of his brain, obedient, attentive, however weary, however suffering, then the flute was laid aside, and once more there fell upon the room intense stillness; the poor student had entered upon his long nightly labors."

Here is a pathos that may well win, independent of any artistry; but we speak for the lover of letters. Surely, not since Hawthorne in American prose, or Thackeray in English classics, have words flown so straight, yet on so light and effortless a wing! And beside the unhurrying and perfect quality of Mr. Allen's prose, there is also another way in which his art, as shown in these first stories, looks back to fashions now somewhat in disuse. His work has a harmony that is the result of an ideal bent in taste, which chooses its material with a very delicate selection, and always with beauty as an end. The tradition of Beauty, — it is that which Sainte-Beuve calls the classic heritance; and it is only when the tradition is so faithfully preserved as it is in Mr. Allen's work that we realize how it has been dimmed by the other ideals that art has proposed to itself of late. Take the story of *Sister Dolorosa*. Here there is so much regard for harmony in the strict classic way that, despite the local pretensions, the very landscape of the story becomes a symbolism of the human problem rather than a local background; and in all the art of the story one cannot help seeing Pater's resolute "tact of omission," which is never tempted from its purpose by an effect of the realistic sort.

One finds it very easy to speak of these first stories simply as artistic successes. Not that they are wanting in more per-

sonal characteristics, but that the man is so much more in evidence as his art takes a new turn. It would, however, be untrue to say that a very marked personality did not make its appearance in literature at the time when *Flute and Violin* was published; or that much of the charm of the stories is not a certain virile yet delicate quality that belongs as much to the man as to his art. No one can read *Flute and Violin*, *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*, and chiefly *Sister Dolorosa*, without being touched by an understanding and a sweetness in them which are like a woman's; but with Mr. Allen these are traits in a humanism that has the man's heart wherever it is found. These stories are stories of Kentucky life. Of more importance to us, they are stories by a Kentuckian; and in all of them we find the Kentuckian sympathies at work in the artist. Love of the soil and a nearness to the natural earth, — these have bred a people richly endowed with manhood. Counting home-making the chief virtue, and the home the typical institution of the State, it is no wonder that the one of their number who turns to literature should be a humanist in the old and beautiful sense. He will not distrust human nature with its natural face, but will see it at once ever beautiful as it is ever old. *Sister Dolorosa* and *The White Cowl* are already prophetic. They oppose in an intense way the ascetic to the human ideal, with something in the passion of their treatment that foretells the author's later position in art.

We have now come to Mr. Allen's next stories, *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, both published within the last two years. With them we step into the personal country. These two books are unlike the stories of the first volume in one marked way, — they are familiar; they have a sort of wayward freedom that one would hardly expect from the almost schoolmasterly strictness of Mr. Allen's first work. But the author has not forgotten his art; only some of the

reserve of new authorship has worn off, and he is now entirely himself in a new and characteristic way. One really hesitates to deal with *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath* as a critic, lest, like Wordsworth's little sister, to catch the butterfly will be to brush the dust from its wings. However these stories impress other readers, to the present writer they have an autobiographic reality, as if the author were writing out a memory for its own sake; so that, after listening to it, one closes the book almost with the feeling of closing it upon another's secret. But this simply explains the popular success of *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*. As Mr. Allen's first book arrested only the clique of letters, it is a tribute to the art that has grown in intimacy.

There is one passion of his that Mr. Allen could not fail to declare in showing more of his personality to the reader. On the title-page of *Summer in Arcady* there are these lines from Thoreau:—

"O Nature
Some still work give me to do —
Only — be it near to you!"

Most characteristic! For in the stories of which we speak the author first shows himself a Nature-lover as intimate as Thoreau. One can hardly choose out of the delicate observations of her which are recorded in these little books, and which are so large a part of their charm. It is enough to show how Nature is interwoven in their motive. Their dedication runs thus: "This is to her from one who, in childhood, used to stand at the windows of her room and watch for the Cardinal among the snow-buried cedars." And Mr. Allen is at home in this world of Nature as one is at home in the place of childhood affection.

A Kentucky Cardinal shows first how Nature turns the heart to love, and then becomes the meeting-ground and touchstone of affection. Last, in a quaint way,

it makes the tragedy of misunderstanding, which of course precedes betrothal, turn on an act of untenderness to one of Nature's creatures. This is the Kentucky cardinal, the shyest and rarest of birds. One cannot miss the full intention of his place in the story, where the bird not only plays a delicate part in the dénouement, but becomes typical of the woman's rare and beautiful personality which is the inspiration of the whole.

Aftermath carries out a hint that has run through *A Kentucky Cardinal*. Will Nature, which is in the first place a single passion, be sacrificed to the humaner and intenser instinct of the man and the lover? In *Aftermath* the human passion wins as it has won in *A Kentucky Cardinal*. Yet here is the beautiful part that Nature plays. When Death has closed the gate through which human affection reaches out to its desire, then Nature stands ready with her old healing friendship. "*Aftermath*," to use the author's own words, "is the second spring, which puts forth between summer gone and winter nearing." "It is Nature's refusal to be once reaped, and so to end." "The Harvester passed over my fields, leaving them bare; they are green again up to the winter's edge." Mr. Allen's Nature is something more than a setting for the human story. It begins to take on the character of an analogy by which he reaches his interpretation of life. And always here, as in the earlier stories, there is the same exquisite fitness of incident and detail to the main motive. In this story, where the love of Nature touches at every point on its human destinies, the young mother dies from the chill of a blossom that her husband brings her in memory of their opening acquaintance in the garden,—a beautiful and poignant touch. It is characteristic of Mr. Allen's art, which has always in it something as seizing and as still as memory.

Yet we must do justice to the sunshiny quality of its humor. We had al-

ready recognized its quaint and delightful turn in Flute and Violin, where our parson prayed every morning that "during the day his logical faculty might discharge its function morally, and his moral faculty might discharge its function logically, and that over all the operations of all his other faculties he might find heavenly grace to exercise both a logical and a moral control." Humor runs like a note of laughter through almost every page of *A Kentucky Cardinal* and its sequel. It is always fanciful and characteristic, and how much it is in harmony with the intention of the story the pretty incident of the wren's nest, which the engaged lovers use for their private post-office, will show. It is something like Mr. Stockton's humor touched with poetry; that is, so far as it shares Mr. Stockton's *naïveté*. And this smiling and sweet manner which rarely fails him seems part of the breath of Nature in which the story lives. This is a marked quality of his work. In spite of a searching pathos which is almost inseparable from its inspiration, it is centred in peace and self-control. It is in the end a sane and cheery art.

Summer in Arcady completes our study of Mr. Allen's work. It is a story of a Kentuckian summer, warm with the sun of that fertile land, and reproducing for us country customs and country types with the homeliness of modern realism. Looking at the story on this side, we can see how the author's art has been modified by current modes since he wrote *Sister Dolorosa*. But more deeply felt, it convinces us how continuous has been his artistic ideal, how strong his art has grown around the principle that first shaped it. One cannot read the *Prelude* of this story, with the unfaltering accent of its style, delicate, resolute, and touched with imperishable poetry, and not be sure of the succession. One cannot feel the moving harmony of this pastoral, when Nature is ever playing her part in the heightening passion of the story, and

not see the art of *Sister Dolorosa* and the *Kentucky Cardinal* in fuller evidence. As a sustained piece of work, far more ambitious than its predecessors in point of form, and successfully so, Mr. Allen's *Summer in Arcady* makes an epoch in his artistic career.

It has a further interest. It takes issue in a grave contention. There are in *Aftermath* some lines which, coupled with certain other passages in the story where the writer speaks of the married life with a directness that is matched by its delicacy, show what will be the final place of Nature in his interpretation of life:—

"And the other day you told me that I am not perfectly natural with anything but Nature. Nature is the only thing that is perfectly natural with me. When I study Nature there are no delicate or dangerous or forbidden subjects. The trees have no evasions. The weeds are honest. . . . Everything stands forth in the sincerity of its being, and Nature invites me to exercise the absolute liberty of my mind upon all life. . . . But after you have grown used to study Nature with absolute freedom and absolute peace, think how human life repels you. You may not investigate, you may not speak out, you may not even think, you may not even feel."

Summer in Arcady is a study of passion on its Nature side. It is a book which no woman could have written. Intensely masculine in conception, it also needs a man to interpret it with full justice. Mr. Allen has given us his own criticism in the Preface, and we may touch the moral aspect of the story briefly, as he touches it here. He speaks of it as a "protest" against the "downward-moving tendencies" of one class of European fiction; and he says that, in order to make this protest more forcible, he has met the enemy on its own grounds, the grounds of naturalism. But he uses the frankness of naturalism only that he may invest it with a forgotten reverence.

His protest, however, is not merely a protest of taste. He has meant it as a protest in morals; and to this end he has enlisted our sympathies in the struggle and victory of two young people, impelled alike by their inheritance and by their nearness to nature to sin against the civilized order of society, yet escaping through some warning of conscience and some self-control which was the birth of a better love. By such a story the author has attempted to do what seems a paradoxical thing: "wrest a moral victory for each of the characters, a victory for the old established order of civilized societies, and a victory for those forces of life that hold within themselves the only hope of the perpetuity of the race and the beauty of the world."

This victory has certainly not been won by the way of proof. Mr. Allen has wisely said that his story cannot "carry the weight and measure of an opposing argument." An argument it is not in any logical sense; for its consummation in the act of state marriage is not traced in its results, neither is it brought into any contrast with a tragedy that comes from following the natural instinct. But perhaps the story is truer to art in that it is an appeal, and not an argument, — an appeal away from what is merely natural to what is a higher impulse in the direction of human passion. We suppose there will always be some question about the wisdom of using a story like *Summer in Arcady* as a moral weapon. Its sincerity is its danger. It is a book so forcible that it is made to create experience. As for its "morality," it enters into this book, as into all fine art, through the principle of chastity in its soul to keep it pure. We can say this of Mr. Allen's book, and it is its exquisite distinction: he lays such delicate hands on the central mystery of life that he never offends us by one irreverent touch, or by one unveiling which, though honest in intention, might err to the side of grossness.

But to return to the place of Mr. Allen's last book in art. Referring to American fiction, in his Preface, as a "wholesome, altogether peaceful, and rather unambitious world of books," he sufficiently characterizes it as it stands apart in ideal from the English school, especially by this word "unambitious." The American school, remarkable for its sincerity in observation and its finesse, has yet been shy of dealing with some of those vital problems to which the Old World fiction has committed itself. It has perhaps lacked the volume of great emotional literature. For one, the present writer has not cared to see the effects of the latest imported fashion in contemporary writing — the novel of passion — as it has affected more than one native author. It has proved incompatible with their genius, which was of slenderer if no less true a quality than that of the fertile motherland. Mr. Allen's book is an exception, with one other that could not be more different in point of art, at times in point of refinement, yet has that which brings it under the same description, — *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley*. Both Mr. Garland and Mr. Allen had the endowment for their task. They were children of a strong and fertile land, with the virile genius that was not born of cities. But more than this common strength of temperament, as artists they were moved by a common poetry in their subject. It is the poetry of the generating earth, and of all Nature as it obeys one impulse to renew its life, — that poetry which allies itself so mysteriously with the promptings of human passion. The early and really beautiful parts of *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley* have some of the exquisite idyllism which makes *Summer in Arcady* a poem from first to last, and keeps it wholesome as with the fresh air of the sky and of the field. But further than this, Mr. Garland's book serves to illustrate Mr. Allen's only by contrast.

The two books, when brought to-

gether, illustrate one of those central divergences in the conception of art which will always make schools and contentions, but which we must accept so long as there are vital differences of temperament. Here are two books, which, with equal sincerity to Nature, rank as art on the different sides of realism and idealism. Mr. Garland has aimed at a complete contemporary picture; Mr. Allen has cared only for the poetry of his single subject; and we have as a result Mr. Garland's story, forcible, yet lacking in modulation and with a scarcely informing motive, and Mr. Allen's, answering part to part with the uplifting harmony of artistic perfection. However we may talk of schools, the highest art is the purest elation; and there is an elation of form as well as of subject.

But after all, the idealist temper is likely to go deeper than form. It is perhaps rather unkind to pit Mr. Allen against Mr. Garland in this way; but as they are typical and characteristic writers, one cannot help being interested in the contrast of their motives. In *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley*, Mr. Garland keeps throughout the indifference of the naturalist in his point of view; in *Summer in Arcady*, Mr. Allen (who, it must be remembered, brings to Nature the heart of a scientist as well as a poet) follows the lead of the ethical imagination. There is something in the character of our late

realism to make us feel that it is the literature of disillusion. If this is so, then all the more have the idealists an artistic justification in seizing upon the quickening instinct of human nature to idealize its necessities by giving them better than an earth-born name.

In reviewing Mr. Allen's work, one characteristic grows more clear: we have in it the unusual blending of realism and poetry; of a sincerity which is the foe of sentimentalism with a passion for beauty that brings it to the service of ideal ends. This is its significance for the realistic art of the hour, which too often forgets the purity of the artistic pretension. There is another way in which, as was said, it has an almost unique place in American fiction: it dares the vital word. A critic has said that *Pembroke*, of all American novels since *The Scarlet Letter*, has struck the deep chord of master literature. If *Summer in Arcady* moves us with some such essential power, there is a coincidence to record. This book and *Pembroke* are the products of perhaps the two most indigenous civilizations of the New World. That, as literature, they have drawn from deep sources proves that the more enduring art is of older birth than yesterday. We cannot raise art on an unsettled civilization any more than on an iconoclasm that would dispense with the past standards of enduring beauty.

Edith Baker Brown.

THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

DURING the last two or three years, we have often heard the lament that the Victorian era of poetry was closed ; that with the death of Tennyson the last great voice had fallen silent ; that only the small harpers with their glees were left, such as Chaucer saw sitting at the feet of the mighty masters of old ; or that if one or two who might claim to belong to the band of fame lingered on, they were now old men, and their voices were no longer heard or were faint with age. But the lament was futile, however it might seem to be justified by the verse of the new Poet Laureate. Pye was Poet Laureate at the beginning of the century, as Austin is at its end. But before Pye died Scott and Wordsworth had already secured their seats among the immortals, and England, at the end of the century no less than at the beginning, is still the nursing mother of poets ; and though Tennyson and his compeers be dead, her genius, with its eternal youth, is still finding fresh expression for itself, inspired with a novel poetic spirit as genuine as any that has moulded English verse.

This splendid continuous fertility of English genius, this unbroken poetic expression of English character and life from Chaucer to Rudyard Kipling, is unparalleled in the moral and intellectual history of any other race. For five full centuries England has had such a succession of poets as no other land can boast. There is no reason to fear that the succession will fail. One dynasty may follow another, but the throne will not lack a king. It is a change of dynasty which we are witnessing now, and it was the mistaking of this for a break in succession that has given occasion to the lament that the Victorian era of poetry had ended.

As we look back over the poetry of

the century, two main inspiring motives, exhibiting a natural evolution of poetic doctrine and influence, are clearly distinguishable. The one, of which Wordsworth is the representative, proceeded direct from external nature in her relations to man ; while the other, with many representatives from Keats to Tennyson, Arnold, Clough, and Browning, was derived from human nature, from man himself in his various relations to the universe and to his kind. And all these latter poets, however they might differ in their look upon life, treated it either ideally and romantically, or else as matter mainly of introspective reflection and sentiment. Poetry with them was not so much an image of life as, on the one hand a scenic representation of it, and on the other a criticism of it. In their kind, the finer dramatic lyrics of Browning, scenic representations of life, may long stand unsurpassed, while for criticism and exposition of life of the intellectual order Clough and Arnold may have no rivals, as Tennyson may have none in the field of pure sentiment in exquisite lyrical form.

The poetry inspired by these motives was the adequate expression of the ideals of the age, — of its shifting creeds, its doubts, its moral perplexities, its persistent introspection. The mood lasted for full fifty years, and never did the prevailing mood of the higher life of a people find nobler or more complete utterance. But meanwhile the process of mental and spiritual evolution was going on. The mood was gradually changing ; the poets themselves, by uttering it, were exhibiting its limitations ; it was a phase of the spiritual life of man, of which no age exhibits the full orb. A new generation had been growing up under these poets, with its own conceptions and aspirations and its new modes of confront-

ing the conditions of existence. It found the poetic motives of the earlier part of the century insufficient; neither external nature nor human nature in any select aspect was what it cared most about. It had taken to heart the instructions of the poets; it aimed "to see life steadily and see it *whole*," or, in Clough's words,

"to look straight out upon
The big plain things that stare one in the face."

It took the whole world for its realm, and was moved to depict it in its actual aspect and what was called its reality. The realists of yesterday or to-day are the legitimate offspring of the romanticists and idealists of the mid-century, following, as is often the habit of sons, a different course from that which their fathers pursued. The new spirit showed itself at first in prose fiction. It was weak and often misdirected. It waited for its poet. For realism — the aim to see the world and to depict it as it is — required for the fit performance of its work the highest exercise of the poetic imagination. The outward thing, the actual aspect, is in truth the real thing and the true aspect only when seen by the imaginative vision. To see a thing truly, a man must, as Blake says, look *through*, not *with* the eye. The common reporter sees *with* his eye, and, meaning to tell the truth, tells a falsehood. But the imagination has insight, and what it sees is reality.

It is now some six or seven years since *Plain Tales from the Hills* gave proof that a man who saw through his eyes was studying life in India and was able to tell us what he saw. And those who read the scraps of verse prefixed to many of his stories, if they knew what poetry was, learned that their writer was at least potentially a poet, not by virtue of fantasy alone, but by his mastery of lyrical versification. The rhythm of these fragments had swing and ease and variety, and there was one complete little set of verses, at the head of the last

story in the book, which made clear the writer's title to the name of poet. We had not then seen *Departmental Ditties* and *Other Verses*, or *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*: they came to us before long, and showed that the qualities which distinguished Mr. Kipling's stories were not lacking in his poems. There was the same sure touch, the same insight, the same imaginative sympathy with all varieties of life, and the same sense of the moral significance of life even in its crudest, coarsest, and most vulgar aspects. Many of these verses were plainly the work of youth, — of a boy full of talent, but not yet fully master of his own capacities, not yet wholly mastered by his own genius. They had a boyish audacity and extravagance; they were exuberant; there was too much talent in them, usurping the place and refusing the control of genius: but underneath their boyishness, and though their manner was not yet wholly subdued to art, there was a vital spirit of fresh and vigorous originality which, combined with extraordinary control of rhythmical expression, gave sure promise of higher manly achievement.

Mr. Kipling's progress as poet has been plain to those who have read the pieces from his hand which have appeared in magazine and newspaper in England and America, or have had their place in his volumes of stories during the last four or five years. A good part of this scattered verse is now gathered into *The Seven Seas*, but this volume is by no means a complete collection, and there are poems omitted from it which the lover of poetry can ill spare, and for which he would readily exchange some of those included in it.

But in spite of omissions and inclusions alike to be regretted, *The Seven Seas* contains a notable addition to the small treasury of enduring English verse, an addition sufficient to establish Mr. Kipling's right to take place in the honorable

body of those English poets who have done England service in strengthening the foundations of her influence and of her fame. The dominant tone of his verse is indeed the patriotic; and it is the tone of the new patriotism, that of imperial England, which holds as one all parts of her wide-stretched empire, and binds them close in the indissoluble bond of common motherhood, and with the ties of common convictions, principles, and aims, derived from the teachings and traditions of the motherland, and expressed in the best verses of her poets. It is this passionate, moral, imperial patriotism that inspires the first poem in the book, *The Song of the English*, and which recurs again and again through its pages.

But if this be the dominant tone, easily recognized by every reader, the full scale which includes it and every other tone of Mr. Kipling's verse is that of actual life seen by the imagination intensely and comprehensively, and seen by it always, in all conditions and under all forms, as a moral experience, with the inevitable consequences resulting from the good or evil use of it.

The gift of imagination, with which as a quality Mr. Kipling is endowed as few men have ever been, has quickened and deepened his sympathies with men of every class and race, and given him free entrance to their hearts. He "draws the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are;" and the thing as he sees it is the relation of experience and conduct, while the rule of life which he deduces from it is that of "Law, Duty, Order and Restraint. Obedience, Discipline." He does not enforce this rule as a preacher from the pulpit, but, as Shakespeare teaches it, by the simple exhibition of life in its multiplicity and apparent confusion.

"What is a poet?" asks Wordsworth, and he answers his question: "He is a man speaking to men, . . . carrying everywhere with him relationship and

love. . . . He binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society." And this vast empire of society includes the mean and the vulgar no less than the noble and the refined; Tommy Atkins and Bill 'Awkins as well as McAndrew and True Thomas. The recklessness, the coarseness, the brutality of Tommy Atkins, the spirit of the beast in man, all appear in the *Barrack-Room Ballads*; but not less his courage, his fidelity, his sense of duty, his obscure but deep-seated sentiment. The gist of all these Ballads is the display of the traits of human nature which makes this semi-savage "most remarkable like you." Yet it will not be only the fastidious and the super-refined reader who will find that some of the ballads might well be spared. There is more than one in this last volume which offends the taste by coarseness insufficiently redeemed by humor or by suggestion of virtue obscured by vulgarity, diminishes the charm of the book as a whole, and interferes with the commendation of it which might otherwise be hearty and unqualified. And yet, in condemning these few pieces, and in regretting their association with nobler work, I am reminded of a sentence in the *Apologie of Poetrie* of Sir John Harington, printed in the year 1591, which runs as follows: "But this I say, and I think I say truly: that there are many good lessons to be learned out of these poems, many good uses to be had of them, and that therefore they are not, nor ought not to be, despised by the wiser sort, but so to be studied and employed as was intended by the writer and deviser thereof, which is to soften and polish the hard and rough disposition of men, and make them capable of virtue and good discipline."

But enough of blame and of excuse. From the reek of the barrack-room we come out with delight to the open air and to the fresh breezes of the sea. For the sea has touched Mr. Kipling's imagination with its magic and its mystery,

and never are his sympathies keener than with the men who go down upon it, and with the vast relations of human life to the waters that encircle the earth. Here too is manifest his love of England, the mistress of the sea. The ocean is the highway of her sons, and the paths of the ocean which they travel from one end of the earth to the other are paths from one region to another of her imperial dominion.

The passion for the sea, the mastery of its terrors, the confident but distrustful familiarity with it of the English seaman, have never had such expression as Mr. Kipling has given to them. From his splendid pæan of *The English Flag*, —

“What is the flag of England, winds of the world declare,”

to *The Song of the English*, —

“We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there’s never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead,” —

his imagination dwells with vivifying emotion on the heroic combats — now victories, now defeats — of his race with the winds and the waves from which they draw their strength. All that belongs to the story of man upon the sea — the line-of-battle ship, the merchantman, the tramp steamer, the derelict, the little cargo-boats, the lighthouse, the bell-buoy — has its part in his verse of human experience. And so vivid are his appreciations of the poetic significance of even the most modern and practical of the conditions and aspects of sea life that in *McAndrew’s Hymn*, a poem of surpassing excellence alike in conception and in execution, Mr. Kipling has sung the song of the marine steam-engine and all its machinery, from furnace-bars to screw, in such wise as to convert their clanging beats and throbs into a sublime symphony in accord with the singing of the morning stars. He has thus fulfilled a fine prophecy of Words

worth’s, that when the time should come, if it should ever come, when the discoveries and applications of science shall become “familiarized to men, and shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.”

Such a poem as *McAndrew’s Hymn* is a masterpiece of realism in its clear insight into the real significance of common things, and in its magnificent expression of it. Here Mr. Kipling is at his best, revealing the admirable quality of his imaginative vision and obeying the true command of his genius. It is not strange that the insistence of his varied and vigorous talents should often, during youth, when the exercise of talents is so delightful and so delusive, have interfered with his perfect obedience to the higher law of his inward being. And the less strange is it because of the ready acceptance of the work of talent by the world and by the critics, and their frequent lack of readiness of appreciation of the novel modes of genius. Moreover, this age of ours, like every other age, is full of false and misleading doctrines of art, of which the fallacies are often to be discovered by the artist only through his own hard experience. But the interested reader of Mr. Kipling’s verse will not fail to note that almost from the beginning there were indications of his being possessed by the spirit which, whether it be called realist or idealist, sees things as they are; delights in their aspect; finds the shows of the earth good, yet recognizes that they all are but veils, concealments, and suggestions of the things better than themselves, of ideals always to be striven after, never to be attained. The dull-eyed man finds life dull and the earth unpoetic. He is *McAndrew’s* “damned ijjit” who asks, “Mr. *McAndrews*, don’t you think steam spoils romance at sea?”

But the poet finds to-day as entertaining as any day that ever dawned, and man's life as interesting and as romantic as it ever was in old times. Yet he is not satisfied; he reveals this human life to himself as well as to his fellows; he gives to it its form of beauty; but for himself there is a something for which he longs, which he seeks for, and which always eludes him. It is his beloved, it is his ideal; it is what Mr. Kipling, in one of his most beautiful poems, and one in which he gives expression to his deepest self, calls the True Romance. This poem begins:—

“Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die:
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garments' hem:
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.”

It is this poem which more than any other gives the key to the interpretation of Mr. Kipling's work in general, and displays its controlling aim. And more than this, it gives assurance of better work to come than any which Mr. Kipling has yet achieved. For as with every man who holds to a high ideal, pursuing it steadily, each step is a step in advance, so is it with the poet. The imagination, if it be a genuine faculty, and not a mere quality, is not to be worn out and exhausted by use. Nay, rather, it grows stronger with exercise; it is constantly quickened by each new experience; its insight becomes deeper and more keen. It is the poets in whom imagination is a secondary quality who, as

they grow old, fail to equal their youthful selves. But the poets whose imagination is the essence of their being lose nothing, but gain always with advance of years. They are the real idealists.

I have said too little, in what precedes, concerning the gifts possessed by Mr. Kipling which would be matters of chief consideration with a minor poet, — gifts subsidiary to his imagination, though dependent on it for their excellence, — the frequent perfect mating of word with sentiment, the graphic epithet, the force, freedom, directness, and simplicity of diction, the exquisite movement and flow of rhythm, the felicity of rhyme. It would be easy to illustrate these qualities of his poetry by the selection of verses in which they are displayed; but there is little need to do so, for the poems are already familiar, not only to the readers of poetry, but to many who have hardly read any other verse. The Barrack-Room Ballads, set to old tunes, are already sung wherever the British soldier plants his camp. The correspondent of the London Times, who accompanied the recent expedition to Dongola, told in one of his letters how, while he was writing, he heard the soldiers outside his tent singing one of Kipling's songs.

The study of the forms of Mr. Kipling's verse must be left for some other occasion. It is enough now gratefully to recognize that he continues the great succession of royal English poets, and to pay to him the homage which is his due.

Charles Eliot Norton.

MR. GODKIN'S POLITICAL WRITINGS.

MR. GODKIN's political and economic essays¹ extend over a period of thirty years. They consist of contributions to magazines and reviews, discussing several of the questions raised by the great modern democratic movement of our day, and covering such a range as to suggest the idea that they form the groundwork for a systematic treatise on the whole subject of government. This, we hope, may prove to be the case. They are not, like most occasional essays on such topics, contentious or hortatory contributions to the continuous debate on public affairs kept up by the press, but represent the ripe views of an enlightened critic and student of the best school, who approaches his subject without prejudice, discusses it without passion, and records his conclusions with that ease and mastery of style which come only from long familiarity and study combined with unusual literary gifts.

Mr. Godkin's English is what the best English has always been, pointed, strong, and simple. An analysis of his style would show it to be the natural expression of his mind, working in the field to which his tastes direct him. For lucidity and directness it is unequalled among contemporary writers in this country or in England. The essays are contributions to political and economic literature of the most solid sort; in a brief notice we can only call attention to one or two salient features, and we do so because the appearance of this volume is, in our opinion, a literary event of no mean importance, marking the secure occupation of a distinct field by a political writer of the first order.

Before the period at which these essays begin, it was not clearly perceived

¹ *Problems of Modern Democracy*. Political and Economic Essays. [Reprinted from Reviews and Magazines, 1865-1896.] By EDWIN

that democratic institutions represented a changed condition in the whole social and economic world. It sometimes happens that the general external aspect of society lives on long after the vitality of its customs, observances, beliefs, and manners has been sapped by vast social changes; suddenly we wake to find ourselves in a new world, in which they have become in a measure superstitions. Before the Civil War, and for many years after it had come to an end, the view of political institutions still held by educated men of mature age was that they were matters of voluntary adoption, which, once introduced, tended to produce certain known consequences. Every country had a choice. It might have a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy, or a mixture of these; the choice made, certain things would happen, the nature of which could be predicted with more or less certainty. It was partly in obedience to this theory that liberal institutions were adopted, on paper, all over Europe and in Spanish America, in most cases by nations for whom they were but ill-fitting disguises of the fundamental facts of their political life. Now we perceive clearly that political institutions are only within very narrow bounds a matter of choice, and that they are chiefly a result of social conditions. Universal suffrage, which was no essential part of the original liberal programme, has astonished friend and foe alike by spreading over the globe, less by choice than by natural action, like that of water finding its own level. We recognize now that democracy is a natural product of modern society, just as an absolute hereditary monarchy was of English life at the time of the Conquest, or as sla-

LAWRENCE GODKIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

very was in the primitive world. The principle of equality which Jefferson and his teachers thought they were discovering for mankind was really the promise of the great fact of equal rights and opportunities, in a society freed from vested abuse and privilege, of which they were the heralds, and which the disappearance of the old European order, and the spread of science, invention, and commerce, were to make a universal necessity.

This new view is not the thesis of Mr. Godkin's essays, but we know of no contributions to political literature which have helped to make it so plain. For example, in the leading essay in the book, *Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy*, he combats the idea, so prevalent a generation ago, that the marked features of American society were produced by democracy, and that democratic institutions transferred to any other country would give rise to precisely the same phenomena, and advances the view that "any speculation as to the causes of the peculiar phenomena of American society, in which its outward circumstances during the last eighty years do not occupy the leading position, must lead to conclusions radically erroneous, and calculated to do great injustice not only to the American people, but to democracy itself." In an exceedingly acute criticism, perhaps the most important discussion of the subject since Tocqueville wrote, he shows how the great French observer's studies are marred by his failure to perceive that in tracing what he saw here to the single cause of democracy, or the principle of equality, he deviated altogether from the true method of political study: it is on this account that his conclusions have not the permanent value which was anticipated for them. But Mr. Godkin does not merely criticise Tocqueville; he reconstructs the philosophy of the subject, and, with a powerful array of facts and reasoning, undertakes to show in what respect and

by the operation of what forces the social conditions of the American people tended to produce democracy. The essay is not merely a striking literary or historical or critical performance, but is instinct with the true method of the political inquirer who is not led astray on the one side by the often misleading analogies of natural science, nor on the other by theory, but pursues the even tenor of the rational path which leads to some distinctly human, and practical, goal.

There is no speculative writer with whom one can very well compare Mr. Godkin. He recalls Mill, but only as regards method and in a restricted field. Mill took all human science for his province; these essays cover a small portion of it. On the other hand, Mill was a student and philosopher, but not a man of the world. His essay on *Liberty* belongs to the same class with some of those in this volume: it is an essay in which a trained inquirer speculates on the proper solution of some of the problems of government which in one form or another have agitated the world since the revival of learning, and which, having begun by troubling the brains of a few highly educated men, have ended in convulsing the civilized world. Mr. Godkin is a follower of Mill, as every one must be who is worth listening to at all, but his method, because of the circumstances we have mentioned, is in some respects more sure than Mill's. Among American writers, he may be regarded as a legitimate successor of the authors of *The Federalist*. He has, however, qualifications entirely his own.

Certain causes have hitherto tended to obscure Mr. Godkin's authoritative position as a publicist and a writer on government. They are involved in the history and circumstances of the time, which have fostered the temporary popularity of writers of a totally different and, as we believe, of a vastly inferior class. Any one who will read the eco-

nomical essays contained in this volume will have no difficulty in perceiving that they run counter to the philosophical fashion of the day. Their author would be put down as belonging to what is now called the "older" economical school, — that is, the school of Smith, Mill, Ricardo, and Malthus, the founders of economic science. On the one side he would fall under the ban of the "new" or historic economists, who think they have discovered that the method of inquiry pursued by those writers was in part false or narrow; and on the other side, under that of the speculative socialists, who, detesting political economy as originally taught, endeavor to solve what they believe to be the problems of modern society by various panaceas which are really day-dreams. Both the new political economy and socialistic speculations have had an extraordinary vogue during the past twenty years. The former has produced the curious hallucinations on the subject of the currency which, under the name of Bimetallism, pass for a body of economical doctrine; the latter, all sorts of schemes for making everybody happy and rich by law, which have suddenly come together in the last two or three years to precipitate the anomalous product called Populism.

Two essays, that on the Economic Man, written in 1891, and that on Who Will Pay the Bills of Socialism (1894), give in a nutshell the gist of Mr. Godkin's views both on the proper method of economical inquiry and on socialism. Taken together, they show that he holds that there is only one school of economical thought and one method of inquiry in economical subjects; that so far as they deviate from this the new political economy and socialism are errors, and their professors the worshipers of error.

The essence of the question lies within narrow bounds, and may be explained in a few words. Political economy, as expounded by Smith and his followers,

eliminates from the consideration of man many of his appetites, desires, hopes, and passions, and regards him solely as an economic creature, an animal eager to accumulate wealth on the easiest terms. The tendency of his nature in various other directions, his moral qualities, his patriotism, his benevolence, is not considered at all. This hypothesis, the new school replies, does not rest on the totality of the facts of life. No such creature really exists; and what is more, induction, and not deduction, is the foundation of knowledge. If we wish to inquire properly, we must not study the abstract "economic man," but man as he exists or has existed in actual industrial societies, take into account his political system, his laws, his morals, and his family life, and educe from these the true economical conclusion. As the economical history of no two countries is exactly alike, it follows that we may have a different political economy for every country: and this is what has actually happened. "There has arisen a German school, an Austrian school, an English school, a Russian school, and an American school, which all differ in the matter of 'method,' but all agree in repudiating Adam Smith and his economic followers."

Now Mr. Godkin holds that the "economic man" is an absolute necessity to us. The assumption of his existence is analogous to the assumption in natural science that a body once set in motion always travels indefinitely in the direction given it. Nobody ever saw a body traveling *in vacuo*, and nobody ever met with the "economic man," but the one assumption is as necessary to economical science as is the other to mechanics.

Political economy cannot be taught without assuming the existence of a creature who desires above all things, "and without reference to ethical considerations," to "get as much of the world's goods as he can with the least possible expenditure of effort or energy." "The

fact that he is not humane or God-fearing no more affects his usefulness for scientific purposes than the fact that the first law of motion would carry a cannon-ball through a poor man's cottage. The theory of production, of value, and of exchange rests on his assumed existence. He supplies the *raison d'être* of the whole criminal law, and of a large part of the civil law of all civilized countries. Ethics, and religion in so far as it furnishes a sanction for ethics, exist for the purpose of deflecting him from his normal course. The well-known Gresham's Law, which declares that the less valuable of two kinds of legal-tender money will drive the more valuable out of circulation, has been understood by some of our more ignorant bimetallists as meaning that one will exert some kind of mechanical pressure or chemical repulsion on the other. But Gresham's Law is simply a deduction from observation of the working of the economic man's mind when brought into contact with two kinds of currency of unequal value, and through our knowledge of the economic man we can predict its operation with almost as much certainty as the operation of a law of chemistry or physics. Ethics and religion, in fact, constitute the disturbing forces which make possible the organization and prosperous existence of civilized states. They have to be calculated and allowed for, and their working observed, just as the disturbing force of gravity or atmospheric or other resistance has to be calculated, allowed for, and its working observed, in astronomy or mechanics. But this calculation would be impossible if the constant tendency were not known. If the economic man were blotted out of existence, nearly all the discussions of the economists would be as empty logomachy as the attempt to reconcile fixed fate and free will."

This analysis cannot be improved upon, but if accepted it leads to a conclusion fatal to the authority of those

who confound ethics with economics. It shows that these men are really not economists, but politicians or reformers, whose effort is, not the discovery of economic truth, but the restriction of individualism by means of governmental action, or the diffusion of wealth and happiness by means of governmental aid. Their accumulation of facts does not bring us any nearer the discovery of laws, and "they have not contributed anything of practical importance to our knowledge of the laws of value, of production, or of exchange, as extracted from the mind of the producer and purchaser." Their contributions to economical literature do not differ "from the books of intelligent and observant travelers."

This essay is in a critical sense a judgment. It passes in review a whole school of writing and teaching, and declares it to be founded in error, of which the falsity can be demonstrated by scientific means. The same may be said of the essay on the Bills of Socialism, in which it is shown, by a very simple examination of the facts, that even an absolutely equal redistribution of the wealth of the world would not appreciably improve the lot of any one in it. It is a destructive analysis of the whole socialistic scheme of reform, yet so temperately written, so free from exaggeration or excess, as to be convincing to any one who approaches the subject impartially. Whenever the drift of these essays shall have been mastered by the public at large and its guides, we shall be spared most of the economical confusion which now permeates discussion and legislation. That they have not yet been accorded the weight they deserve can only be attributed to the fact that they have run counter to the popular taste, which has been for twenty years all in the direction of "ethical" economy and socialism. For a generation the poor have been deluded by false hopes and promises, and fashionable philanthropy has fanned the breeze of an effeminate

radicalism teaching people to look to the "state" instead of to themselves for help. But, unless we are mistaken, the tide has turned, or is turning, and the next twenty years will witness a reaction in favor of sanity and truth. This change will place these essays for the first time in their true light as authoritative deliverances, by an extraordinarily clear and powerful thinker, upon the true scope and limits of political thought and social effort, — the science and art of government.

It can hardly be expected that those upon whose teachings a critic pronounces adverse judgment will be eager to testify to his competence. If he is right, they are sadly wrong, and accordingly much of Mr. Godkin's warning against false political and economic teaching has fallen upon inattentive ears. Between the true and false teachers in these matters it is very hard for the public at large to decide, except by the test of experience. To that test, in this case, appeal may safely be made. "By their fruits ye shall know them" applies to economists and publicists as well as to others. Modesty forbids Mr. Godkin to mention the important fact that the movement for the reform of the civil service (the success of which he cites as a signal illustration of the danger of denying that a democratic society has "the capacity and determination to remedy its own defects") was due originally to his own unrelenting efforts, in the teeth of ridicule and abuse on all sides. Looking back thirty years, we can say now that the foresight which detected in this reform the key to a great democratic advance was a no less signal illustration of the author's constructive political wisdom. The general soundness of his whole view of government is rapidly being established before our eyes by the misfortune, disorder, and confusion which are overtaking the attempts made by rash theory in other directions. This is what has already in his own lifetime given him a

peculiar repute and authority, and his words a tangible and visible sanction of the one incontestable kind.

In what has been said, the attempt has been made as far as possible to examine these studies of Mr. Godkin's in detachment from the journalistic career of the author, during the period covered by them; but after all, it is against what may be called an editorial background, the true nature of which should be kept in view by the reader, that they will be judged.

It is the impartially practical character of his political writings taken as a whole that separates them on the one side from speculative disquisitions on government and society, and on the other from political writing of another kind, the aim of which is to advance the views of a party or a set. In this respect, again, he reminds us of the great publicists of an earlier day, who succeeded, against heavy odds, in persuading the country to adopt the Constitution under which we live. It was through the press that they dealt their keenest blows, and it is their "leading articles" that now, at a distance of a hundred years, expound for us the foundations of our government. They were originally the leaders, not of a party, but of those who desired good government, as opposed to the enthusiasts, fanatics, demagogues, and partisans of the time; of those who knew only too well that party had always been the curse of free institutions. For thirty years Mr. Godkin has stood for precisely the same ideas.

In one of his essays he says that he is not an enthusiast for any form of government, because he regards government as an extremely serious kind of business, the problems of which cannot be solved by enthusiasm. This is one of those statements which mark out the essential character of the position which he holds. In party politics, the efforts of leaders are generally to appeal to some feeling, — the self-love of the crowd, party pas-

sion, the dislike of foreign rivals, the thirst for military glory or territorial empire, the longing for wealth without effort, the dislike of irksome authority; in speculative politics, there has been always an analogous tendency to appeal to the enthusiasm of an idea, and to make Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Democracy objects of worship instead of means to an end. It was under the influence of this sort of enthusiasm that the great democratic wave of fifty years ago carried the country completely off its feet, and introduced the system of frequent elections and short terms which has made the modern "machine" a possibility. Nothing has so degraded our bench and bar as throwing judicial nominations into the whirlpool of party politics; yet those who introduced the elective judiciary did it under the influence of disinterested enthusiasm for an idea, and had it not been for the woeeful effects of their reform there is little doubt that a generation later it would have been extended to every executive office in the country. It is against this sort of enthusiasm that Mr. Godkin protests. What he would substitute for it the general drift of all that he has had to say about politics makes clear enough. The ideal he has in view — for without ideals we cannot live under any form of government — is rationality, the application to government of the teachings of experience. The first postulate of every branch of knowledge is devotion to truth, and the beginning of wisdom in the political art is common sense.

If what we have said is true, to talk of being pessimist or optimist about popular government is very much like talking of being pessimist or optimist about life. It is one of the characteristically sensible observations made by Mr. Godkin that there is no more reason why the human race should despair, in the face of the Malthusian law of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, than that it should confess de-

feat in the face of the fact of mortality. Some people will always take a cheerful view of the future, as others will always take a gloomy view of it; but neither cheerfulness nor gloom will enable us to reach any conclusion about it. Nothing is more certain than that neither optimism nor pessimism ever increased any one's foresight. If people talked of the duty of taking a cheerful view of chemistry, we should laugh at them; but if we are to make any advance in the study of government, our attitude toward institutions must aim at being as dispassionate as that of a chemist toward acids and alkalis. During the recent presidential campaign, a curious instance of the distracting effect of the emotional view of institutions was given on a great scale by the attitude of a large part of the English press. These conservative organs were from first to last gloomy about the result, and half predicted the election of Bryan. They could give no clear reason for their dread, but they exhibited an incapacity to appreciate the facts which made his election seem to cool observers in this country an impossibility, and did nothing but echo and reëcho their fears. The real reason was that they had always preferred to believe that popular institutions inevitably produced either anarchy or despotism. The election of Bryan would have been a verification of their pessimism. No doubt the cause of our making such slow progress in political science is that we are ourselves involved in the thing observed, while in natural science this is not the case. Very few observers ever reach such skill in self-detachment as is shown by the author of this volume.

Under other conditions than those which have existed for a generation, Mr. Godkin would have perhaps been conspicuously engaged in public life. But since the war, owing to a variety of causes, the gulf between politics, strictly so called, and the moral and intellectual forces which determine the

development of the country has deepened and widened. It is a commonplace that the public men of the United States are not at present really representative men. They neither mould its opinion nor guide its energies. On the other hand, while they have deteriorated, the country itself has made a stride in civilization. The result has been the growth of a great body of non-partisan independent opinion, closely allied to neither of the political parties, but holding the balance of power between them, and determining the resultant movement of the government against the will of both. This body of opinion has settled the fate, first of one party, and then of the other, in several elections, and its work is only begun. It is necessarily non-partisan, and its leaders are excluded from a definite public career by the very fact of being its leaders. They are found in the press, in the pulpit, in law, in education, in industrial pursuits, but not in politics. They have no machines, they cannot become bosses; they trade neither in offices nor in votes. But they constitute a powerful political force which those who need votes have to reckon with. The future of the country is theirs. If we are asked what common bond unites them, we can only say, the desire for better and more rational government. Now, if Mr. Godkin's work be examined as a whole, it will be seen that there is not a distinctive principle underlying the independent movement of his period for

which he has not found its best and most forcible expression, and not an impulse to action that has not received impetus, and in many cases life, from him. We have mentioned the reform of the civil service; we might have referred to the second movement for the redemption of New York from Tammany Hall, in which he voluntarily incurred a very considerable personal risk, and, what now really seems incredible, had to convert people to the belief that the "new Tammany" was not on the whole a reformatory body.

Whether we believe in "necessary" men or not, we all recognize that at certain epochs public guides appear who divine what is necessary for those in whose interest they think and feel, with an instinct which resembles and in fact is genius. They are heard because they must be heard; they are followed because they must be followed. They point out the goal and mark out the path; and though what they tell us may sometimes run counter to our prejudices and be at war with our desires, in the end it prevails, because it is true. If the question is asked, To what single influence is the fact chiefly due that there is visible to-day a definite ideal of good government which beckons the country steadily forward, and a coherent body of independent thought which supports us in the hope that we may attain it? the answer must be, To that of the author of these essays.

MEN AND LETTERS.

VERBAL MAGIC.

A MUSIC-LOVER and devoted connoisseur of my acquaintance — “uninstructed, but sensitive,” to characterize him in his own words — is accustomed to say that he distinguishes several kinds of enjoyable music.* One kind is interesting: here he puts the work of composers so unlike as Berlioz and Brahms. Another kind is exciting, under which head he ranks the greater part of Wagner and the Bach fugues! And still another kind is charming. Whenever he uses this last epithet, he adds an explanation, the word being now so worn by indiscriminate handling as hardly to pass by itself at its full face value. He means that the music thus described — heavenly music, he sometimes calls it (of which his typical example seems to be Schubert’s unfinished symphony) — has upon him an indescribable ravishing effect, as if it really and literally charmed him. Exactly why this should be he does not profess to decide. All such compositions are highly melodious and in some good degree simple; but then there is plenty of other excellent music to which the same terms seem to be equally applicable, which nevertheless lays him under no such spell. “I don’t undertake to explain it,” he says; “so far as I am concerned, it is all a matter of feeling.”

Analogous to this is my own experience — and, I suppose, that of readers in general — with certain fragments of poetry, which have for me an ineffable and apparently inexhaustible charm. Other poetry is beautiful, enjoyable, stimulating, everything that poetry ought to be, except that it lacks this final something which, not to leave it absolutely without a name, we may call magic. Whatever it be called, it pertains not to

any poet’s work as a whole, nor in strictness, I think, to any poem as a whole, but to single verses or couplets. And to draw the line still closer, verse of this magical quality — though here, to be sure, I may be disclosing nothing but my own intellectual limitations — is discoverable only in the work of a certain few poets.

The secret of the charm is past finding out: so I like to believe, at all events. Magic is magic; if it could be explained it would be something else; to use the word is to confess the thing beyond us. Such verses were never written to order or by force of will, since genius and our old friend — or enemy — “an infinite capacity for taking pains,” so far from being one, are not even distantly related. The poet himself could never tell how such perfection was wrought or whence it came; nor is its natural history to be made out by any critic. The best we can do with it is to enjoy it, thankful to have our souls refreshed and our taste purified by its “heavenly alchemy;” as the best that our musical friend can do with the unfinished symphony is to surrender himself to its fascination, and be carried by it, as I have heard him more than once express himself, up to “heaven’s gate.”

And yet it is not in human nature to forego the asking of questions. The mind will have its inquisitive moods, and sometimes it loves to play, in a kind of make-believe, with mysteries which it has no thought of solving, — a harmless and perhaps not unprofitable exercise, if entered upon modestly and pursued without illusions. We may wonder over things that interest us, and even go so far as to talk about them, though we have no expectation of saying anything either new or final.

Take, then, the famous lines from Wordsworth's *Solitary Reaper*: —

"Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

The final couplet of this stanza is a typical example of what is here meant by verbal magic. I am heartily of Mr. Swinburne's mind when he says of it, "In the whole expanse of poetry there can hardly be two verses of more perfect and profound and exalted beauty;" although my own slender acquaintance with literature as a whole would not have justified me in so sweeping a mode of speech. The utmost that I could have ventured to say would have been that I knew of no lines more supremely, indescribably, perennially beautiful. Nor can I sympathize with Mr. Courtthope in his contention that the lines are nothing in themselves, but depend for their "high quality" upon their association with the image of the solitary reaper. On such a point the human consciousness may possibly not be infallible; but at all events, it is the best ground we have to go on, and unless I am sadly deluded my own delight is in the verses themselves, and not merely nor mainly in their setting. Yet of what cheap and common materials are they composed, and how artlessly put together! Nine every-day words, such as any farmer might use, not a fine word among them, following each other in the most unstudied manner — and the result perfection!

By the side of this example let us put another, equally familiar, from Shakespeare: —

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Here, too, all the elements are of the plainest and commonest; and yet these few short, homely words, every one in its natural prose order, and not over-musical, — "such stuff" and "little

life" being almost cacophonous, — have a magical force, if I may presume for once to speak in Mr. Swinburne's tone, unsurpassable in the whole range of literature. We hear them, if we *do* hear them, and all things earthly seem to melt and vanish.

Not unlike them in their sudden effectiveness is a casual expression of Burke's. For in prose also, and even in a political pamphlet, if the pamphleteer have a genius for words, an inspired and unexpected phrase (and inspired phrases are always unexpected, that being one mark of their divinity) may take the spirit captive. Thus, while Burke is talking about the troubles of the time, being now in the opposition, and blaming the government as in duty bound, suddenly he lets fall the words, "Rank, and office, and title, and all the solemn plausibilities of the world;" and for me, I know not whether others may be similarly affected, politics and government are gone, an "insubstantial pageant faded." "All the solemn plausibilities of the world," I say to myself, and for the present, though I am hardly beyond the first page of the pamphlet, I care not to read further; like Emerson at the play, who had ears for nothing more after Hamlet's question to the ghost: —

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

I am writing simply as a lover of poetry, "uninstructed, but sensitive," not as a critic, having no semblance of claim to that exalted title, — among the very highest, to my thinking, as the men who wear it worthily are among the rarest; great critics, to this date, having been fewer even than great poets; but I believe, or think I believe, in the saying of one of the brightest of modern Frenchmen: "*Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs-d'œuvre.*" So I delight in this adventure of Emerson's mind in the midst of Hamlet, as I do also in a

similar one of Wordsworth's, who was wont to say, as reported by Hazlitt, that he could read Milton's description of Satan —

“Nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured” —

till he felt “a certain faintness come over his mind from a sense of beauty and grandeur.”

One thing, surely, we may say about verse of this miraculous quality: it does not appeal first or principally to the ear; it is almost never rich in melodic beauty, as such beauty is too commonly estimated. It is musical, no doubt, but after a secret manner of its own. Alliteration, assonance, a pleasing alternation and interchange of vowel sounds, all such crafty niceties are hidden, if not absent altogether, — so completely hidden that the reader never thinks of them as either present or absent.¹ The appeal is to the imagination, not to the ear, and more is suggested than said. Such lines, along with their simplicity of language, may well have something of mysteriousness. Yet they must not puzzle the mind. The mystery must not be of the smaller sort, that provokes questions. If the curiosity is teased in the slightest to discover what the words mean, the spell is broken. There is no enchantment in a riddle.

Neither is there charm in an epigram, be it never so happy, nor in any conceit or play upon words.

“I could not love thee, Dear! so much,
Loved I not Honor more.” —

nothing of this kind, perfect as it is, will answer the test. Mere cleverness might compass a thing like that. Indeed, the very cleverness of it, its courtly gracefulness, its *manner* (one seems to see the bodily inflection and the wave of the hand that go with the phrase), the spice of smartness in it, are enough to remove it instantly out of the magic circle. Ma-

¹ Is there a possible connection between this fact and the further one that really magical lines are seldom or never to be found in the

gical verse is neither pretty nor clever. It speaks not of itself. If you think of *it*, the charm has failed.

In my own case, in lines that are magical to me, the suggestion or picture is generally of something remote from the present, a calling up of deeds long done and men long vanished, or else a foreboding of that future day when *all* things will be past; a suggestion or picture that brings an instant soberness, — reverie, melancholy, what you will, — that is the most delicious fruit of recollection. It suits with this idea that the verse has mostly a slow, meditative movement, produced, if the reader chooses to pick it to pieces, by long vowels and natural pauses, or by final and initial consonants standing opposite each other, and, between them, holding the words apart; such a movement as that of the Wordsworth couplet first quoted, —

“For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago,” —

or as that of the still more familiar slow-running line from the sonnets of Shakespeare, —

“Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang,” —

a movement that not merely harmonizes with the complexion of the thought, but heightens it to an extraordinary degree. Not that the poet wrote with that end consciously in view, or altered a syllable to secure it. Wordsworth's lines, it is safe guessing, were for this time given to him, and dropped upon the paper as they are, faultless beyond even his too meddlesome desire to alter and amend. Indeed, in this as in all the best verse, it is not the metrical structure that produces the imaginative result, but exactly the opposite.

And here, as I think, we may gather a hint as to the impassable gulf that separates inspired poetry from the very highest verse of the next lower order. Take

work of the more distinctively musical poets, — say in Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne ?

such a dainty bit of musical craftiness as this, the first that offers itself for the purpose : —

“ The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.”

Admirable after its kind, a kind of which it might seem unfair to say that less is meant than meets the ear ; but set it beside the Wordsworth couplet, so easy, so simple,

“ Without all ornament, itself and true,”
so inevitable and yet so impossible. One is cheap in its materials, but divine in its birth and in its effect ; the other is made of rare and costly stuffs, but when all is done it *is* made. Though it sound old-fashioned to say so, there is no art like inspiration.

The supreme achievement of poetic genius is not the writing of beautiful passages, but the conception and evolution of great poems, — the whole, even in a work of the imagination, being greater than any of its parts ; but poetic inspiration reaches its highest jet, if we may so speak, its ultimate bloom, in occasional lines of transcendent and, as human judgment goes, perfect loveliness. I should like to see a rigorously sifted collection of such fragments, an anthology of magical verse, nothing less than magic being admitted. It would be a small volume, —

“ Infinite riches in a little room ; ”
but it would need an inspired reader to make it.

Bradford Torrey.

UPON A MISSING WORD.

QUITE lately I read a sly and mellow essay in which the American writer (I am glad we can claim him) told of his putting Montaigne into a canoe, and in that company paddling inexpertly

through a lake. From the lake he had got pleasure, but from his author such delight that he quarrels delicately with Pascal ; for Pascal, it seems, said that Montaigne talked too much about himself, and the canoeist retorts : “ If men dislike apparent egotism, let them leave Montaigne. Such men should vex themselves at all expression, for all fiction and art are ripe with personality.”

With this vindication fresh in mind I chanced upon another essayist, an Englishman, and fiercer, much. Montaigne, he says, and Howell's Letters are his bedside books. “ If I wake at night, I have one or other to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me.” Now comes the fierceness : “ You say you are angry with a man for talking about himself. It is because you yourself are selfish that that other person's Self does not interest you.”

These two make a strong defense, said I, but abruptly remembered that the canoeist had talked about his sandwiches and his tobacco and his fatigued shoulder-blades, his thirst for ale, his meal of ham and eggs — why, of course he would be sensitive about that word of Pascal's ! With mutated name of thee shall the fable, etc. And as for the other man, Mr. Roundabout, he is simply notorious in the personal line. The Flaubertians and all well-conducted modern people deplore his indecent lack of reticence. Yet still, still, I blessed the egoists. So then I went to the dictionary, that bald interpreter of the race, but it had n't a favorable thing to say about egotism ; indeed, it mentioned *vanity* as the unique synonym, and at once the pleasing thought occurred to me that nothing save my own erring modesty thwarted my producing a book like Montaigne's. And consider, if you please, what good company I should be in. Did n't Cicero sit down and confide his old age to us ? And Horace ? In his very first ode the fond creature says

how tall he should feel if inserted among lyric persons. And he goes on through his book about his wine and his farm, his odium for Persian apparatus; how when Lydia praises Telephus his *fervent liver grows tumid with difficult bile* — there's personality for you! He contentedly imparts to us upon what occasions he will wrap himself in his virtue; that he had never been particularly religious until one fine day Jupiter — but you remember what happened at the conversion of the bard. And finally (crowning impertinence) he shouts at us triumphantly that he has built himself an imperishable monument. Himself. "Non omnis moriar." says he. No, indeed. He knew he had said some things well and briefly, and do you blame the incomparable master of verse — the most consummate of all, to my thinking — that he foresaw what, after all, has come true: that we go on quoting his phrases to-day because none of us has yet managed to say those things so beautifully as he?

Next, there is François Villon, who begins in the second line of his first poem to tell us all about himself and his *très-amoureuse* prison; and in every following stanza comes an "I" or a "me" for I don't know how many pages. Ah, who would have the engaging scoundrel different? Listen to him: —

"Item, m'amour, ma chère Rose,
Ne luy laisse ne cuer ne foye:
Elle aymeroit mieulx autre chose,
Combien qu'elle ait assez monnoye:
Quoy? une grand bourse de soye,
Pleine d'escuz, profonde et large:
Mais pendu soit-il, que je soye,
Qui luy lairra escu ne targe."

What a gait, what a charm! what condensed rapidity of art beyond hope of translation!

So you see, he is another egotist. Need I remind you that Cæsar's Gallic War is an enormous account of himself, and his bridge, and his legions, and his speeches? Did he toss those speeches off on the battlefield, do you suppose, while Dum-

norix or somebody waited to hack his head off until after the peroration, or did n't he revise the proof just a trifle here and there before going to press? He speaks with apparent third-personality; but those cadenced addresses to his soldiers fill me with suspicion. Then one remembers how severely enraged with the pirates he was when he was their prisoner and would read his original verses to them, and they failed to perceive their merit. I think we must count Cæsar among the egotists.

Finally, to ascend to the highest, there are the Psalmists, collectively called David. Each poem thrills with the personality of the writer, his tears and his joy. Upon the other hand, the most inveterate, the most abysmal egotist in conduct, Goethe, almost never talks about himself.

No. The dictionary has a blank in it where a word should be. Ego had nothing bad or good about it originally, any more than tu. But we, the human race, in our gradual experience (and through the trait which Mr. Roundabout so sharply pins) have colored that word dark, and never troubled to invent another that should mean the charming, the beneficent, the friendly, — the altru-egotism! I'm not going to invent the word myself, for reasons of a private nature; but one is badly needed. For when we speak of Montaigne or the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, we are led to make a false apology for the very virtue, the talisman, the soul that has captured our hearts.

Owen Wister.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MR. LOWELL.

IN October, 1883, I found Mr. Lowell in Paris on a holiday from the United States Legation in London. His figure had grown robust; the lines of his face were less regular, but more striking than when I had last seen him. He and Mrs. Lowell were at a small hotel on the

left bank of the Seine, French and for French people, where he had once passed a winter while studying the Romance languages. On my first visit I was shown upstairs by mistake, as Mrs. Lowell was out, and he was alone; but seeing a chance for the thing which I believe he enjoyed more than any other, a talk, he begged me to stay with such hearty and almost plaintive eagerness that, nothing loath, I sat down. He held an open book, and I asked him what it was. After an instant's affected hesitation he put his hand to his mouth and whispered, "Zola!" I laughed. He asked me what I thought of it; but not having read any of that writer's works I had nothing to say, and asked him in turn. He broke into abuse of people who like to write filth; he did not wish to read it, he said, but some acquaintance with all literature is requisite for a man of letters. "I once read a book of Dean Swift's, years ago," he added (he did not name it), "and the stench of it reeks in my nostrils to this day."

He and Mrs. Lowell had been to Vincennes: he knew it was not the memory of the Duc d'Enghien that took him there, but could not tell whose until they were passing the gate, when he remembered Mirabeau. I inquired whether, on the whole, he rated Mirabeau as a great force, or merely *vox et præterea nihil*. "Oh, a great force," he answered, "and sincere in his desire to serve both the nation and the crown." He talked a good deal about Mirabeau and his father and uncle. I expressed a wonder whether Mirabeau's death had changed the course of history, — if that single hand could have held back the Revolution until the humanitarian and liberal ideas of the times should have prevailed and outstripped the blind rush of the people. "It might," he said, "if he had had to deal with any two persons except the king and queen: if there had been a little more in him, and a little less in her, Mirabeau might have done miracles.

But their doom was sealed, and the rest inevitably followed."

This was my first conversation with Lowell, and I was struck by his extreme familiarity with the epoch of the French Revolution; which, however, was not extraordinary in a literary man who was sight-seeing in Paris. I soon discovered that he was as widely and minutely informed on every subject that came up, — chiefly, indeed, history, politics, and letters; his faculty for acquisition and his memory must have been equally remarkable. One evening I was dining with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell and three other friends, and he began to lament the re-naming of old streets which was going on, and the obliteration of the last traces of the Paris of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, — the Paris of the schoolmen and their open-air debates. He spoke of the local history that lay in the mere names of streets and squares, — Rue du Fouarre, Rue des Mauvais Garçons, and several more of which he gave the origin and legend. In the midst of this picturesque and learned disquisition he stumbled upon the class of a celebrated philosopher of those times, seated on their bundles of straw, — a well-known teacher whose name I cannot now recall, — and stated that he was a Jew.

He instantly began to talk of the Jews, a subject which turned out to be almost a monomania with him. He detected a Jew in every hiding-place and under every disguise, even when the fugitive had no suspicion of himself. To begin with nomenclature: all persons named for countries or towns are Jews; all with fantastic, compound names, such as Lilienthal, Morgenroth; all with names derived from colors, trades, animals, vegetables, minerals; all with Biblical names, except Puritan first names; all patronymics ending in *son*, — *sohn*, *sen*, or any other version; all Russells, originally so called from red-haired Israelites; all Walters, by long-descended derivation from wolves and foxes in

some ancient tongue; the Cæcili, therefore Cæcilia Metella, no doubt St. Cecilia too, consequently the Cecils, including Lord Burleigh and Lord Salisbury; he cited some old chronicle in which he had cornered one Robert de Cæcilia and exposed him as an English Jew. He gave examples and instances of these various classes with amazing readiness and precision, but I will not pretend that I have set down even these few correctly. Of course there was Jewish blood in many royal houses and in most noble ones, notably in Spain. In short, it appeared that this insidious race had penetrated and permeated the human family more universally than any other influence except original sin. He spoke of their talent and versatility, and of the numbers who had been illustrious in literature, the learned professions, art, science, and even war, until by degrees, from being shut out of society and every honorable and desirable pursuit, they had gained the prominent positions everywhere.

Then he began his classification again: all bankers were Jews, likewise brokers, most of the great financiers, — that was to be expected; the majority of barons, also baronets: they had got possession of the press, they were getting into politics; they had forced their entrance into the army and navy; they had made their way into the cabinets of Europe and become prime ministers; they had slipped into diplomacy and become ambassadors. But a short time ago they were packed into the ghetto: now they inhabited palaces, the most aristocratic quarters, and were members of the most exclusive clubs. A few years ago they could not own land: they were acquiring it by purchase and mortgage in every part of Europe. and buying so many old estates in England that they owned the larger part of several counties.

Mr. Lowell said more, much more, to illustrate the ubiquity, the universal ability of the Hebrew, and gave exam-

ples and statistics for every statement, however astonishing, drawn from his inexhaustible information. He was conscious of the sort of infatuation which possessed him, and his dissertation alternated between earnestness and drollery; but whenever a burst of laughter greeted some new development of his theme, although he joined in it, he immediately returned to the charge with abundant proof of his paradoxes. Finally he came to a stop, but not to a conclusion, and as no one else spoke, I said, "And when the Jews have got absolute control of finance, the army and navy, the press, diplomacy, society, titles, the government, and the earth's surface, what do you suppose they will do with them — and with us?" "That," he answered, turning towards me, and in a whisper audible to the whole table, "that is the question which will eventually drive me mad."

Mr. Lowell was more fond of talking than any one else I ever knew. It was not in the least that he liked to hear himself talk, — he liked to talk; he more than liked it, — he loved it to excess. He could listen, he wanted to hear what you had to say, but he could not help interrupting you, for he always had something more to say. His mind was eminently responsive, besides which it had the property of self-suggestiveness; his conversation stimulated him in the same way that it stimulated other people. He surprised me by saying that he had difficulty in speaking French. Strange as it seemed, I could not doubt him: there was a cheerful frankness in Mr. Lowell's admission of his deficiencies which had nothing in common with humility, as if he had a belief, certainly well founded, that they took nothing from his merit. Whether this difficulty extended to the other languages in which he was equally well versed, I do not know; it is odd that such a lack should have been associated with his amazing fluency in his own tongue, and the comprehension of others, even to dialect.

Once I found him writing a letter from a French doll to her sister in London; one, as I understood, having been given by Mr. and Mrs. Lowell to a little friend in Paris, the other to an English child. He was writing capital French-English and a plausible doll's style. What he read me was so comical, the point of view so whimsical, that I would have wished no better entertainment if there had not been so many greater things to hear him talk about. He was in good humor with Paris and his surroundings; he was brimming with fun; he seemed to be in a state of perpetual mental activity, of natural effervescence and ebullition like a sparkling spa. He told me, however, that he was subject to depression, which at that time it was not easy to imagine.

That autumn in Paris was my one season of what I may call companionship with Mr. Lowell, for I saw him at least twice a week, often for hours together. I saw him again in London, later in the year, when I was about to sail for America, and that was the end of our continuous intercourse. We met a few times afterwards at long intervals, on memorable occasions: in Cambridge at Harvard's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, in New York at the performance in Greek of *The Acharnians* by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, and twice or thrice in Philadelphia. I had delightful talks with him, turning on the celebration which had brought us together, and on his late visit to Europe, — he had always just come back. Is it treachery to tell that once when I rallied him a little on these fond returns to a country he had scored so sharply as England, and asked what he found there that he missed here, he lowered

his voice and said rather sadly, "The charm of life"? One needs only to recollect that Elmwood was then closed and his faithful companion gone, that most of his early friends were dead and the "Brahmins" nearly extinct, to understand the comfort and cheer he found in a land where none of these associations were missed, and where congenial society was always to be had without seeking.

From first to last I saw Mr. Lowell scarcely fifty times, yet when I knew that I should see him no more I felt that a great pleasure, a great privilege, a stimulus and source of strength, were gone from my life. His conversation was interesting, instructive, amusing, brilliant, witty, racy, but to me its highest quality was tonic. I never met him, even for ten minutes, that he did not let fall some invigorating word, witness to the Puritan principle which was the groundwork of his character and the substratum of his nature, and ran through all he said and wrote like a vein of granite. It fortified my resolutions, it put my compromises and concessions to shame, it braced me to effort and sacrifice, and held up before me the true aims of life. This effect was unconscious on his part: I never spoke to him of it, and I never heard him moralize, yet it is as a moralist that I think of him most often. It is the recognition of the eternal difference between right and wrong that gives the ring to his earliest melodies, the point to his satire, the standard to his critical judgments, the sublimity to his Commemoration Ode, when, as poet and patriot, he rose to his utmost height, and made the man what he was at every stage of his progress through life to immortality.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Mr. Bradford Torrey has recently drawn fresh attention to the delights which lie in wait for the reader of Thoreau, and has hinted at the new edition of the *Cape Cod* (Houghton) just put forth with delicate artistic marginal notes in color. The grace of these designs and the beauty of execution in the very difficult art of color-printing meet the eye at once; a closer inspection reveals a rare felicity in the manner in which Miss Watson, the artist, has complemented Thoreau. He sometimes gives hints which she expands; she, on the other hand, sometimes contracts his narrative or description into a suggestive reminder. It is seldom, indeed, that illustration is made so to enhance the value of the text.—The device which Mr. Clifton Johnson employs in illustrating books is a little novel, but its virtue lies, not in its novelty, but in the good judgment, taste, and choice of subjects with which he applies it. His practice is to photograph scenes with figures in them which have directly to do with the subject illustrated, and then, by a dexterous use of the brush or pencil, to give the needed touch which makes in effect a picture, and not a photograph. Thus he has taken a number of papers by John Burroughs and grouped them in a volume entitled *A Year in the Fields* (Houghton), supplying them with twenty illustrations. The result is a very agreeable reproduction of the vicinage of Mr. Burroughs's home, with Mr. Burroughs himself presented to the eye in unstudied positions. The scenes range through the year and have great variety; the mechanical process by which the pictures are reproduced is clean and sharp.—Mr. Johnson has applied the same plan to Mr. Barrie's *A Window in Thrums* (Dodd, Mead & Co.); only in this instance he has had to deal with fiction. But Thrums so readily finds a prototype in a locality in Scotland, and Mr. Barrie's portraiture and scenes are so true to life, that one does not greatly complain, and the product is an attractively illustrated volume. There is thus but a thin veil between photography and art; still there is a veil.—The Surrey edition of Washington Irving's *Bracebridge*

Hall (Putnam's) is a two-volume decorated and illustrated work. The borders, printed in green, have a variety of devices and mottoes; there are initial letters and tailpieces, and twenty-eight full-page photogravures from designs by Reinhart, Schmolze, Hyde, Sandham, and others. Attention has been paid to the costume of the time of the sketches; the sketches themselves show Irving at his mellow best, and though we think the decorations and some of the illustrations are hardly in harmony with the spirit of Irving, they will be thanked if they cause the book to find new readers.—Though the value of the work is not made to depend on its illustrations, the generous treatment which Miss Mary E. Perkins has given to her *Old Houses of the Antient Town of Norwich, 1600-1800* (The Author), makes it proper to include the book in this section, yet it might quite as properly be placed with books of history. The town of Norwich in Connecticut is pre-eminent among New England towns for the persistence of a type. Here are spacious houses, but no air of decayed gentility hangs about them. Life has gone on vigorously, and new energies are constantly disclosed. This volume, therefore, has much more than an antiquarian interest; it is not a museum of New England antiquities, but a vivid picture of a strong life which still flows on. The views of houses, the plans, the portraits combined with the human narrative, make this, the first of a series, incomparably the best monument to New England town life which has ever been produced.—One commonplace but satisfactory pleasure to be derived from the pretty mediævalism of the holiday edition of Mr. Aldrich's *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book* (Houghton) is the ease with which it is read. We have a missal-like setting of the poem, but the fancy is restricted to the form, the cover, the borders, and the rubricating; the poem itself is not in German text, but in good clear Roman type, so that when one has handled the book he is tempted to begin to read, and he does not resist the temptation. The final impression made on him is of the poem, not of the setting.—*Rome of To-Day and Yesterday*, the

Pagan City, by John Dennie. (Putnams.) Mr. Dennie essays to read the palimpsest of Rome by disclosing the records to be found there of her eleven Pagan centuries. The especial occasion of the reissue of the work is to be found in the five maps and plans and the fifty-eight illustrations from Roman photographs. The half-tone reproductions show how much gain there has been in recent years in this style of picture. — The publisher, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, has been adding to his collection of books as toys. The little box with a lid does not contain caramels, but *The Pageant of Summer*, by Richard Jefferies; *The Child in the House*, by Walter Pater; and *The Story of Amis and Amile*, by William Morris, — each carefully enveloped in postage-stamp paper and tucked away in a little case. This confectionery style seems to intimate that the literature inclosed is too good for human nature's daily food, but after one has got rid of the boxes and the wrappers he finds books which are the outward signs of inward grace. — The same house sends in its Bibelot Series Morris's *The Defence of Guenevere* and McCarthy's English prose version of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, — a translation which enhances the value of Fitzgerald's verse by showing how indebted the Persian is to the Englishman. Once more we have four books in a box, belonging to the *Old World Series*, *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*, by Andrew Lang, Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova* being among them. These long and narrow books defy bookshelves. They spend their lives lying down. — It is an archaic manner which Mr. George Wharton Edwards uses in *A Book of Old English Ballads* (Macmillan), which he has furnished with pen-and-ink drawings, but the excellent introduction by H. W. Mabie, pointing out the objectivity and directness of the ballad, might have given Mr. Edwards his cue. His few lines might have been even fewer, and his designs would still have been vigorous. — *Captive Memories*, *Commemorative Verses* interwoven with *California Flowers for Anniversary Days and Presentation Occasions*, by James Terry White. (James T. White & Co., New York.) It is somewhat difficult to make a souvenir which shall suit all moods and many occasions, but Mr. White seems to have attempted

such a result. The verses are apparently his own, the illustrative flower borders are by various hands, and some ingenious craftsman has succeeded in transferring an aromatic odor to the leaves of the book. In the presence of this last mystery every other device to make the volume something to help remembrance becomes less distinct. One wonders how the scent got in, and then still more if it ever will get out. — *William Winter's Gray Days and Gold* (Macmillan) has been issued in a profusely illustrated edition, a style of publication to which the work, of course, readily lends itself. We are glad to learn from the preface of the success of the book in its original form, and also to note the revisions and additions made here, which add to its value as a traveling companion or a reminder of travels past. — The stories of Thomas Nelson Page's *In Ole Virginia*, which have in turn appeared in holiday editions, are now reunited in an exceedingly handsome volume, retaining, we think, all the original illustrations, the work of Smedley, Clinedinst, Reinhart, Frost, Pyle, and Castaigne. (Scribners.) — *A Literary Courtship* and *A Venetian June*, by Anna Fuller, have been received with sufficient popular favor to justify their promotion to the rank of gift books. They now appear in two attractive little volumes, with white-and-gold covers and a number of additional illustrations. (Putnams.)

LITERARY HISTORY.

The blending of personal reminiscence with characterization, appreciation, and criticism, which belongs to Mrs. Fields's *Authors and Friends* (Houghton), produces an effect so harmonious, so full of mellow charm, that the reader leaves the book with the feeling that he has been present at Landor's prophetic feast without having to wait Landor's deferred pleasure. The company is choice, — Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Celia Thaxter, Whittier, Tennyson and Lady Tennyson, and, we may justly add, Mrs. Fields herself, — and what is more, the company is at its best without any effort. Mrs. Fields avails herself of letters and private journals, but her own definite recollections, and her happy faculty for seizing upon the really characteristic points of the persons she celebrates, give special value to this admi-

nable piece of literary history. The title of Mrs. Fields's book suggests very happily the aspect in which men of letters are apt to be regarded by the reading public, even when they are not known in the flesh, and reminds us that better knowledge will often correct impressions made by literary traditions. — Mr. Andrew Lang has taken up rather late the task of giving the world the real John Gibson Lockhart in a handsome two-volume *Life and Letters* of that enigmatic personage. (Imported by Scribners.) We say "enigmatic," for Lockhart remains somewhat of a puzzle still, though Mr. Lang has thrown much light on the contradictions of his character. It ought to be enough for the reader, as against the bitter assaults upon Lockhart, that Scott early admired him and steadily confided in him; but this first comprehensive memoir will make the reader admire him and confide in him on direct evidence, though one might still stand in a little fear of the rapier which Lockhart carried so carelessly. The incidental pictures of the Scott circle, and the graphic touches by which the literary society of the day is set off, add to the value of the memoir, and through much of the narrative runs that undercurrent of domestic sorrow which lifts Hugh Littlejohn into pathetic prominence. — A much more cheerful but less important retrospect is furnished by Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke in her autobiographic sketch entitled *My Long Life* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which without break, except for paragraphs, flows on in a smooth, rippling stream for two hundred and seventy pages. There are some great and many interesting names in literature and music which meet the eye as it follows the course of the narrative; yet the value of the retrospect is not in any light it throws on these men and women, other than the glancing light of allusion, but in the picture it draws of a simple English middle-class society, finding its pleasure in music and modest service in letters. One is permitted to look in on domestic scenes which are tranquil and sunny, and the idyl of Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke is one which unobtrusively makes a place for itself in the minor history of English literature. — *Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors*. (Putnams.) *Homes of American Authors* was a familiar new book forty

years ago. It is now republished under a title which joins it with Mr. Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*, which appeared no longer ago than 1895. This older book has a biographical value of no mean order, and a literary value which is entirely distinctive. If there were older writers now, like Bryant, Irving, Hawthorne, and Bancroft, and if the cleverest younger men should go to visit them, and give us their impressions not only of the visit, but of the author's work, we should have a modern counterpart of this volume. But where is the young Curtis for us to send to the older Emerson? Here is a suggestion for literary clubs: what older men to-day should form the subjects for such a series of papers, and what younger men should write them? — A pair of old-fashioned books, with modern photogravures, attempt a task somewhat of this sort. *Literary Shrines*, the *Haunts of some Famous American Authors*, and *A Literary Pilgrimage among the Haunts of Famous British Authors*, by Theodore F. Wolfe (Lippincott), afford an opportunity for the reader to acquaint himself, in an easy, rambling fashion, with the externals of literary life. The books are like a series of snap-shots, serviceable as reminiscences to one who has seen the places, but not very vivifying to those who have not.

EDUCATION.

It is easy to pass from literary studies of literature to those books which have a more distinct didactic purpose; for nothing is more significant of the new ideals of education which have arisen during the last two decades than the enormous growth of interest in our mother tongue, both for itself, as language, and as it embodies itself in literature. Ours is almost if not quite the first generation consciously to feel this interest as a widespread educational force, and to bend its energies to the task of ministering to the popular demand for initiation into the inner mysteries of the writer's craft. How various are the activities now at work to popularize the study of language and of letters is shown rather curiously by the range of works which accumulate upon the reviewer's desk in a single fortnight. Dr. Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (Harpers) and a new edition of Charles Cowden-Clarke's *Riches of Chau-*

cer (Macmillan) are the most avowedly popular in intention. Dr. Rolfe has skillfully woven the two or three biographical facts at his disposal into an account of the village life of Warwickshire as it may have appeared to a schoolboy in Shakespeare's day. The *Riches of Chaucer*, first published nearly thirty years ago, has naturally an old-fashioned savor. A reader of to-day, no matter how little strenuous may be his scholarly ideals, will be smitten with some distrust by the statement on the title-page that "Chaucer's impurities have been expunged and his spelling modernized." Chaucer's language, as it exists in the best edited modern texts, is so easy of mastery that the wisdom of docking words of their historical endings (to instance only a single change) in order to make them conform more nearly to present usage may well be questioned, even where the audience addressed is an unacademic one. — Quite at the other pole of popularizing endeavor come such substantial contributions to the library of the serious student as Professor O. F. Emerson's *Brief History of the English Language* (Macmillan), a working over and condensation of the same author's larger history; and Professor Saintsbury's *History of Nineteenth Century Literature* (Macmillan), the fourth and concluding volume in a series which has combined with unusual success the attractiveness of a discursive narrative with the logical development of an historical treatise. Of a like seriousness, but more ambitiously novel in design, is Mr. Greenough White's *Outline of the Philosophy of English Literature* (Ginn), the First Part of which, comprised in the present volume, deals with the literature of the Middle Ages. The work is broadly conceived, and is free from the vagarious theorizing which has vitiated many similar attempts, from Taine's down: on the other hand, there is an over-insistence upon detail and a multiplication of instances which occasionally make it impossible to see the forest for the trees. — Equally philosophical in purpose, but of a more intimate and genial manner of regard, is Professor W. H. Hudson's *Studies in Interpretation* (Putnams), three essays on Keats, Clough, and Arnold respectively, which lift themselves out of the flood of current criticism by reason of their dignity of tone, their firmness of structure, and their

quiet grasp of essentials. — A pleasant side-product, again, of this literary propagandism appears in the shape of Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of Venice* (Harpers), which gives a local habitation to the vague ghosts of great visitors which form so continual an obsession as one wanders through the Canal Grande and the Giudecca. — The study of composition and the higher rhetoric, which in the last five or ten years has taken so novel a place in the curricula of American colleges, and which represents our distinctive contribution to the new enthusiasm for English study, finds an example in Mr. Arlo Bates's *Talks on Writing English* (Houghton), and Mr. William T. Brewster's *Studies in Structure and Style* (Macmillan). The first of these books, originally written as a series of lectures for the Lowell Institute, is a valuable aid to the study of composition in its higher phases, and forms a needed continuation of the subject as presented in Professor Wendell's book. It has the felicitous distinction of teaching without laying emphasis on the didactic. It is a question whether the sort of structural analysis attempted in the *Studies* of Mr. Brewster can be made profitable without the illuminating touch of personal teaching; certainly, the critical apparatus has in the main a somewhat dry and forbidding look. The book is interesting, however, as exhibiting very saliently the effort to approach the study of writing from the side of practical technique, which lies at the very source of the new movement. — Nine more of the *Old South Leaflets* have been published (Directors of the *Old South Work*, Boston), and they give original documents of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, all of course in the English tongue. In the hands of bright young people under good guidance they ought to stimulate historic interest; yet without underestimating the value of these tracts in grammar-school teaching, we should be sorry to see them misleading teachers or taught into impatience over the persistently plodding work demanded by a good school history. We do not want self-sufficient young students of history.

FICTION.

The prevailing taste for historical fiction appears to be waxing rather than waning.

Noticeable among recent promising ventures in this field are two tales by S. R. Keightley : *The Crimson Sign*, a Narrative of the Adventures of Mr. Gervase Orme, Sometime Lieutenant in Mountjoy's Regiment of Foot ; and *The Cavaliers*. (Harpers.) Mr. Keightley is not as yet a rival to cause serious concern to Mr. Weyman or Dr. Conan Doyle, but he can construct an interesting story and tell it with spirit, while he is not without knowledge of the times whereof he writes, wherein he differs from at least one recent aspirant who has had a measure of popular success. *The Crimson Sign* is a tale of the ever memorable defense of Londonderry, and of course the brave Gervase is one of the prime agents in bringing help to the suffering city. The subject of *The Cavaliers*, as well as the writer's point of view, is denoted by its title. The hero *almost* saves King Charles, and early in the narrative unknowingly saves Cromwell from imminent peril, and in the end is saved by him. — Another, and lesser, story of the Civil War is *Amyas Egerton, Cavalier*, by Maurice H. Hervey. (Harpers.) Amyas also saves the king, as nearly as historic truth will permit, and incidentally beards Cromwell in his own camp. One knows beforehand the presentment of Oliver that will be found in tales that tell of the struggles of gracious and gallant young gentlemen against crop-headed, canting knaves. Mr. Keightley makes praiseworthy if somewhat futile attempts to rise above this convention, but Mr. Hervey's sketch is of the usual kind, and his narrative will in no way wound the susceptibilities of the devoutest of latter-day Jacobites. — *A First Fleet Family*, a Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures, compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines, by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. (Macmillan.) Much of this is practically genuine history, and the fiction mingled with it is so well done, and with so excellent a reproduction of the eighteenth-century manner and modes of thought, that the narrative as a whole admirably depicts the beginnings of New South Wales, the felons who were its first colonists and the men who governed them. It is a pity that the realism of the tale should have been weakened at its close by the story-book marriages of the heroine

and the Sergeant. — A quite different study of certain episodes of eighteenth-century history is *Two Queens*, Caroline Matilda of Denmark and Marie Antoinette of France, a Historical Novel, from the Memoirs of Baron Simolin, with a Preface by F. Max Müller. (Sonnenschein, London ; Macmillan, New York.) Baron Simolin rendered important services to two hapless queens, and his son, altering his first intention of publishing the diaries and letters left by his father, had this material used in constructing a sort of biographical novel. As the interest of the book depends upon the facts it contains, and not at all upon the thread of conventional fiction which holds them together, it is a pity that M. Simolin's experiences could not have been published in a monograph rather than in a novel. — Mr. Percy Andrae's *The Vanished Emperor* (Rand, McNally & Co.) is a contemporary tale, the characters being slightly disguised as the Emperor Willibald, Prince Ottomarek, the Duke of Cumbermere, and so on, but quite as much liberty is taken with facts as though it were a romance of some remote period. The story is rather of the detective order, and the complexities of its plot are not always so skillfully treated as might be desired by a careless reader. It cannot be said that the writer shows any greater knowledge of the personages with whom he deals than that likely to be possessed by any one who intelligently observes the events of the time and the actors therein. — A more imposing volume than any of the foregoing, and of more serious purpose, is *Gathering Clouds*, a Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom, by Frederic W. Farrar, D. D. (Longmans.) The work is in effect a popular history of St. Chrysostom, with certain illustrative fictitious accompaniments, — the fiction, which is of a somewhat artless sort, being always subordinate to the history. The book may be said to be a companion volume to *Darkness and Dawn*, in which was shown the triumph of the Church over the world, while *Gathering Clouds* records the partial triumph of the world over the Church. Like its predecessor, the later tale will suit the taste of a rather numerous class of readers, who can hardly fail to gain from it some vivid impressions of the rule in State and Church in the Constantinople of

the fourth century. The author's rhetorical fervor and the personal feeling that colors his narrative give a certain graphic force to his descriptions of the gorgeousness and corruption of the Eastern empire, and of the almost hopeless warfare waged by the Patriarch John against the powers of evil. — The latest — if she is the latest — Scottish story-teller, Jane Helen Findlater, in *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), shows not only originality and insight, but an excellence of workmanship rather unusual in a first novel. As her people are eighteenth-century gentlefolk, the readers, if the Scottish revival has left any such, who are daunted by the North British Doric will have nothing to fear here. It is the history of two young girls brought up in utter seclusion by a cold-hearted, theorizing mother, whose eccentricity gradually becomes downright insanity, and of the kindly but most unclerical minister of the parish, who educates and befriends the hapless pair. It is a very sad tale, but a profoundly interesting one, and the sisters are sketched with rare delicacy and truthfulness, the recital of their pitiful tragedy being never weakened by sentimentality. — *Barnecraig* is not so well known as *Thrums* or *Drumtochty*, but those who have agreeable memories of Gabriel Setoun's earlier chronicles of that Fifeshire seaport will welcome the further glimpses of its life given in *Sunshine and Haar*. (Harpers.) That that life has been carefully and sympathetically studied they will not doubt, and the writer's naturalness and simplicity of treatment, and genuine but unexaggerated sentiment, will be found to give a peculiar charm to some of his sketches. — *Redburn*, by Henry Ochiltree (Dodd, Mead & Co.), depicts the homely life of the bonnet-lairds of two generations ago with some force and many happy descriptive touches, but with little of that humorous perception characteristic of the best, and of some not the best, of his co-workers. Fortunately, as he avers, the term has no terrors for him, for we fear that the — doubtless jealous — English critics will class this book with kailyard fiction, the more so as the author uses dialect a little unmercifully. — That it is a far cry from the Lowlands to Iona is felt in turning to the recent volumes from that most Celtic of writers, Fiona Macleod: *The Sin-Eater*,

and *Other Tales*; and *The Washer of the Ford*, and *Other Legendary Moralities*. (Patrick Geddes & Colleagues, Edinburgh; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) The former book depicts with much imaginative power the gloom, the fatalism, of the Scottish Celt; the brighter aspects of his nature which the author has dwelt upon elsewhere are untouched here. But we think Miss Macleod's best work as yet will be found in *The Washer of the Ford*, of which the spirit is purely poetic. These legends are sometimes pagan, sometimes Christian, and often a mixture of both. The one which will probably be singled out by most readers is *Muime Chriosd* (the Foster-Mother of Christ), the story of St. Bride (Brighid or Bridget), the Mary of the Gael. This legend, in which the Isles and their inhabitants become Judea and its people, after the fashion of primitive folk-lore, is told with wellnigh perfect art, scarcely marred by any intrusion of latter-day sophistication of thought or feeling. — *Susannah*, by Mary E. Mann. (Harpers.) The young lady who for one cause or another masquerades as a servant is not unknown to novel-readers; but she generally has light labor in a family of more or less exalted condition, and we do not remember to have met her before as a slavey in a third-rate lodging-house, though this is what the brave *Susannah* undertakes, so that she may succor a very weak brother. From the time the girl, just reduced from affluence to poverty, is introduced to us till we leave her on the eve of a happy marriage she holds our interest, and we try to read her history at a single sitting, in spite of its length. The book has plenty of faults, mainly those, it would seem, of inexperience; but it also shows some originality and humor, and a certain skill in character-drawing, even if the latter is marred by exaggeration. — Those who remember *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, and all who read the book will remember it, have reason to thank Mr. Frank Stockton that he has not left them in suspense regarding the disposition of so much of the great treasure as fell to the share of Mrs. Cliff and of the Peruvian government. Any one, we might say, could find boundless treasure; very few would know how to spend it; and Mr. Stockton has shown greater skill in his treatment of the

handling of her property by a plain New England countrywoman in the face of her neighbors than he did in his narrative of the first finding of the wealth. Mrs. Cliff's *Yacht* (Scribners) is the title of this sequel, and the wit and insight into human nature which the first part of the book shows make a happy complement to the stirring adventure which occupies the last part, when the fate of the Peruvian treasure is narrated. — Mr. Henry James is commonly reported to have met with poor success in writing for the stage. It would be easy to point out the defects of his virtues which stand in the way of actors, but no one can read attentively his story of *The Other House* (Macmillan) and not recognize the power which he possesses of developing a great tragic character. She would be a very great actress indeed who should develop the nature of Rose Armiger in this tale; for Mr. James has impressed upon the reader, with subtle yet unmistakable power, the personality of this repressing yet volcanic soul. It would be hard to name a book in which the story is so under the breath as this; the air is charged with electricity up to the very last, and then the storm bursts with a terrific momentary energy. There is a masterly word in one critical sentence which the penetrating reader goes back to with admiration at its story-telling power: "‘God forgive me!’ howled Tony." — With this novel we have a group of those briefer tales which have come, to many readers, to represent Mr. James, and to lead them to class him among the "decadents." It is the fashion nowadays to call this, that, and the other person decadent, and Mr. James has given plenty of provocation in recent years for the application of the term to him. Certainly, if a super-subtlety of theme, for which no form of expression can be too carefully wrought, constitutes decadence, the four stories well named as a whole *Embarrassments* (Macmillan) place Mr. James inextricably in the decadent ranks. One finds, for example, the tale of persons who would have given their quivering lives to know "the general intention" of a novelist who was caviare to the general. Again, there is the writer who strives with his might and main to write less well in order to be more popular, and succeeds only in giving an acuter pleasure to the few. Glasses,

which will not have been forgotten by readers of *The Atlantic*, is something less intricate in its conception, though one cannot think of its having come from any mind and hand but those of Mr. James. The impression it makes is the most definitely powerful in the present volume; yet recognizing in the "literary" heroes of two of the stories it contains a spirit very like that of Mr. James himself, one could not refrain if one would from a genuine enthusiasm for the means by which the living writer works out the very problems with which the men of his creation are concerned. Not one of them could have brought more skill to bear upon the difficult narrative of *The Way it Came* than Mr. James has displayed in telling it. — *Fables*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) It appears that Stevenson meant one day to publish a book of fables, but Mr. Colvin, who took upon himself the responsibility of printing these, will not vouch for it that the little book which contains them is precisely what Stevenson would have permitted. Nevertheless, one need not be a Stevensonian to rejoice in the beauty that marks the best of these tales, of which we conceive *The Touchstone* to be one. The Stevensonian himself will find something of the writer on nearly every page, and any lover of *Treasure Island* may be thankful for *The Persons of the Tale*, in which John Silver and Captain Smollett smoke a pipe together after the thirty-second chapter of the book, and discuss the story-teller and his purpose. — *A Puritan in Bohemia*, by Margaret Sherwood. (Macmillan.) Miss Sherwood displayed her clever faculty for giving a taste of life in *An Experiment in Altruism*. She has attempted a similar form of fragmentary, lightly connected scenes and dialogues to set forth a very simple story, and she has succeeded better, for she has reduced the number of her figures, and has kept more distinctly before her mind the problem of her chief character. So far as the book is criticism of life and art it is clever rather than superficial, but suggests depths of feeling and belief for the reader

to sound rather than opens them to view. That is, her characters when on show do not wholly deliver themselves to the reader, but Miss Sherwood beckons him into a corner and tells him a little more. Both books have the graces and defects of amateurish work, but they give one a lively hope of favors to come.

FUN.

A Second Century of Charades, by William Bellamy. (Houghton.) Mr. Bellamy might have said, but he did not:—

If to my First you gave your days,
Then shall my Second have your praise;
For if you guessed the Whole of my First,
Quickly my Second will quench your thirst.

At any rate, the present guesser seems to have stumbled on a few comparatively easy riddles upon opening the book. One has this distinct pleasure, that Mr. Bellamy always plays fair, even when he sets his trap most delicately. — *Daphne*, or *The Pipes of Arcadia*. Three Acts of Singing Nonsense. By Marguerite Merington. (The Century Co.) A witty libretto for an opera. Gilbert's work is plainly Miss Merington's model, and she has been very clever in her scenes and dialogue; but as with Gilbert, the dramatic faculty is lacking and the plot comes to nothing. One reads it with a hearty wish that he might see the thing on the stage and hear it, when he would not have to apply literary canons too strictly. — *The Golliwoggs' Bicycle Club*. Pictures by Florence K. Upton; Words by Bertha Upton. (Longmans.) An extravaganza in pictures, where the figures are jointed dolls making a tour to various countries. The verse is also purposely wooden. — *The evolution of Woman*, by Harry Whitney McVickar. (Harpers.) A series of satirically humorous pictures in color, designed to set forth woman in all ages, with an implied contrast between the early subjection of woman and the late topsy-turviness. The parody of historical situations is often clever; but are not our funny papers funny enough? Do we need to perpetuate this fun in books?

STANDARD LITERATURE.

Since we last made mention of the Temple Shakespeare, five of the miniature volumes have appeared, the one closing the series being the *Sonnets* (Macmillan), which has a frontispiece from a design by

Watts. This volume is the prettiest of all, for it has not the ugly head-lines used in the others; though why the editor should think it necessary to number the lines of fourteen-line poems is past finding out. The series, as we have repeatedly said, is judiciously and frugally edited, gracefully illustrated, neatly bound, and very handy for use. — The expiration of the copyright of a considerable number of Robert Browning's poems in England has led the English publishers to bring out a compact edition in two volumes, and the work is issued from the same sheets in America by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Birrell's name is given as editor, but the editorial work is unimportant, for Mr. Birrell contents himself with the briefest possible and sometimes superfluous statements regarding the writings; a synopsis even of such a poem as *Pippa Passes* concluding, "It is a play of much simplicity as well as rare charm." In short, the satisfaction of getting Browning's Poems in a new edition in two easily read volumes is not enhanced by any of the special qualities of Mr. Birrell's work. A good journeyman littérateur could have done as much. — Mr. Birrell is himself, delightful, incisive, saucy, and generous in the introduction which he supplies to the graceful edition in six small volumes of Boswell's *Johnson*. (Macmillan.) He refrains wisely from much annotation. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has done the thing once for all, but Mr. Birrell's introduction may profitably be read two or three times in place of as many pages of notes to be read once. The edition is a reissue in the main of Malone's. It is handy, has good etched frontispieces, and we hope its beauty and cheapness will bring it into the possession of that enormous number of persons who, in Mr. Birrell's words, "are capable of enjoying it to the tips of their fingers." — The Macmillans have added to their admirable edition of *Standard Novels The King's Own*, by Captain Marryat, illustrated by F. H. Townsend, and excellently introduced by David Hannay, who frankly concedes that this 'prentice work is rather remarkably faulty in construction, and in certain important cases conventional, not to say vague, in characterization. Yet, allowing all this, the story at times shows its author almost at his best, and gives promise of the greater things which are to

come. — The series of Thomas Hardy's novels is enriched by *Under the Greenwood Tree*. (Harpers.) How gladly one names over these earlier stories!

ESSAYS AND POEMS.

Mrs. Whitney has through her many books so long given generous counsel that when at last she makes deliberately *Friendly Letters to Girl Friends* (Houghton) one is struck with the fact that all her books of fiction are genuine expressions of a most friendly nature. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and we do not wonder that Mrs. Whitney, having so long used imaginary tones, is willing now to speak in her natural voice; and these wise, sympathetic words, reminiscient in a degree, about books, society, marriage, work, religion, are at once direct and suggestive, charged with a noble philosophy of life and mellow with a ripe experience. — The *Listener* is the title of a group of miniature essays by J. E. Chamberlin (Copeland & Day), devoted to airy somethings. The essays are grouped in two tidy volumes, one gathering those *In the Country*, the other *In the Town*. The touch is graceful and humorous: it is more than this, — it is distinctly humane; for whether in town or in country,

Mr. Chamberlin hears in an acute fashion the voice of men, women, and children; sometimes the sound is but a distant murmur, sometimes it is a very distinct note, but always it means an insistent life; and though apparently these small tomes only skim the surface of things, they are really marked by genuine insight and sympathy. They afford agreeable reading for chinks of time. — *Songs of Exile*, by Herbert Bates. (Copeland & Day.) As the poet in *Celia Thaxter* was recognized through her *Landlocked*, so it must have been a poet who wrote the verses *Home*, in this small volume. In them Mr. Bates expresses with marked vividness and beauty a spirit which animates many of his pages, — a spirit of intense longing for the sea in one whose days of exile are passed on the prairies. In his *Charter-Day Poem* for the University of Nebraska, he recognizes, to be sure, the fact that the scent and sound of the Atlantic are not indispensable elements of life, and produces a poem of higher value than occasional verses often possess. Small as the book — one of the *Oaten Stop Series* — is, it is long enough to reveal inequalities in the writer's work; but there are enough verses of positive and distinctive merit to mark him as a singer of promising voice.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Out of
the Frozen
North.

OUR solitary tent was pitched on the high, steep banks of Slave River. Below, the Rapids of the Drowned boomed like distant surf, and from our camp we could hear the loons laughing and see the white pelicans hovering above the whirlpools. Across the river a dark spruce forest stretched to the north and east, growing more stunted and scattered until the last gnarled stem was reached in the Great Barren Lands. A sad, lonely place it was to us young hunters, — "tenderfeet," — feeling for the first time the spell of the "Far North." Perhaps we were influenced unconsciously by the name of the rapids, commemorating, as it did, a tragic story of death there a hundred years ago.

However, we thoroughly enjoyed our camp life, and the time passed swiftly in shooting, cooking, and studying new birds. It seemed strange to hear robins and white-throated sparrows singing after ten o'clock at night; and as for the hermit thrushes, they never went to bed at all. John Burroughs has described well their serene, liquid notes: "*Oh holy! holy! Oh spheral! spheral! Oh clear away! clear away!*" Every night a fine singer chanted these words leisurely from the trees below our tent. What with the charm of his performance and the strange sunsets, we did not often keep early hours.

The latitude of Slave River is not high enough for the midnight sun, but the disk remained out of sight only a short time.

As it dipped below the northern horizon an arch of rose or gold formed above the place where it disappeared ; and soon, a little to the right, another arch appeared. This brightened as the other faded, and then it was "to-morrow," and we turned in to our beds of spruce boughs just as the first rays shot upwards.

One evening we had a visitor, a priest or "Father," returning from the south to his mission near the Arctic Sea. We plied him eagerly with questions about a land we hoped later to explore. And, sitting wrapped up in our blankets (for the night air was keen), we heard tales of bear and reindeer, of Eskimos, of famine years, and of the winter when wolves were seized with rabies, and boldly attacked men and dogs. There was one story which I will leave the Father to tell, omitting only the names of persons and places.

"In a remote post of the Fur Company a man lay dying. In former years he had lived at another post, five hundred miles farther south, and now his thoughts turned to a little mission graveyard where his wife was buried. Calling two friends — the only other white men at the post — to his bedside, he begged that his body might be taken to the distant mission and buried there. They promised ; and the man turned his face to the wall and died.

"Some time passed before it was possible for the men to leave the post, and meantime the body rested in the ever frozen soil of the muskeg. At last, in the dead of winter, with Indian servants and dogs, they started on their long journey to the south. One toboggan drawn by four dogs carried their provisions and blankets, and on another was the body of their friend, sewed up in skins and securely lashed with thongs.

"On such winter journeys it is customary to start by three or four o'clock in the morning, and to 'make camp' about two o'clock in the afternoon, while there is still light enough to gather firewood. During the day men and dogs travel on the river ice ; but the bivouac is made on the high banks, where a scanty growth of evergreens affords fuel and some shelter.

"You know that country is one of utter solitude in winter. The reindeer have gone southward, the Indians have followed them, and the fur posts have no communication

with one another. They lie about three hundred miles apart, and in that distance there is not a cabin, an Indian tepee, or a trail to be seen ; only the stunted spruces and a waste of frozen snow.

"The winter was unusually severe ; fierce storms delayed the men on their journey, and their provisions were running low, the dogs having been put already on half allowance. A halt was made one evening at the foot of a steep slope. Leaving the toboggans with their burdens and the dogs below, the men climbed to the summit to select a camping-place. They were soon at work cutting wood and scraping away the snow. Suddenly from below rang out in a sharp, stern voice the word of command usually given to the Indian dogs, — '*Marche! Marche! Marche!*' Astounded, the men stared blankly into one another's eyes. What could be coming, at that time, in that wilderness ? Then all sprang to their feet and ran to the edge of the bank. There was nothing to be seen but the great frozen river, the black line of forest, and the wind-driven snow ; but the dogs were cowering in a frightened group, and the wrappings of the body were torn where the starving creatures had been attacking it."

The Father paused, and, in a hush that followed, the thrush's song, "*Oh holy! holy!*" rose high and clear.

"What do you think, Father ?" we both asked in a breath.

The priest smiled a non-committal smile, and, rising, pointed to the north. The sunset glow had died away. The sky above the coming sun was brightening fast. Another day had dawned above the Rapids of the Drowned.

Imagination and Courage. — How often have I heard the remark, "I should not be such a coward, were it not for my imagination"! The conclusion would seem to be that the less imagination one has, the more courage he will display. Is this conclusion a valid one ?

But first let me premise : there is a kind of courage at which men always marvel, — courage wherein, the usual motive of incurring risk being absent, an individual will still face grave danger with stolidity and with the calmness akin to indifference, which is the recognized property of the veteran. This I have myself seen in a

first action, and on the part of those very far from possessing the temperamental recklessness so generally a concurrent quality in persons who face cheerfully the chances of war.

During a calamitous and, I regret to say, a rather precipitate retreat, a body of men who were making a reconnaissance had passed into a field which was skirted by a heavy rail fence. Our pursuers were not only close upon us in outnumbering security, but were also extremely well mounted. They were the dreaded Virginia cavalry of the rough-rider Stuart. Suddenly, a youth — a non-commissioned officer who had been selected for the position of sergeant-major more for his gracious mien and shapely form than on account of any record — deliberately turned back, and as deliberately put up the bars through which our men had retreated; by this action delaying our pursuers until we were in safety.

"That young fellow," remarked our colonel, "should be made an officer. He looks intelligent, and we know he's brave. Send him to me."

In the course of the interview that followed at headquarters, I asked the young man something about his sensations while in unusual peril.

"I have n't any," he said quietly.

"How so? Surely you have had but little experience?"

"Very true, sir. But before I enlisted, the horrors of war had so familiarized themselves to my imagination that the actual scenes were a relief, they fell so far short of what I had fancied and of what I had feared."

To me, at that time, this was a new view of one of the sources of courage; yet I saw the reason for what the men, in speaking of their young comrade, called his "apathy," — an apathy which our Crimean veterans frankly envied him. The truth was, the boy's imagination — he was scarcely eighteen — had done for him that which usually requires years of frightful experience. Already he had the invincible calm of the old soldier, and all through a mental process over which, it might be, he had no control, but which, nevertheless, was an essential part of his nature.

I do not claim that my hero presented an ordinary case, or that he could readily have been duplicated in our ranks. The con-

verse was only too frequently illustrated, for most of our soldiers found war infinitely worse than their poor imaginations had pictured it: hence were they unprepared for the confusing suddenness of the ghastly scenes through which they were to be hurried, — the delirium of fear, the awful sense of chaos and colliding forces as though worlds clashed in the meeting! To encounter all this with anything like the "equal mind" prescribed by antique valor, it is necessary to have seen it often, or to have secured the needed familiarity in some other way. This our young sergeant-major had done. He was not unlike the rower who should first practice in a heavy boat before racing in a light one. He was brave because of his imagination; veteran because of its excess. Von Moltke's blackboard taught the Prussian neophyte how France was to be conquered, how invincible zouaves and grizzled African veterans should be led to hopeless defeat. In some such fashion the teeming mind of our young soldier showed what dangers were to come and how they must be met.

I am aware that the case in point is open to this objection: that, had the youthful hero been made of weaker fibre, his imagination, instead of seasoning his sensibilities by a sort of moral vaccination, might have deterred him altogether. I would be far from maintaining that the gift of imagination alone would make a coward brave. I am not even inclined to deny that usually it will add somewhat to the burden of him who conscientiously carries a musket into battle; but I would deny that the imagination invariably is put to such ignoble use as the rank and file of carpenters would have us believe. On the contrary, I am more inclined to think that so gracious a gift has in this assumption served too often as an excuse for cowardice. Surely it is fair to suppose that with the faculty which makes pictures and poems there would naturally go a pardonable pride in its possession, — a proportionate shame at the thought of proving deficient in any manly quality. Indeed, I have not hesitated, when men pleaded imagination in excuse for defective courage, to rejoin, "A fancy that can conjure up a battle might well go a step farther, and conjure up a court-martial whereby the offender should be sentenced to be shot for cowardice!"

The Idealist and her Victim.

— It has long been admitted that the Idealist is not always an agreeable addition to the domestic circle, — meaning by Idealist the woman of noble purpose, true impulses, and intense earnestness, who presses towards a mark of some high calling and would carry all her friends with her. We all have met this woman, and, if she is not a member of our own household, we have admired her. Not that her goodness is questioned by her relations, who indeed are often proud of it; but still, in the bosom of the family, one sometimes catches a sigh: "She is n't easy to live with!" Perhaps because her flagrant virtue suggests comparisons; perhaps because she is apt to be too truthful (who of us has not winced and withered when our family Idealist has called things by their right names?); perhaps because, generally speaking, she is indifferent to what is important to commonplace folk like the rest of us (how often her fine scorn for our cheap desires has made a materialized wish turn to ashes on our lips!).

But it is not for these things that some of us who love and revere her begin to think that she should be suppressed. No; she may not be agreeable, but we know she is "for our good," — a noble phrase, though marred by associations of youth; she "is good for us," but we protest that, in her own immediate circle, as friend or lover, she often does harm. The fact is, this particular kind of good woman finds it necessary to personify her ideal of virtue or talent in some character other than her own. There is the whole trouble. She has, in relation to the abstract, what might be called an individualizing imagination.

When her ideals, which command her passionate admiration, are embodied merely in her own character, the idealizing woman is too genuinely humble-minded to rejoice in them: hence she is forced to discover and admire them in some one else. Consequently, though she never thinks of herself more highly than she ought to think, she is likely to think of her lover or her friend without regard to facts.

In her imperative impulse to personify, love and propinquity direct her. A husband, or a lover, or a friend, always stands ready to be draped with the deep and glowing colors of her thoughts.

The Idealist begins the personifying process by desiring noble qualities for her beloved; she ends by asserting that they exist. To this belief in character she almost always adds a belief in achievement. Happily, a cold world may be trusted to tell the manikin of her morals that his pictures are bad or his books twaddle, but even a temporary belief in his own genius is apt to disturb and distort mediocrity's mental vision.

In spite, however, of an unappreciative world, the first step in the downward course along which the idealizing woman leads her Victim is full of exultation and inspiration. He is profoundly stirred to find himself and his talents believed in. Generally speaking, he takes a spurt, if one may say so, in goodness or in achievement. He throbs with nobler impulses, because he has been told he is noble; he paints better pictures, because it has been whispered that he is a great artist; he performs some fine and picturesque bit of self-sacrifice, because he has learned that he is unselfish; he assimilates other men's thoughts, and perhaps writes a book, and his inspirer tells him that he has the ear of the listening earth!

At first, it would seem that the effect of being believed in was only good for the Victim; but in reality it is a grave menace to his individuality. For, thus believed in, who of us has the courage to be true to his own baseness? Who dares to be mean, when all the world is being told that he is generous? Who dares to be outspoken in seeking the loaves and the fishes, when it has been proclaimed that he is far above such considerations? Little by little the Victim is pushed into a pose; he puts on the fine ideas, the exalted theories, the honorable impulses, with which the Idealist has furnished him, and for a sincere and glowing period he believes that they are his own. The ass is perfectly comfortable in the lion's skin, especially when his Una keeps close beside him to tell him how ferocious he appears.

But very soon — perhaps because of an unappreciative world, perhaps because of latent common sense — the Victim realizes the falsity of his position; then, as it dawns upon him that his identity is being filched from him, it is pathetic to see his struggles. He replies to the insistent and ringing as-

sertions that he is great and good by some feeble protest: "Madam and lover, I am nothing of the sort!" But mark the effect: the more he protests, the more he is believed in; she listens to the bit of dull truth, and cries out to society to admire his modesty and humility; and it comes to pass that at last the poor sinner, simpering and sighing, accepts the situation.

Now, it is bad enough to be born with merely a plain, decent nature, which acknowledges the expediency of morality and does not pick pockets; but what must be the moral effect of hearing such commonplace goodness called by some high name which is not in your spiritual lexicon, so to speak, lacking all the while the courage to cry out, "Not at all! My motive was beer and skittles; not the public good, not art for art's sake, not honor, nor holiness, nor love." First, cowardice; then, hypocrisy. For the Victim knows that he thinks the Idealist's thoughts, accepts her aspirations, acts upon her suggestions, sometimes speaks her words; and knowing this, he knows he is a sneak.

The cruelty of forcing any human creature into such a position cannot be exaggerated; and besides, it is a distinct injury to the community, in that the virtues which the Idealist would exploit are too often made foolish in the person of the fool who is exploited.

There is one thing to be said, however: this state of things has generally an end. The Victim begins to weary of the altitude upon which he has been placed. "I thought," Guinevere cries out,

"I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure security of perfect light;"

and many an idealized man has in his dull way made the same pathetic protest.

It is inevitable that by and by there shall come a crash; the cloven foot breaks through the veneer of virtue, and the poor Victim exults brutally in his freedom to be mean, or shallow, or cheap, or simply *himself*. Of course, this is an overwhelming calamity and pain to the Idealist, but that is of small importance; she has brought it upon herself, and deserves it. The serious thing is the lasting injury to the Victim,—a harmless, negative sort of creature in his natural state: he is lessened in his own eyes, he is humiliated and shamed; further-

more, he forever distrusts goodness greater than his own.

If only this high-minded destroyer of individuality could be brought face to face with the sober fact that every man of us has a right to work out his own salvation in his own way, — a poor way, perhaps, but his own! If only some victim would turn and say, "Thief! where is my personality? Where is my little nature, my narrow view, my commonplace motive? You have stolen them! Give me back my dullness, give me back my baseness, give me back my life, — *give me back myself!*"

The Arcadian — We were talking, the other Mixture. night, four women of us, about the feminine attitude toward man's chief darling, his pipe. We agreed that no one was ever better fitted to discuss the general bearing of the case, because we have not a grain of ethical animosity, nor even a pathological qualm. If a man choose to smoke, let him, said we. The universe is a good airy space for the rioting of individualism; and if he transgress too far, he'll run his head against a post and learn his own lesson. But, next to his pipe, we are his chiefest friends. How does our rival affect us? We agreed that a very subtle development of chivalry lies in the question whether a man should or should not smoke in a woman's presence; that is, the sort of woman who has not yet learned to toss off her own cigarette. If she have the complaisance or the sympathy to ask him to light his cigar, that is one thing: she enjoys the satisfaction of granting a privilege; he, the delightful sense of settling down to it with a clear conscience; he has entered into an inheritance to which he is absolutely entitled. But what if he petition for it? Ay, there's the rub. Then he rouses in her the world-old resentment against a liberty. He puts a question which can have but one answer, unless she chooses to forfeit her feminine desire to please. "Is it disagreeable?" "Not at all," she replies, no doubt with a rigid adherence to truth. But read in the form it probably assumes in her own soul, the answer would run: "Yes, smoke; take me at my word, and do it. Smoke, if you are willing. And I shall sit by, in the consciousness that you have pushed me an inch further from my possibly absurd pedestal built up through the chivalry of ages. You have

cheapened the ideal relation between us. 'What you can do, you may do in fairy-land.' Therefore smoke, and — since I am off my pedestal — be hanged to you!"

A Farce in Little. — In this present year of grace,

four people who love literature were hearing the chimes at midnight in a little apartment off the Strand, and talking about old books. Old wine and old friends had no shadow of a chance. Volume after precious volume had been brought forth, handled reverently, and set up for the worship of the eyes. The three guests had no reason to hate the master of the house save for his extreme riches; but hate him they did, what time they were not praying to find themselves his residuary legatees. For only bibliomania induces in brother bibliomaniacs the thirst for blood. There was the little book of Christina Rossetti's verse printed in her girlhood; there were Stevenson's manuscripts richly bound; there were autograph copies from Browning, Meredith, and the other giants. It was a literary Olympus here on earth. And then suddenly, without preamble, the curtain went up on a little farce. The host came forward bearing a dingy volume; from his mien, it might have been the crown of three kingdoms. "Here," said he, "is the apex of my achievement, — The Compleat Angler, of 1653."

The brow of one guest, who had at home a collection inferior only to this, clouded over. "That recalls," he said, "the great tragedy of my book-collecting career. I had a Compleat Angler, this adorable first edition, and somebody borrowed it. Curious as it may seem, I can never remember who. I was just coming down with influenza, and my head was of no more use than a cork tossing at sea. I know that five or six people called, one day, and that they looked over my books at their own sweet will. When I got well, I remembered having loaned my Angler. But to whom? I never found out. And he never returned it."

"Serves you right for lending it," growled the Ursa Major of collectors, he who keeps his own treasures under lock and key.

"Yes; but I was n't myself! And when we are not ourselves, we're some other man; and then we get changed back, and have to bear the consequence of his misdeeds."

Meanwhile, the host, who had been rummaging on laden shelves, returned with more grapes from Esheol. "By the way," one guest greeted him, "how did you come upon your Angler?"

His eyes lighted with that joy which is not of earth, but only of the market of first editions. "I got it through a hellish plot," said he. "It belonged to an acquaintance who knew no more about books than I of Heenba. But he owned the Angler; and though he was entirely ignorant of its significance, he had a terrible bump of acquisitiveness, and I knew that if he should once be made to recognize his treasure he would cling to it for dear life. I found it, one evening, in his library. You never saw me swoon? I came near it then. 'Queer old book,' I said. 'Interesting?' 'I fancy not,' he answered. 'Never read it.' 'What did you buy it for?' 'I did n't. I borrowed it, so long ago that I don't remember where.' Well, gentlemen, I borrowed that book. I borrowed it with a volume of Hugh Miller, and one of Marie Corelli, and Tupper's Poems, and five or six more. I had to call a cab to take them home. And when I returned the others, I kept the Angler. More than that, I swore an oath, by oak, ash, and thorn, never to return it unless he asked for it. And he never did. In a month he died. He" — The narrator's cheek paled. His voice faltered. A thought had struck him, as it had all the others. Like an incoming wave, it knocked them off their feet. But no one spoke.

The supper was at that moment brought in, and suspicion temporarily lulled in 'alf-and-'alf. But when the three guests were outside the door, the one who had been bereft of his Angler turned fiercely to the other two. "All that remains for me," he said, "is to go over the list of my friends or acquaintances who died after I had influenza. I will never ask a syllable of that harpy in there. For he's got my Angler!"